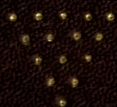
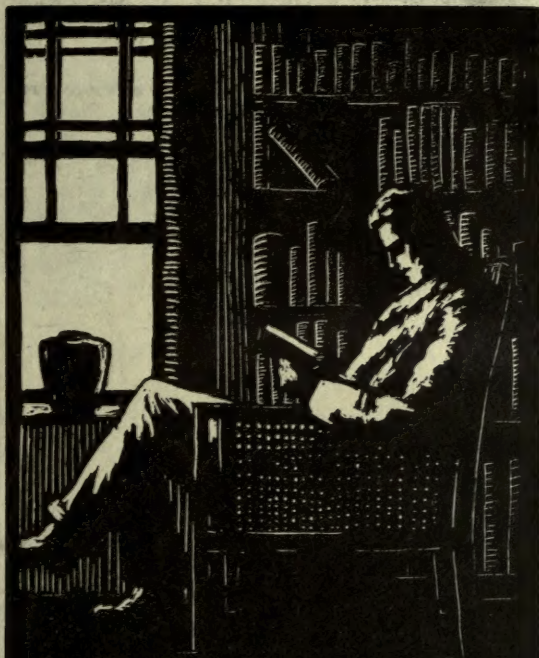


JAMES
THE SECOND
& THE DUKE OF
BERWICK







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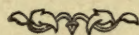
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To,
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Jan^y 1. 1877.



JAMES II. AND THE DUKE OF BERWICK.





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JAMES THE SECOND

AND

THE DUKE OF BERWICK.

BY

CHARLES TOWNSHEND WILSON,

Lieutenant-Colonel.

"Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,
Who seeks with painfull toile, shall Honor soonest fynd.
In woods, in waves, in warres she wents to dwell,
And will be found with perill and with paine."

SPENSER, *Faerie Queene.*

HENRY S. KING AND CO., LONDON.

1876.

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JAMES THE SECOND

THE DUKE OF BERWICK

CHARLES TOWNSEND GILSON

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CONTENTS.

	Page
PREFACE	vii
L ife and Death. 1670-85	1
Before Buda-Pesth. 1686	14
The Rout of Mohacz. 1687	26
In Re Militari	38
"The Disciplines of the Wars"	49
On the Road to Ruin. 1688	64
Intrigues. 1688	71
Invasion. 1688	82
Flight. 1688	95
St. Germain and St. James. 1689	111
"Now thrive the Armourers." 1689	120
"The Bleeding Iphigenia"	128
The Curse of Cromwell and the Settlement of Charles	143
The "Remodelling"	149
Dromore and Cladyford. 1689	156
Against Derry. 1689	165
Berwick and the Inniskillen Men. 1689	173
The Siege raised. 1689	179
Newtown Butler, and Killiecrankie. 1689	186
Measure for Measure. 1689	192
The Anglo-Gallo-Dutch in Ulster. 1689	199
The Griefs of Schomberg. 1689	207
Autumn Forays. 1689-90	213
Refurbishing and Replenishing. 1690	220
The O'Regan at Charlemont. 1690	227
"Moving nigh in slow but firm battalion." 1690	231

	Page
The Battle of the Boyne. 1690	242
The Shannon, ho ! 1690	256
Brigadier Sarsefield. 1690	265
Limerick victorious. 1690	272
Lord Marlborough. 1690	279
Exit, the Duke of Berwick. 1690-91	287
The Capture of Athlone. 1691	291
Taking up Ground. 1691	300
Aughrim. 1691	304
Galway capitulates. 1691	313
The Second Siege of Limerick. 1691	319
End of the Williamite War. 1691	326
Berwick at Mons and Leuze. 1691	331
The Sea-Fight off La Hougue. 1692	340
The Work of Louvois	346
In Battalia	356
Steinkerque. 1692-93	365
Neerwinden. 1693	375
The Death of Luxembourg. 1694-95	382
The Loss of Namur. 1695	389
The Plot. 1696	397
"Le Branle de la Paix." 1697	408
The Princess, the Duke, and the Cardinal. 1698-99	415
The Spanish Succession. 1700	422
The Duke of Berwick and Clement XI. 1701	428
"Le Petit Abbé" and "Père la Pensée." 1701	434
"Nunc Dimittis." 1701	442





PREFACE.

POUR les esprits supérieurs, mais pour ces esprits seulement, la guerre est une excellente école, on y apprend à commander, à se décider, et surtout à administrer." The education, under fire, of the Duke of Berwick bears striking witness to the truth of M. Thiers' opinion. James Fitz-James was born to a high military position. As far as rank and pay went, a royal road lay before him ; but so vigorous were his natural parts, so sound was his common sense, so keen his determination to be a soldier in fact, as well as in name, that every opportunity of gaining professional knowledge was turned to account, and by the force of merit, it may be fairly said, he rose to be a Marshal of France.

His exploits in that office are beyond the scope of this volume. It simply treats of the campaigns which made the young Englishman worthy of the *bâton*. The fame of his later time fills an ample space in his Memoirs, and in the French annals, but so briefly do history and his own modest pen notice Berwick's earlier career, that I have attempted to string together some waifs and strays of information about his opening trials and growing aptitude for command.

It is impossible to glance at the intrigues which preceded, and the conflict which followed, the Revolution of 1688, without being confronted by the unhappy King, whose faults and illusions destroyed the Stuart dynasty. His errors may be kept in view without suppressing the good qualities he certainly possessed. And, in respect of the Williamite War in

Ireland, whilst we admire the disciplined advance of the Anglo-Dutch battalions, we should not forget that the Jacobite kerne and gallow-glass fought hardily, "though almost naked, without harneys or armure."

The hostilities of the seventeenth century may appear insignificant to many who rejoice over the vast hosts, the stupendous artillery, the complex administration of the present epoch; still, the strategy of Turenne and Montecuculi, the works of Vauban, the battles of Luxembourg are full of instruction. When on the track of these brilliant generals, we cannot fail to observe the changes which the progress of science and the increase of wealth have wrought in military things. Mechanical contrivance is now proclaimed to be the prime guarantee of victory; the genius of the chief, the spirit of the officers, the pith of the rank and file, were believed of old to constitute the essence of an army. Our ancestors looked mainly to the Leader and his Veterans; to-day the popular mind confides rather in elaborate gunnery and drilled multitudes.

Whether or no the seeming degradation of *morale* from the first to the second rank portend a decline in the art of war, is a question which the curious may examine, but which the future alone can decide.

C. T. W.

April, 1876.





JAMES II. AND THE DUKE OF BERWICK.

I.

LIFE AND DEATH.

1670-1685.

JAMES FITZJAMES, the eldest son of James, Duke of York, and of Arabella Churchill, was born on the 21st of August, 1670, at Moulins in the Bourbonnais, where, too, his brilliant comrade the Maréchal de Villars first saw the light. His mother was a daughter of Sir Winston Churchill, a decayed cavalier, sharp-set place-hunter, and dreary commentator "upon the lives of all the kings of this isle, from the year of the world 2855 until the year of grace 1660." But, if the "Divi Britannici" were ill served by his pen, he plied to good purpose the courtier's oily tongue: the Duchess of York was induced to make Arabella one of her maids of honour; and he laid the first stone of his son John Churchill's fortune by obtaining for him the appointment of page to the Duke of York.

How Miss Churchill captivated the susceptible prince is racily told by Count Anthony Hamilton. A wan, lean thing, he says, one might think her unlikely to excite the jealousy of Ann Hyde; but in love victory is not always to bright eyes and rosy cheeks. One day the Duke and Duchess were riding about the breezy heaths of Tunbridge Wells. James trotted beside Arabella, not to flirt, but to embolden, for she

was timid in the saddle. Her palfrey being fresh that memorable morning, fear had so increased the maid's natural pallor that she looked downright ugly. The Duke was growing disgusted; when, on a sudden, her horse broke into a gallop. The more Mistress Churchill tugged at the rein, the madder the pace. A scream, a frantic clutch at the mane, and Arabella lies rumbled by the wayside! No hurt, however; nay, the reverse of hurt, for the accident revealed what an unfair index of her charms were those sallow features. James dismounted to succour the damsel, who, stunned by the fall, could not arrange her somewhat disordered apparel; and so the cavaliers gathering around marvelled to behold most shapely ankles associated with the unattractive face.¹

Some time afterwards, Mistress Churchill went to drink the waters of Bourbon l'Archambault, and, when returning home, added to the fame of Moulins and to the family of York. Thus it chanced that, to the restiveness of an ill-handled hack, the Stuarts owed a noble scion and France a great commander.

At the age of seven, the little James and his brother Henry proceeded, under the care of Father Gough, a priest of the Oratory, to Juilly, a college of the order in France. At this celebrated school the Duke of Monmouth commenced his training. Here too Napoleon's brothers, Louis and Jerome, finished their education, and the late M. Berryer, "lion of the tribune," began and ended his studies.

On the death of "ce bon homme" (as the Duke of Berwick affectionately calls F. Gough), the boys left Juilly, and entered the college of Plessis, where they remained till 1684, when they spent a holiday in England. The Duke of York now presented them to Charles II., who received them very kindly and offered to ennoble James; but the favour was declined by his father, out of respect, perhaps, to the feelings of Mary of Modena, who warmly objected even to the semi-royal surname of Fitzjames. Returning to France, the lads,

¹ "Mémoires de Grammont."

by the advice of Father Petre, matriculated at the Jesuit College of La Flèche.¹

At noon on Friday, the 6th of February, 1685, Charles II. died, bewailed "with sobs and groans by the people." Such is the sway of unaffected urbanity over the human heart. There are few of us, verily, who prefer not the airy rake to the sour elect!

"With every imaginable token of peace and joy throughout the whole kingdom,"² James, Duke of York, ascended the throne. Nevertheless, trouble impended. The English and Scottish Whigs, who had taken refuge in Holland after the detection of the Rye House Plot, thinking the time propitious for a Protestant rising, called on the Duke of Monmouth and the Earl of Argyll to direct it.

The news of his father's death reached Monmouth at the Hague, where he was explaining to the austere William the art of Court revelry, and encouraging the buxom Mary to skating *tours de force*. His uncle's accession suggested caution. After a secret consultation with the inevitable Bentinck, the Duke retired to Brussels, and in the boudoir of Henrietta, Lady Wentworth, seemed to slight the fascination of rebellion.³ In a little while, however, he joined the conspirators at Rotterdam, ambition and Puritanism once more aglow within him.

A large sum of money having already been obtained, chiefly, it is said, from a rich and sensitive Dutch widow, Argyll no sooner heard of the King's death than he bought arms, ammunition, and a ship at Amsterdam. But, "*quot homines tot sententiæ*," neither Duke nor Earl would stoop to a secondary part. There must, therefore, be two expeditions; Monmouth with the English refugees would sail for England, while MacCallum-More lighted the *croes-tara* (fiery cross) on his native hills.⁴

¹ Founded in 1603 by Henry IV., whose heart is preserved in the church. It was converted into a military school by Napoleon I.

² "Reresby's Memoirs."

³ She was only daughter and heiress of the Earl of Cleveland.

⁴ Lingard, "History of England."

The Dutch authorities winking hard—notwithstanding the remonstrances of Skelton, the English ambassador—about three hundred Scots put to sea on the 2nd of May, and, four days after, made the Orkneys. But the British Government was awake; regulars on the march, militia falling in. The disaffected hesitated. Easily hunted down, “unfortunate Argyll” went a hero to the block on the 30th of June, with his last breath forgiving his enemies, and denouncing Popery, Prelacy, and Erastianism.

Monmouth’s enterprise was a far graver affair. Accompanied by nearly 100 men, more or less familiar with arms, he landed on the 11th of June at Lyme in Dorsetshire. The gentry stood aloof; but the tirades of Ferguson, “the Christian minister” at his Grace’s elbow, being attuned to the Round-head tastes and moody Puritanism of the western populace, mechanics and peasants enlisted freely, foot became abundant, and some uncouth horse joined from Somersetshire.

The King was busy. The Duke of Albemarle sped to Devonshire to muster the train-bands; Brigadier Lord Churchill marched for the west with Life Guards and “standing foot;” the Scotch brigade was recalled from Holland; the English army ordered to be increased to 15,000 men; new regiments were to be raised. Preferring action to words, Parliament voted £400,000 towards the expenses, attainted the Duke of Monmouth, and offered £5,000 “to any one who would secure him dead or alive.”

Despite noisy rejoicing, events were inauspicious at Lyme; Fletcher of Saltoun, the best officer among the adventurers, having shot a provincial agitator in a scuffle, the multitude became so excited that the Duke was compelled to dismiss the clever Scot from his service. A few days afterwards, Lord Grey of Wark, who commanded the rebel cavalry, endeavouring to seize Bridport, was disgracefully beaten by some Dorsetshire militiamen.

At Taunton, where Monmouth arrived on the 18th, a proud reception awaited him, “the rabblement hooted and clapt their chopt hands,” flowers strewed his path, gratuitous beef and unstinted beer sustained the enthusiasm of the recruits. Espe-

cially acceptable to so gallant "a champion of the public good," twenty pretty Puritan maidens presented him with a Bible and a sword. "I come to defend the truths contained in this book," he cried, "or to seal them, if need be, with my blood :—"

"Religion and redress of grievances,
Two names that always cheat and always please."

But the influential and well-to-do still frigid, Ferguson advised his pupil to assume his "rightful" title of king; the country folk surely longed to crown their dainty edifice of cards, and could the Whig gentry resist the witchery of liberalism in royal guise?—

"How long wilt thou the gen'ral joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign?"

The counsel of the "*arch-boute-feu*" (thus does the gentle Evelyn describe the lank Boanerges) prevailed, albeit not a squire answered to "boot and saddle."

The day after this absurd bid for popular favour, the Duke entered Bridgwater, the militia retiring before him, for Albemarle had orders to risk nothing till the regulars were in support. "King Monmouth," no longer all smiles and confidence, now organized his infantry, some 6000 strong, in six regiments; the cavalry numbered about 1000 troopers of equivocal mettle. Men indeed turned up plentifully, but arms were scarce; a strong demand arose for scythes and pick-axes, and likely lads, not a few, had to be rejected for want of weapons wherewithal to smite.

If there was a rebel officer light of heart, his experience of war must have been slight. The royal troops were gathering thick. Oxford students had exchanged Latinity for the pike-manual. Albemarle's train-bands were ahead. Worse than all, by the time the insurgents quitted Bridgwater, Churchill's red-coats were within reach of them, and no doubt tormented their flanks in a fashion that might have disturbed the march of veterans, much more the painful plodding of dejected counter-skippers and colliers.¹

¹ Macaulay, "History of England."

To seize Bristol, then the second city of England, was Monmouth's desire, but the vigour of the Duke of Beaufort, who assured the burghers he would burn the town if they showed their teeth, foiled the project. Hence wild counsels; strategic suggestions often without rhyme or reason. Some one proposed to make for Gloucester; whence a dash into Shropshire and Cheshire, where the comely and genial bastard had formerly made friends. But Churchill's activity, added to untrained Hodge's defective quick-step, forbade the venture. At length the Duke wheeled to his left on Bath. Alas! not only did Bath reject him, but the townsmen slew the herald who summoned them to surrender.¹

Here the rebels commenced their retreat, an operation demoralizing to disciplined troops and fatal to raw levies. Still, when little expected, a ray of success shot across their path. Hearing that the main body of the king's forces, under the Earl of Feversham, was nigh Philip's Norton, Monmouth lined the hedges of the road leading to it with musketeers, and kept his horse in hand. The royal advanced guard, consisting of Life Guards and the grenadiers of the 1st Foot Guards, led by the Duke of Grafton (Monmouth's half-brother), plunged into the ambush. A cross fire blazed from the hedges. The amazed red-coats struggled onward till they reached a barricade at the entrance into the village. There a volley blazed full in their faces. Thus beset they fled in disorder, the volunteer cavalry clumsily spurring at their heels. "The best part of a troop of horse" were either laid low or made prisoners, and the headlong Grafton narrowly escaped capture. The affair seems to have been a petty Balaclava.

The retreat continued. At Frome, the fate of Argyll and the torpor of the "Solymean rout" of London were reported. In despair, "Absalom, ambitious of a crown," ran about seeking advice from mouth to mouth; and but for the expostulations of Lord Grey, a peer bold in debate if backward in the charge, he would have slunk away by night from his beguiled subjects. He pined for Brussels, where the blandishments of

¹ Sir John Dalrymple, "Memoirs of Great Britain," &c.

an impassioned mistress might easily assuage the sorrows of a heart like his.¹

Boding and undecided the Duke re-entered Bridgwater on the 2nd of July. Should he intrench the town, and await attack behind earth-works? Should he revert to the scheme of a rush at the Welsh marches? He pondered thus, and many adherents, with the prescience of rats, deserted the Puritan colours.

A blow quick and desperate was now the only chance left. A reconnaissance kindled a little hope. Without a spark of his uncle's splendid genius, Feversham was a gallant gentleman and a smart colonel,² but, after the manner of commonplace commanders, despising his enemy,³ he had disseminated the troops more widely than was prudent. His head-quarters were with the cavalry (700 sabres) at Weston. The sixteen field-guns, guarded by dragoons, closed the road from that place to Bridgwater. The infantry, about 1,800 strong, lay at some distance off on the open moor. A broad ditch (unknown to Monmouth, it is said) covered their front. The Wilts Militia were in the rear at Middlezoy. Being detachments of Life Guards, Horse Grenadiers, Oxford's Horse, and Royal Dragoons, Foot Guards, Dumbarton's, Kirke's, and Trelawny's regiments, the regulars were of the stanchest sort.

Monmouth's plan was hazardous, as adventures in the dark must always be. To avoid patrols, he would march by a circuitous byway, on the night of the 5th, against the infantry camped on Sedgmoor, and, falling upon them unawares, rout them ere cavalry and cannon could come up. From ale-house

¹ Macaulay, "History of England."

² Louis de Duras was son of the Duc de Duras, and of a sister of the great Turenne. Shortly after the accession of Charles II. he came to England, where he was naturalized, and created successively Baron Duras and Earl of Feversham, the title of his father-in-law.

³ "On ne doit jamais mépriser son ennemi, et se relâcher dans le service par le croyance qu'il est peu entreprenant, et qu'il n'a pas telle ou telle habitude. Ce qui n'a pas été dans un temps peut l'être dans un autre. Il suffit d'un homme intelligent et brave pour changer les mœurs d'une armée."—LE MARÉCHAL BUGEAUD.

gossip he expected to find the Foot Guards dead drunk, and the gentlemen of the Life Guards snoring in bed.¹

On that very Sunday morning, a young woman eager in the royal cause entered the lines to communicate the Monmouthite project, which seems to have been no secret in Bridgwater; but, being taken to "a chief officer," she was brutally ill-treated, and in a transport of rage, terror and shame, went her way without uttering the warning. No thought, then, of danger. "Most of the officers" caroused, and the duties were carelessly performed.²

About one o'clock on Monday morning the insurgent column, preceded by Grey's unsteady squadrons and three iron guns, reached the waste. Thanks to guides, it managed to pass two of the broad ditches intervening between Bridgwater and the royal troops. But the report of a pistol (treacherously fired, it is said, by one Captain Hucker) roused a vedette of the Blues; and immediately the main-guard of the camp, composed of 100 of Dumbarton's Scots, stood to the front, calling lustily to arms.

Fully occupied in dressing his tangled files, Monmouth ordered Grey to rush in among the tents and cut down the disjointed soldiery. But the ditch protecting the men of Belial brought "the marsh mares and colts" to a stand. The guide was either not forthcoming or bewildered by the mist which was dense. The rebel horsemen fumbled for a causeway.

"Whom are you for?" cried Sir Francis Compton of the Blues. Somebody answered, "King Monmouth." Whereupon Dumbarton's fired a volley, and to the winds went Grey's yeomanry.

And now the Duke urged forward his six battalions, their point of direction in the darkness being the lighted matches of the Royal Scots.³ Again the ditch stopped the way. But,

¹ Echard, "History of England."

² "Account of a brave Officer of the Horse Guards," quoted by Kennet.

³ King James's account of Sedgemoor, in "Hardwick's State Papers." (Dumbarton's was the only battalion of the King's forces using matchlocks, the rest of the infantry being armed with snap-hance muskets of the latest pattern.)

unlike their mounted comrades, the fanatic foot stood firm, "with vast shoutings and firings." The soldiers replied with workmanlike deliberation. Well pointed by a Dutch gunner, the Monmouth pieces did no mean execution amongst the Scots and 1st Foot Guards.¹ The fight was lively.

Meanwhile the King's infantry were deploying, Feversham was up with the cavalry, and the cannon, tugged by the Bishop of Winchester's coach-horses, drew near. Parties of Life Guards and Horse Grenadiers were ordered to cross the ditch and threaten the rebel right. At the same time, heavy horse and dragoons formed on the right of Dumbarton's. And whose is the voice sharp and clear above the din? Churchill's: his calm judgment worth a grenadier battalion.

The dullest ensign could see the game was up. How, then, might Monmouth save what to such men is dearer than all things—life? Only by leaving his dupes in the lurch before day dawned. In the congenial company of Lord Grey and a German adventurer he deserted; the fog, the clash of arms, and active horses abetting the infamy.

Of sturdier breed the unhappy peasants. With the first streak of light, the guns, handled "by the fighting bishop" (who either from loyalty, or horror of dissent had turned bombadier) opened fire.² And the Foot Guards passed the ditch. But the rustics held together; crying aloud, "ammunition! ammunition! for the Lord's sake, ammunition!" they faced the grenadiers with pike and flail, and gashed the dragoons cruelly with their scythes. Such their valour, whetted by despair, that once even the fiery Oglethorpe and his Life Guardsmen were beaten back; and Captain Sarsefield (of whom we shall soon hear much), dashed out of the saddle with the butt-end of a musket, lay for dead.

But courage in the rough must eventually yield to skill and

¹ King James's account of Sedgemoor, in "Hardwick's State Papers."

² Archdeacon Echard says, "The Bishop of Winchester performed singular service in managing the big guns." ("History of England.") And Ralph describes the ill-placed prelate as "a fighting bishop who acted as general of the ordnance" ("History of England").

discipline. Charged over and over again by "veterans trained to arms and bloody wars," the poor fellows broke at last. Then in the midst of the mob, the dragoons slashed *con amore*; in awful contact the hellish impulse to destroy life, and the horrified instinct to preserve it. In the turmoil were slain 1,000 (Ralph declares 2,000) rebels, "most of them," Evelyn thinks, "Mendip miners who did great execution with their tools, and sold their lives very dearly while their leaders were flying." "Great execution," in truth, for we are told 300 regulars were either killed or grievously mauled by those grimly wielded implements.¹

After the runaway leaders the chase was hot. First, Grey was taken; then the German; lastly, one Parker discovered James of Monmouth cowering in a ditch near Ringwood in Hampshire. He delivered the famishing wretch to the soldiers.

At the request of the Queen Dowager, the King consented to see him. Sobbing like a girl, the culprit entered Chiffinch's room at Whitehall, and threw himself on his knees before James. He reviled "the bloody villain Ferguson" and his other associates. He would become a Catholic. No humiliation was too great for him provided his life were spared. It does not appear, however, that he disclosed anything of the momentous character suggested in the abject letter which he had previously written to the King.²

¹ One hundred and forty years before, the peasantry of the west rose against the Government of Edward VI. Of them, "Lord Grey, who had led the charge on the Scottish infantry at Musselburg, said that 'such was the valour and stoutness of the men that, in all the wars he had been in, he never did know the like.' It is remarkable that in 1545 the western countrymen fought thus heroically in defence of the Catholic religion, the German and Italian mercenaries, by whom they were mainly put down, being in the pay of the Reformers. Never before had English rulers used the arms of strangers against English subjects."—FROUDE, *History of England*.

² "There is good reason to believe that the secret to which he alluded was the correspondence which Sunderland held with the Prince of Orange, and that he had himself been encouraged by Sunderland to his fatal enterprise."—DALRYMPLE, *Memoirs of Great Britain*.

James was obdurate: his heart was not tender; and public opinion regarded the axe as the logical consequence of unsuccessful rebellion. In those days professed philanthropists were rare. To forbearance, indeed, the poor Duke had small claim. He had twice plotted against his uncle; he had inflamed the wrong with personal calumnies. Consanguinity, which is popularly supposed to inspire affection, availed not here, for the King repudiated any tie of blood between himself and Monmouth. He spoke of him as the son, not of his brother Charles and Lucy Barlow *alias* Walters, but of Colonel Robert Sidney¹ and that "browne, beautiful, bold, and insipid creature" (the virtuous Evelyn *loquitur*).

His conduct in the Tower must have been as wormwood to his pious friends. Coldly did he receive his wife, "a virtuous and excellent lady," the heiress of the bold Buccleuch, who had borne him several children. He protested to the Anglican bishops, insisting on the necessity of repentance, that (theology, law, and Duchess notwithstanding) the Lady Wentworth alone was the wife of his heart.² On the scaffold he behaved manfully, reiterated his passionate devotion to the enchantress, and was horribly mangled by Ketch.

Thus perished, at the age of thirty-six, James, Duke of Monmouth, a gentleman notable for good looks and graceful manners. Such varnish could hardly fail to procure for the son of a king the favour of women and the hurrahs of the mob. Vain to excess, "made drunk with honour and debauched with praise," the warlike Absalom fell an easy prey to "crafty knaves" hailing him devout Christian, skilful captain, and sagacious politician. Of a flimsy nature, he quailed at the first sight of the dangers he had recklessly provoked. In spite of his lax principles and immoral life, the Puritans regarded him almost as a saint, and some writers have considered him a martyr. *Chacun à son goût*. No doubt

¹ Lingard, "History of England."

² "James behaved with fondness to the children, and delivered to the Duchess a grant of her husband's estate, which had fallen to the Crown by attainder."—DALRYMPLE, *Memoirs of Great Britain*.

he was a very pretty fellow, personally brave and socially pleasant, well cut out for a place at Court or a colonelcy in the Guards. If he could only have rested content with his Garter, his Chancellorship of Cambridge, "his accumulations without end," what a happy spark! Dalliance with democratic emotions destroyed him.

Enough of the flashy, good-natured sinner. The digression concerning him will at least present a foil to what we have to relate about his cousin, "le simple Brochet," valiant soldier and loyal subject.

After the defeat of the sixth of July, the odious barbarities, often the lot of quelled insurrection, had infernal swing.

In order that the rebels should be punished according to the forms of law, a special commission, consisting of Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys, the Chief Baron and three puisne Judges, was issued; and, strangely as it sounds, by a second commission, Jeffreys was singly appointed commander-in-chief of the troops quartered within the limits of the western circuit. The character of the campaign is indicated in the old song:—

"The pris'ners to plead to his lordship did cry :
But still he made answer, and thus did reply :
'We'll hang you up first, and then after we'll try.'
Sing, Hey brave Chancellor, O fine Chancellor,
Delicate Chancellor, O !"

At least two rulings of this truculent Judge do not appear to have been distasteful to our forefathers. When one Hucker pleaded in extenuation, that, although a 'listed Monmouthite, he had sent important information to Feversham, the "Justice General" thundered, "Why, you deserve a double death; one for rebellion against your sovereign, the other for betraying your friends." A mean and despicable fellow, the informer; we virtuously loathe him, but in troublous times is there a minister who does not tempt and employ him?

Again, on arriving at Bristol, the chief justice discovered that the mayor and alderman had been accustomed to sell, for their own profit, to the planters of Barbadoes not only

prisoners charged with felony, but even simple vagabonds. Roger North relates that, after violently haranguing the grand jury on such an enormity, Jeffreys turned to the mayor accoutred with his scarlet and furs, and gave him all the ill names that scolding eloquence could supply, and never left off till he made him quit the bench, and go down to the criminal's post at the bar, and there he pleaded for himself as a common rogue or thief must have done, and when the mayor hesitated a little, or slackened his pace, he bawled at him, and stamping called for his guard, for he was still general by commission. Thus, the citizens saw their chief magistrate at the bar to their infinite terror and amazement.¹

A laudable chastisement of "respectable" iniquity. At least, one act of equity, rough but wholesome, in the terrible campaign of George Lord Jeffreys of Wem. "*Et Barbouc conclout qu'il y avait souvent de tres bonnes choses dans les abus.*"

¹ "Life of Guildford."





II.

BEFORE BUDA-PESTH.

1686.

NO part of biography is so apocryphal as that which records the "wise saws and modern instances" of heroes in the chrysalis state of petticoats or knickerbockers.

"Nurse—May not one speak ?

Capulet—Peace, you mumbling fool !

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,

For here we need it not."

Besides, youthful precocity by no means betokens powerful manhood ; the morning sun may shine too brightly. Sainte-Beuve is right, "*Les plus beaux lauriers sont souvent les plus tardifs.*"

At any rate, we know little authentic of the "puérilités"¹ of James Fitz-James beyond this, that he was a grave boy, religiously inclined and very methodical in all his ways. It is likely that the love of order which marked his public career was early implanted within him at Juilly, a college no less noted for the discipline maintained there than for the practical scope of its curriculum. Peace being re-established throughout Great Britain, James Fitz-James, now fifteen years of age, quitted La Flèche, and, returning to England, paid a visit to his sister Henrietta, recently married to Sir Henry

¹ Maréchal de Saxe calls his early days, "*puérilités que je ne toucherais qu'en général.*"

Waldegrave.¹ Soon afterwards, the King sent him and his brother Henry to Paris, that they might acquire from the best masters the art of fortification, as well as fencing, riding and other accomplishments essential to a gentleman of the seventeenth century. They entered the famous academy of Monsieur de Vaudeuil, "lieutenant of the garde du corps, a man of great merit and high in favour at court."² Having followed his pupils to Ireland, he fell at the Boyne.

Just before the lads started for Paris, Lady Waldegrave received the following letter from the King her father :—

"Windsor, Saturday Morning.

"I was sorry to heare this morning of the accident which happened to your brother Harry, and send the foottman on purpose to you, to have an account from you how he do. They tell me his face will not be marked with it. Pray let me know the truth out, and how soon they thinke he may be well enough to go. Remember me to your brother James, and tell him I am sorry his journey should be stopped for some days, especially by such an accident, and tell Harry I hope he will be carefuller for the time to come ; and now that he do what the chirurgeons will have him, which is all I shall say now, but to assure you of the continuance of my kindness.

" J. R."³

Fitz-James remained at work in Paris till the spring, when the King despatched him to Hungary, that he might see service

¹ Created Lord Waldegrave of Chewton, 2nd January, 1686.

² "Mémoires de Dumont de Bostaquet." These academies were kept by persons of quality as well as education. "Pluvinel écuyer de la grande écurie de Henri IV., et qui apprit à Louis XIV. à monter à cheval, est (écrivait Lauval en 1670) le premier qui ait tenu un manège à Paris, et mis à cheval les gentilhommes. Avant lui, il falloit que la noblesse allât en Italie, pour apprendre à monter à cheval. Il obtint du roi le dessous de la grande du Louvre vis-à-vis le pont des Tuileries, et prit chez lui des maîtres pour apprendre à ses écoliers à voltiger, à faire des armes, à manier la pique, à danser, à jouer du luth, à dessiner, et de plus les mathématiques, et beaucoup d'autres choses bien séantes à des personnes de qualité."—*Histoire des Antiquités de la ville de Paris*.

³ Ellis, "Original Letters."

under the renowned Duke of Lorraine, then commanding the troops of Austria, Poland, and Venice, against the Turks, still a formidable and aggressive power.

Although two hundred years ago, "our special correspondents" were unseen in the rear of contending armies, campaigns were not conducted in the dark. War intelligence, if slow to hand, seldom lacked. At the first blast of the trumpet young gentlemen of all nations, many of them easy of wit and ready of pen, hastened to the camp, eager to gain professional knowledge, not by simpering in the wake of "a brilliant staff" but by galloping in the headlong charge, or mingling in the swarm up the "imminent deadly breach:"—

"Rages the war, fell slaughter stalks around,
And stretches thousands breathless on the ground;
Down sinks Lothario, sent by one dire blow,
A well-dressed hero, to the shades below."

When Fitz-James reached Charles of Lorraine's headquarters, he found himself amid a grim host of Croats, Hungarians, Poles, Saxons, Bavarians, and even Catalans, graced with a cosmopolitan *jeunesse dorée* of sedate Spanish grandees, lively French marquis, ponderous German princes, and certain bluff English gentlemen, of whom was the valiant "Jack Cutts," soon to be dubbed the "Salamander."

Count Taaffe (brother of the Earl of Carlington), lieutenant-general of cavalry in the Austrian service, was the officer selected by James II. to take charge of the recruit. This Irish nobleman, an intimate friend of the Duke of Lorraine and a favourite of the Emperor, was, according to the Duke of Berwick, one of the most agreeable men in Europe, very well read and excellent at the desk, but of less repute in the field. It would appear, therefore, that the promising boy was fortunate in his governor.¹

The second siege of Buda-Pesth having been decided upon in the Aulic Council of War, an army of nearly 90,000 men, under the Duke of Lorraine and the Elector of Bavaria,

¹ On the death of his brother, slain at the Boyne, the count became Earl of Carlingford.

invested the city on the 18th of June, the former general appearing before Buda, the latter in front of Pesth, which places are separated by the Danube. After a sortie on the Bavarians, the Turks, breaking down the bridge behind them, evacuated Pesth, and retired into Buda.

Two bridges having been thrown across the river, one above, the other below the town, the Elector passed the Danube, and occupied a strong position to the south of Buda; while the Duke of Lorraine, with 3,000 horse, 9,000 foot, 16 guns, 12 mortars, prepared to attack the northern front.¹

At the commencement of the siege, the charming island of St. Marguerite, just south of Buda-Pesth, was seized by 400 hussars, for the nonce relinquishing their horses and taking to boats. Thus did the harem of the Governor, so pleasantly established there, fall into Christian arms. It consisted of ninety women and many children, the fairest of whom were sold for slaves in the polyglot camp; we are not told what became of the old and ugly. Besides beauty, a vast booty of gold and silver and gorgeous trappings were seized. "O quel plaisir d'être soldat!"

In Buda were shut up about 7,000 troops of all arms, commanded by Abdourraman Pasha, aga of the Janissaries, a grey-beard of seventy, nevertheless of a valour as bright as when, thirty years before, he fought against Candia.

Towards the end of June the trenches were opened and the batteries placed. In front of the Duke of Lorraine's corps was a double enceinte separated by a wide ditch, the two lines of rampart being flanked by bastions; outside these, neither ditch nor ravelin. After much mining and firing,² a breach appearing in the outer ramparts, an assault was delivered on the 15th of July. Attempted languidly, and with

¹ "A Journal of the Siege of Buda, by Jacob Richards, one of H.M. Engineers, 1687."

² Of the mining Mr. Richards speaks thus: "Everything in good order by break of day, and the mine sprung, which, like the rest, had no other effect than the killing our own men, with which the Duke of Lorraine was greatly displeased, saying aloud, 'Twas well field battels depended not on miners.'"—*Siege of Buda*.

too few troops, it failed. The loss, however, was inconsiderable, except among the noble volunteers: the Spanish Duke di Vihar, Captains Rupert and Talbot were killed, Lord Savile, Colonel Forbes, Captains St. George and Bellasis wounded. The Duke of Berwick says that camp gossip attributed this severe check to the lukewarmness or misconduct of Count Staremborg, who commanded the attack; the Count being suspected owing to his intimacy with Prince Herman of Baden, who, hating Charles of Lorraine, delighted—so the soldiers declared—to thwart his enterprizes. Be this as it may, Staremborg was wounded a few days afterwards, and quitted the army, to the satisfaction, no doubt, of the general-in-chief; lieutenants with “capital interest” at home being occasionally thorns in the flesh of authority before the enemy.

The besiegers’ artillery was directed by a Spanish “fire-master,” one Antonio Gonzales, brought from Flanders for the purpose, his coadjutor in the business being, oddly enough, a Franciscan monk, Pierre Gabriel, who had employed the time he could spare from his breviary in studying military chemistry. Bishop Mee, chastizing the Sedgemoor fanatics with grape, and Father Gabriel consuming the Infidel with artificial fire at Ofen, are certainly glorious expounders of muscular Christianity. There was also “a little man who had lost both his hands by the charging of a cannon which was not well spunged, esteemed very knowing in shooting of bombs and other artificial bodies.”¹

The batteries, strengthened with several 24-pounders and mortars, were now advanced, and kept up a damaging fire upon the place; still, it was not before the 27th of July that

¹ From the following it would seem that, in our days of enlightened piety, the episcopal bench has not quite relinquished its ancient sympathy with hard knocks. “No event occurred during the past session which was so much discussed by bishops and archbishops, statesmen and people, both at home and abroad, as the fight between Tom Sayers and Heenan. Nothing could have better established the reputation of Englishmen for pluck and endurance the most remarkable.”—*Mr. Walter, M.P., to the Berkshire Farmers. (Times, Oct. 15th, 1860.)*

a breach was deemed practicable. Then Charles of Lorraine (unlike mere "promoted by favour" commanders, whom experience cannot teach), warned by the failure of the first attempt, detailed 10,000 men for the delivery of two simultaneous assaults; 6,000 veterans, under his immediate command, would operate on the side of the Vienna gate, 4,000 Bavarians, led by their Elector, striking at the castle. After the manner of Turenne, the Duke took post in the advanced trench, that he might see with his own eyes how the fight went, and be ready, if need be, to restore it in person.¹ But the Turks were not napping; observing troops filing into the trenches, they girded up their loins for resistance.

At noon the stormers burst from covert, and for six mortal hours the battle raged, both Christian and Moslem, according to the Duke of Berwick, displaying a valour not to be surpassed. Grenades, arrows, stink-pots, and round-shot smashing in their midst, mines exploding under their feet, the Imperialists sped over the intervening ground, and mounted the breach. But the Ottomans, ever obstinate within walls, stood firm, and after a fierce conflict beat them back in dismay. The critical moment in war, paralyzing to the ordinary officer exalted above his capacity, braces the nerves and clears the vision of true commanders. The instant disaster threatened, the Prince of Lorraine leapt, sword in hand, from the trench—Fitzjames, and many a volunteer at his back—threw himself among the scared Brandenburghers, and, rallying them with voice and example, again brought them up to their work. This time, so inspiring is the presence of "a fighting general," the Janissaries flinched. Thus, not only did the Imperialists remain masters of the breach, but also effected a lodgment in one of the flanking towers of the enceinte. Further they could not go, for the enemy had thrown up

¹ "It was his (Turenne's) constant motto, during a siege, to go into the trenches both morning and evening. In the morning to see if the work was well performed, and at evening to resolve what would be the work that night, having in his company the lieutenant-general and some of the chief officers, who that night were to command in the trenches, to instruct them *himself* what he expected to be done."—CLARKE, *Life of James II.*

an intrenchment ugly with palisades, right across their path. While the struggle ebbed and flowed in the north, severe fighting was going on south of the town. There the Bavarian Elector and Prince Eugène of Savoy—the *grand monarque* erred grossly when, with a sneer at a delicate constitution and a feeble frame, he refused a regiment of dragoons to *le petit Abbé*¹—assailed the castle. After rough combat they occupied one of the towers; but the Osmanli held the rest of the work till the close of the siege, in spite of all efforts to cast them out. The Christian success cost 1,500 killed and a great many wounded. The Duke of Lorraine's aide-de-camp fell dead by his side in the breach, and there, too, the volunteers bled freely. The Turkish loss was less heavy.

The Pasha, now summoned to surrender, refused, declaring that a third assault would be repulsed, like previous ones, by the miraculous intervention of the Prophet. But, however implicit the governor's trust in the good intentions of Mohamed, it is probable that a knowledge of the Grand Vizier's approach with 80,000 Osmanli contributed somewhat to his confidence. Verily, no comfort to the beleaguered like the succouring advance of *les gros bataillons*.

Early in August, the Vizier stood on the heights overlooking the Christian camp. Cautiously he began to manœuvre for the purpose of reinforcing the straightened garrison; but, as the few Turks whom he contrived to slip within the walls were virtually useless, he soon felt the necessity of risking bolder operations. On the morning of the 10th, the Ottoman army descended into the plain dividing the hostile camps. The Imperialists marched gaily out of their lines to meet the foe. What a glorious parade under the summer sun! On a sudden, it was reported that a corps of

¹ François Eugène de Savoie, the youngest son of Eugène Maurice, Prince de Savoie-Carignan, Comte de Soissons, and Olympia Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin, was born at Paris, Oct. 18th, 1663, and died at Vienna April 21st, 1736. Like the Duke of Berwick, Eugène commenced his career under the Duke of Lorraine, his first essay in arms being at the siege of Vienna by the Turks in 1683; Berwick's was (as we see) three years later, in front of Buda.

Janissaries and Spahis¹, gliding rapidly among the bends and thickets of broken ground on the Christian left, were on the point of seizing a hill dominating the Imperialist camp, now nearly empty. Immediately, the Austrian chief, never bewildered in emergency, sent Generals Dunewald and Taaffe with seven regiments of horse to the rescue. An anxious moment; just in time to prevent mischief, the allied cavalry gained the hill; like lightning the Spahis charged, but, after bloody *mêlée*, were repulsed. Then Taaffe—"Mr. Fitz-James and the English volunteers being in the first rank"²—dashed at the Janissary foot, which he dispersed with much slaughter. During the combat, the two armies stood at ease, awaiting the issue. Learning Dunewald's success, Charles of Lorraine prepared to move *en masse* against the Vizier; but that functionary, his flank demonstration foiled, declined further battle, and retired slowly towards Alba Regalis; and the Austrians also withdrew to camp without attempting to harass the enemy. The Duke of Berwick sees prudence, not lack of enterprise here. Under the circumstances, he believes it would have been dangerous to pursue the unbeaten Moslem, inasmuch as, on any confusion occurring in the Christian ranks (and in chase there is always more or less confusion), the Osmanli, according to their custom, would have faced about upon the foe with a fury apt to stagger veterans blown and in disarray. Berwick's opinion bears witness to the spirit and discipline of Turkish armies two centuries ago, and doubtless the physical qualities of Ottoman soldiers remain excellent. Their present inferiority proceeds from degenerate *morale*, not from relaxed muscle; men have not deteriorated, the MAN is wanting: "un bras vaut cent mille bras, cent mille bras ne valent pas un bras." Here is a glimpse of ancient Turkish military administration. The Pasha in command informed the Grand Vizier of the defeat of the flank movement in these words—"They charged us like lions, but were received by devils." In reply, the Vizier spat in his face, and ordered him to be strangled, "pour encourager les autres."

¹ Turkish cavalry.

² Jacob Richards, "Siege of Buda."

The Turkish generalissimo did not despair as yet. A few days after, he introduced 600 Janissaries into the place. Cannon saluted their advent, and, if waste of gunpowder testified to the truth, the besieged were hopeful indeed; but intercepted letters told a different tale, Buda languished. The Vizier now offered twenty ducats to every soldier who joined the garrison. The golden bait whetted the courage of the more daring, and some hundreds of hardy fellows endeavoured to enter the place, by way of the Imperial baths. But three regiments of dragoons, under Baron Mercy, surrounded these Janissaries as they were preparing a final rush. Refusing to surrender, they were cut to pieces, but not before one of them, bleeding from two wounds, had turned the edge of his scimitar on Mercy's skull, and gashed other officers besides. This Mercy, nephew of the distinguished general of the same name slain at Nordlingen, died of his hurt six weeks afterwards, regretted by the army, and mourned by the Duke of Lorraine, who loved him as a friend and respected him as a soldier.

Reinforcements arriving from Hungary, the Imperialists pushed their attacks with refreshed vigour. To breach the second line of defence, batteries were mounted upon the bastions flanking the exterior enceinte, as well as upon the curtain, and as soon as it was believed that they had produced a proper effect two successive assaults were launched. These were repulsed, however; and all Father Gabriel's efforts to set on fire the palisades in front of the great breach likewise failed, the Turks constantly replacing the beams which the holy man's "burning composition" had ignited.

For the last time, the Governor, obedient to orders from Stamboul, scouted a summons to capitulate. Heavy guns were now mounted on the curtain, to the right of the Duke of Lorraine's attack. The interior rampart being weak in that quarter, a great gap speedily yawned. To hinder the Moslem throwing up fresh works in rear, a general assault was fixed for the 2nd of September, the covering corps to be commanded by Prince Eugène; at twenty-three years of age, then, the fragile youth, derided by Louis XIV., was appointed by Charles of Lorraine to hold in check the Vizier's mighty host!

At six o'clock A.M. three rounds from six cannon proclaimed the awful moment. With the last boom the stormers, headed by the Duc de Croy, sprang from the trenches. For a while stubborn conflict: the Hungarian Colonel Petnehazy, first on the walls, falling into the hands of the foe, was just saved from the ready bow-string by a timely rush of comrades. Many of the volunteers perished. Too great, however, the odds against the Mussulman. Abdi Pasha, the governor, after doing nobly for Islam, fell gloriously in the breach, and as a torrent swollen with winter rains the Christians surged into the town. Further resistance being hopeless, the brave old aga, who up to this had held the castle with admirable skill against the Elector, surrendered at discretion with 500 Janissaries, worn-out remnant of the terrible soldiery with whom he had begun the defence.

Thus Buda fell, after a splendid defence of seventy-seven days. A remarkable victory, abominably stained. Throughout the night the Christian warriors raged as demons astray from hell—pillaging, burning, murdering, violating, without pity either for age or sex.¹ At last, the Duke of Lorraine succeeded in putting a stop to the horrors and saving from butchery some 1,000 Moslem. Such the deeds which hailed the return of Buda to her Christian allegiance after forty-five years of travail under the Mussulman yoke.

The doom no sooner manifest, than the Vizier, who had not fired a shot or moved a company during the last struggle for "the Key of Islam," broke up his camp and retired by way of Esseck, burning and devastating as he went, to retard the Imperialist advance. Having garrisoned Buda, the Duke of Lorraine started in pursuit, but with all his diligence could not come up with the Turk, who finally halted under the guns

¹ "To the credit of civilization, however, there was at least one man greedy for a noble prey. A certain Marsigli of Bologna, a passionate lover of books, disregarding silver, and gold, and female attraction, busied him in hunting for literary treasure. From burning mosques he rescued many a precious volume, and, groping in the palace vaults, laid reverent hands on divers inestimable MSS. His acquisitions are preserved in the public library of his native town, Bologna."—VON HAMMER, *Empire Ottoman*.

of Belgrade. Disappointed of battle *en rase campagne*, the Imperial general, after seizing some minor posts, obtained possession of Szegedin, a fortress of some importance, and there was an end of blows for a season, but not of bloodshedding; General Caraffa set up "the Slaughter-house of Epiries," and the hereditary right of the house of Hapsburg was zealously proclaimed by the hangman.¹

And Fitz-James returned to England. We may readily imagine the warmth with which the young soldier was welcomed by the lords and ladies of Whitehall. Had his merits been less conspicuous, the royal blood in his veins, and the evident affection of the King, would have ensured him plenty of eager friends. Prosperity is the mother of love. James made haste to appoint him Colonel of the Princess Anne of Denmark's regiment (now 8th Foot), and doubtless the hero enjoyed himself at the by no means straight-laced court with all the gusto of lusty seventeen. On the 19th of March, 1687, he was elevated to the peerage with the title of the Duke of Berwick,² and, accompanied by his accomplished French tutor, De Vaudreuil, whom James knighted on the occasion, soon afterwards quitted England to rejoin the army in Hungary.

On the subject of the peerage Bishop Burnet speaks as follows: "She (the Queen) had a mortification when Fitz-James, the King's son, was made Duke of Berwick. He was a soft and harmless young man, and was much beloved by the King; but the Queen's dislike kept him from making any great figure. He made two campaigns in Hungary that were little to his honour; for, as his governor diverted the allowance that was given for keeping a table, and sent him always to eat at other tables, so, though in the siege of Buda there were many occasions given him to have distinguished himself, yet he had appeared in none of them. There was more care taken of his person than became his age and condition."³

¹ Menzil, "History of Germany."

² Baron Bosworth, co. Leicester, Earl of Teinmouth, co. Northumberland, and Duke of Berwick.

³ "History of his own Times." •

This is a most malignant passage : the Bishop describes the embittered feelings of a high-tempered, an injured, but heroic woman ; he insults Count Taaffe, and finishes off by insinuating something like cowardice against "the soft and harmless young man." In preceding pages it has been shown how Fitz-James and his volunteer comrades acquitted themselves before Buda, and engineer Richards, an eye-witness, relating the battle with the Grand Vizier, says, "Mr. Fitz-James was in all this action with Count Taaffe, behaving himself with remarkable gallantry." Perhaps Lord Dartmouth is pretty correct in this opinion : "I wrote in the first volume of this book that I did not believe the bishop designedly published anything he believed to be false ; therefore I think myself obliged to write in this, that I am fully satisfied that he published many things that he knew to be so."¹ The lie direct could hardly be better given to the Right Reverend Father in God.

¹ "History of his own Times." ("D" note.)





III.

THE ROUT OF MOHACZ.

1687.



N arrival at Vienna, the Duke of Berwick was cordially received by the Emperor Leopold, who conferred upon him the brevet of colonel, and the command of the regiment of cuirassiers belonging to his governor, Count Taaffe. In the Austrian capital the Duke met Prince Eugène, the Marquis de Créqui, and other distinguished comrades of the late campaign. Festivities, of course, were the order of the day. When they get the chance, officers and privates prepare themselves for service with much drinking, dining, dancing, and worse—diversions for which Vienna has always been celebrated. Many of the young volunteers were probably as loose about town as they were steady under arms, but, although a Stuart, Berwick was not of these. Too manly to be insensible to pleasure, he never became a *débauché*. And men marvelled, as well they might, to see in him such moderation.¹

The army being assembled, the Duke of Lorraine marched at the head of 60,000 men and a powerful artillery towards the Drave, which the Aulic Council had instructed him to

¹ Prince Eugène appears to have been of a kindred temper. “*Bien des courtisanes et des dames même de la première condition mirent en usage tout ce que l’art et la nature pouvoient leur fournir de charmes pour le rendre amoureux, mais c’était en vain. Ce n’est pas que ses yeux ne vissent avec plaisir une belle femme. Mais le desir de s’immortaliser par la voie des armes occupoit pour lors trop son âme, pour que les passions tumultueuses de l’amour et de la jalousie pussent y trouver place.*”—MABILLON, *Histoire du Prince Eugène*.

cross, in order to attack the Turks now intrenched under the walls of Esseck. According to Berwick, Charles of Lorraine had protested against the plan, and clearly pointed out the danger to which the adoption of it exposed the army. But the council, with the obstinate conceit of bureaucratic generalship, held to their whim. Hence, notwithstanding rumour attributed the project to an intrigue to destroy the military reputation of the general-in-chief, that loyal soldier resolved to obey orders, hoping perhaps, by skill in the field, to compensate for folly at the Horse Guards.

After brushing hostile detachments out of their way, and struggling painfully through the marshes bordering its banks, the Christians reached the Drave, and proceeded to throw a bridge of boats over the stream. This effected, they crossed without serious opposition, the enemy nowhere showing in force.

Before gaining Esseck, the Imperial army had to scramble through twelve or fifteen miles of forest. Those who, in 1854, trudged the flank march from the Belbec to the Bridge of Traktir can appreciate the difficulty of such a movement, even when unmolested. The march, necessarily slow, was carefully superintended by Charles of Lorraine in person. While it lasted he rode alone, followed at a few paces' distance by Caprara, Taaffe, and two or three other superior officers; for the Duke (the *Maréchal de Villars* tells us), mistrusting mere aides-de-camp in grave conjunctures, used to keep within hail a few experienced generals, who might not only bear his orders to leaders of divisions, but, into the bargain, see them executed. The arrangement seemed so sensible a one to the Marshal, that when in command of French armies he adopted it.¹

After a day and part of a night in the woods, the Imperialists debouched, and, lo! right ahead appeared the Mussulmans intrenched upon the crest of a height, their right resting on the Drave, their left on the Danube, the town of Esseck in rear of the centre. Immediately, some 2,000 Spahis came

¹ "Mémoires du *Maréchal de Villars*."

forth to skirmish with the Christian horse, perhaps designing to entice the foe within easier range of their guns. But the Imperial generals, suspecting a ruse, kept a tight hand on their squadrons.

Calmly and with an eye to most contingencies, the Duke of Lorraine formed his line, the infantry covering themselves with chevaux-de-frise,¹ the cavalry supporting the deploying battalions, and artillery taking post on the flank of divisions. The while the Turkish cannon grievously annoyed the Faithful.

A reconnaissance showed the Duke that the Grand Vizier, contrary to the custom of his nation, had protected his 70,000 men with a double intrenchment, armed with eighty guns and fourteen mortars.² Hoping that the Osmanli might be tempted into the open, the Christians also intrenched themselves; but Soleiman Pasha, knowing his vantage-ground, contented himself with blazing unceasingly upon their lines. The Vienna authorities had certainly managed to put their general into an awkward predicament; in his front lay solidly intrenched an army more numerous than his own; a broad river, edged either with scrub or bog, flowed in his rear; his artillery seemed inferior to that of the Infidel; provisions were running short. Had a mere pipe-clay prince, or even a "respectable officer" been in command, the Austrian war department might have rued their presumptuous ignorance, but Lorraine was one of those rare men whose spirit and resources rise in the ratio of the perils besetting them. He perceived that the Turkish position was too strong to be assailed with a fair chance of success.³ He knew that, in such cases, hesitation is

¹ "Every foot soldier carried a stake of four feet and a half in length, headed with a sharp forked iron head and a sharp iron foot, to stick in the ground, for their defence against cavalry. These stakes were sometimes called 'swzer feathers,' or 'foot palisades.'"—GROSE, *Military Antiquities*. They also served as rests for heavy musketry.

² Von Hammer, "Histoire du Prince Eugène."

³ "M. le duc de Luxembourg pensait qu'une armée qui peut se garnir partout de bons retranchements 'n'est pas susceptible d'être forcé.'"—GENERAL BOUNOD.

ruin. "Les tâtonnements, les mezzotermine perdent tout à la guerre."¹ And so he decided to recross the Drave and take up a position on the Danube.

After facing for thirty-six uncomfortable hours the Mussulman cannonade, the Christians retired in three corps; the Duke of Lorraine led the advanced guard in person, then came the mass of the infantry, the rear being brought up by a strong body of horse, some light batteries, and twenty battalions of foot, under the Elector of Bavaria and Prince Louis of Baden. Here rode the crack dragoons of Eugène and the ponderous cuirassiers of Fitz-James.

The retreat no sooner obvious, than the Infidel artillery thundered a *feu de joie*, and Osmanli horse went galloping in chase.

The success attending the withdrawal must be attributed mainly to the confidence which the retiring troops reposed in the valour and capacity of their chief. In a different mood, indeed, is the soldier when he looks the enemy in the face and when he is compelled to turn his back upon him: "Dans le premier cas," says Maréchal Marmont, "il ne voit que ce qui existe, dans le second son imagination grandit le danger"² Ay, panic then mutters in every breath of wind. Even the grisly grenadier discovers he has a heart. But, commanded as it was, no serious mishap overtook the motley Christian array. Hungering and foot-sore, but yet a disciplined force well up to fighting, it reached the Danube.

At a council of war held in the Ottoman camp on the 4th of August, the majority considered it would be imprudent to follow *en masse* the retiring Imperialists, but the elated Seraskier Grand Vizier overruled all objections, and the Turks passed the Drave by the magnificent bridge, which not only spanned the stream but also the morass bordering thereon.

To defend the passage of the Upper Drave, the Croats, hussars, and the irregulars called Nationals (whom the military authorities held about as cheaply as did Lord Raglan

¹ Napoleon I.

² "Esprit des Institutions Militaires."

the Bashi-bayuks) had been sent thither ; thus were the indefatigable Spahis in a posture to vex the Imperial army ; its foragers were constantly cut off, and to push outposts to any distance from the main body was unsafe. For duty of this kind, the Maréchal de Villars declares, the activity and hardihood of their horses gave the Mussulmans an immense advantage over the slow-paced Austrian troopers.

But the arrogance of the Vizier and the impatience of his troops turned the scale against themselves. Formed in the woody ground, stretching from the *tête-de-pont* of Esseck to within a mile of Mount Hersans nothing of the Ottoman army showed outside the bush except squadrons of light horse which scoured the plain, spreading from the Drave towards Siclos and Cinq Eglises. The Faithful lay in the neighbourhood of Mohacz, their left resting on a brook near Baranyavar, their right being thrown back in the direction of Siclos. The Duke of Lorraine had no other intention than that of occupying Cinq Eglises, where he expected to find provisions, of which his men stood sorely in need.

On the morning of the 12th of August, the left wing, commanded by the Elector, had just quitted their camp on the brook side, in order to follow the right, which, under Charles of Lorraine, was already *en route*, when cavalry were seen pouring from the forest into the plain. At once the Elector despatched the Marquis de Villars to Mount Hersans to watch the enemy's movements ; but, ere he was half way thither, Villars perceived the Spahis drawn up, supported by dense corps of Janissaries, field batteries in the intervals of brigades. Not merely did battle impend, but, as it seemed, the Ottoman right were well on their way to the rear of the Imperialist left. With this intelligence Villars galloped back to his chief. On the way meeting General Piccolomini, who commanded the second line of cavalry, he advised him to move to the foot of Mount Hersans, so as to strengthen the menaced flank. Piccolomini assented, and Villars spurred on to report to the Elector that there was only time to form ; they would certainly be attacked in force

The horse and foot ranging *en bataille*, and reinforcements

coming up from the Duke, Prince Louis of Baden, with a strong division of cavalry, proceeded to Mount Hersans. The critical point was there. The surmise of Villars proved correct; the circling Spahis were now face to face with Piccolomini *en potence* in that quarter.

Perceiving the advance of Prince Louis, the Moslem halted; the Prince was therefore encouraged to proceed further than he had at first intended, but cautiously and at a foot's pace, the enemy at the same time giving way slowly before him. Thus it happened that almost insensibly the Christian left reoccupied the ground from which it had lately broken up. Meanwhile, the skirmishers, already in the Imperialist rear, had been driven off, and, the Duke of Lorraine having counter-marched, the Catholic fronted the Infidel.

Villars, who had served under Turenne, and had seen "le grand Condé épée à la main," remarks that this Turkish manœuvre of pushing 8,000 horse into an enemy's rear was never practised by European generals; but, had it been vigorously executed on this occasion, he thinks it might have succeeded, its singularity alone would have told in its favour.¹

To continue. The Imperial army now advanced. The Mussulmans recoiled. It seldom happens that retrogression in front of well-led troops continues without disorder. Somewhat pressed by the Christian cavalry, the Spahis suddenly broke, deserted the Janissaries, and hied for camp. In pursuit went the squadrons to which Eugène, de Commercy, Berwick, Villars, Créqui, and the volunteers were attached. In their furious gallop, the cavaliers passed an infantry column retiring with admirable steadiness: conducted by a general of skill and enterprise, its sang-froid might peradventure have restored the fight, under cover of the neighbouring forest; but no such captain marched with those valiant Janissaries.

Now leaping their horses over the breast-work which had been thrown up along the edge of the wood, the dragoons burst into the Ottoman camp. The guards rushed to meet them. For a few minutes there was wild fighting. Bravely

¹ "Mémoires de Villars."

but without avail, the Osmanli resisted; they were soon sabred or ridden down.

While the volunteers fleshed their swords the Duke of Lorraine charged the rear of the Janissaries, still retreating in excellent order. Flower of Mussulman troops, this intrepid infantry faced about and fought fiercely; but some Austrian guns opening at short range on their right flank, and being destitute of a leader worthy of the occasion, the Turkish veterans were quickly crunched into a crowd. Then despairing flight. The lately exhilarated Grand Vizier foremost of the runaways. Cannon abandoned. Arms thrown aside. Christians mercilessly smiting hip and thigh up to the very banks of the Drave.

Without counting the wretches drowned in attempting to cross the river, 10,000 Infidel were cut down and about the same number of prisoners taken. The Imperialist loss did not exceed 2,000 killed and wounded. The carnage, including the casualties of the preliminary skirmishing, occupied, we are told, only two hours!

An immense booty: artillery, baggage, the military chest, the Vizier's palatial *marque* with its precious furniture of all sorts, horses, camels, even elephants, rewarded the conquerors. The "privates," too, made much profit out of the rout, Eugène's dragoons, the first amongst the tents, filling their haversacks with ducats and lading their horses with rich brocades. So heavily indeed did the troopers line their pockets, that, although wine was a crown a bottle in the lines, drunkenness ruled the roost for many a day. This great victory of Mohacz was won on the same ground on which, 166 years before, King Louis Jagellon and Hungarian independence fell prostrate beneath the scimitar of Solyman II. A bloody score wiped out at last.

Owing to the poor condition to which forced marches and scant forage had reduced the Imperial horse, the Duke of Lorraine could not pursue the broken Mussulmans beyond the Drave; and so the victors reposed a while on the field of battle; the soldiers drinking hard, as Christians seldom fail to do, whenever they get a chance; and the generals attending a course of sermons which the famous Capuchin F. Aviano

preached in the gorgeous green pavilion of the fugitive Seraskier.¹

Like their betters, soldiers love gossip, and after a battle the merits and demerits of their officers are keenly discussed. On the present occasion there was much mirth around the camp fires at the expense of that "gallant volunteer," the Duke of Mantua. It would appear that, at the first distant flash of scimitars, he inquired of General Caprara whence he might get a good view of the coming fight. The general pointed out a ruined village near the summit of Mount Hersans, whither baggage had been sent for safety. There Ferdinand Charles betook himself, and in covert he abided as long as blood flowed. Nevertheless, the person of "his Serene Highness" might have fared ill; for a party of Tartar irregulars, scenting plunder afar off, were already half way up the hill in quest of it, when a troop of dragoons, catching sight of the scurvy rascals, laid hands upon them, and preserved "the inquisitive" amateur. Just the thing this to divert the "rank and file." And so it came to pass that the mount was re-christened "*La Miroir de la valeur Mantouane*," and the name stuck to it for long. "*J'aime les sobriquets qu'un corps-de-garde impose : ils conviennent toujours.*" Exactly after the manner of soldiers, cries Falstaff, "A plague of all cowards and a vengeance too ! marry and amen. Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I leave this life long, I'll sew nether socks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards ! Give me a cup of sack, rogue ! Is there no virtue extant ?" But, if the circumspection of the Italian warrior elicited jokes more pointed than mannerly, the daring of the Prince de Commerci was as loudly extolled. Informed that a cornet of the regiment Commerci had lost his colours, that noble gentleman obtained the Duke of Lorraine's permission to seek a substitute among the foe. Presently he perceived a Turkish ensign energetically waving his flag. With cocked pistol the Christian paladin faced the infidel. Alas ! a flash in the pan. Throwing away the false weapon, Commerci wielded his sword. But, dexterous

¹—"Histoire de Prince Eugène."

in fight, "the turbaned and malignant" ensign drew the first blood by thrusting his spear-headed flag-staff into the princely hip; however, ere he could draw it from the wound, Commerci had seized it with his left hand, at the same time dealing the unbeliever a slash that well-nigh hewed his skull asunder. The enemy disposed of, the prince extracted the spear, and bore the banner dripping with his blood to his kinsman of Lorraine. The unlucky cornet, being summoned before his general, was thus addressed by the fainting Commerci: "Monsieur, I confide this standard to your keeping" (here he handed over the Ottoman flag). "It might have cost me dear; you will be good enough, therefore, to guard it more efficiently than you did its predecessor." This sarcastic reproof was relished in camp, and the Emperor, hearing of the exploit, gave orders that the trophy, a pennon of red silk, with the crescent embroidered in gold in the centre, should be hung up in the cathedral at Vienna, the Empress presenting the colonel's company of the regiment de Commerci with a new guidon, the work of her own august fingers. Charles François de Lorraine, Prince de Commerci, rose to be general of cavalry in the Austrian service, and fell bravely at Luzzara in 1702.

At Mohacz, the volunteers distinguished themselves. Wherever swords clashed, they were foremost; Villars, Créqui, Commerci, Berwick, were names in every mouth. Colonel the Marquis de Villars, to whom more fitly perhaps than to Saint Arnaud is applicable Sainte Beuve's description, "Militaire français, esprit français, saillie française," was remarkable when a mere boy for the eagerness with which he sought military knowledge. At the siege of Maestricht, the indefatigable cornet of cheveau-légers attracted the notice of Louis XIV., who said of him, "Il semble dès que l'on tire en quelque endroit, que le petit garçon sorte de terre pour s'y trouver." When Villars served in the cavalry, he studied skirmishing; when present at a siege, he set about learning the duties of an infantry officer; for he was determined to master the art of handling troops of all arms on the field of battle. To obtain promotion was not enough for such

a man. Hungry indeed, after the good things of this world, and by no means insensible to the advantages of court favour, his chief ambition, throughout a long career, was to lead French soldiers as they deserve to be led. He succeeded. In the precious little essay on great wars which Napoleon left for our instruction, Villars obtains one line, but that line is worth a volume: "Le maréchal de Villars sauva la France à Denain." Could more be said?

The gallant pupil of Turenne and Condé, having been selected by Louis XIV. to carry a letter of condolence to Leopold I. on the death of his Imperial mother, was passing the time at Vienna pleasantly to himself, and advantageously to his country, flirting with the ladies, and labouring to attach the Elector of Bavaria to the French interest, when the campaign of Mohacz opened. Relinquishing the dainty duties of diplomacy, the marquis hastened to the field, and before the unbeliever the Kaiser had no more faithful adherent than the chivalrous Frenchman, as Leopold himself acknowledged in an afternoon speech. Princes not being much given to post-prandial effusion in those days, it is possible that the Imperial encomium had a dash of sincerity.

The Turks no sooner discomfited, than discord broke out amongst the illustrious personages in command of the Imperial troops. Louis of Baden, being refused a separate command, quitted the army without taking leave of his general-in-chief; the Elector, similarly disappointed, hurried in dudgeon to Vienna. Disembarrassed of his princely coadjutors—generally an incumbrance, and sometimes a peril—Charles of Lorraine, after detaching Count Dunewald against Esseck (which speedily surrendered), crossed the Danube, and made himself master of Transylvania. Here the campaign ended. Had he been better supplied with battering guns, the Duke might have reaped more profit from the rout of Mohacz, for fortresses beyond the reach of *coups-de-main* still defied him.

The troops settled in winter quarters, the volunteers returned to Vienna, where, no doubt, they found compensation for the dangers so cheerily encountered. How warmly appreciated is the soldier fresh from war's alarms! But let him

make the most of his opportunities, for the enthusiasm will die out as quickly as it caught fire. The Duke of Berwick, of course, was one of the heroes of the hour, and received from the Emperor's own hand a commission of "Sergent-général de bataille," a rank equivalent to our major-general.

In bidding farewell to the Duke of Lorraine, Berwick draws a capital sketch of that great and good man. "He was a prince remarkable for prudence, piety and valour. In command of armies skilful as well as experienced. Not puffed up by prosperity, never cast down by adversity. Ever just, generous, and affable. Quick of temper, indeed, but untinged with malice, his wrath was as a gust of wind. His disinterestedness and honesty shine forth in the fact that, careless of personal advantages, he opposed the war which in 1688 the Emperor meditated against France. Although by arms alone he might hope to recover his hereditary states, he nobly avowed that he preferred the general good of Christianity to the gratification of private animosity, and he undertook, if Leopold would put forth his full strength in Hungary, to expel the Mussulman from Europe in a few campaigns; disregarded, his advice was not the less meritorious. He married the widow of Michael, King of Poland, and sister of Leopold I. By her he had a numerous family. In the beginning of 1690 he died, aged only forty-eight."

Tall, well shaped, and of noble mien, Charles was of a stamp to win the admiration of soldiers, seldom insensible to the personal advantages of their officers. It is curious that, like his pupil, Prince Eugene, he was intended by his family for the Church. Such the hero whose early death Madame de Sévigné described as "the end of one of the most beautiful of lives"—such the virtuous foe to whose memory Louis XIV. paid a graceful tribute: "I have lost the greatest, the wisest, the most generous of my enemies."¹

After spending a few days at Vienna, Berwick started for England. At Brussels he was welcomed with marked politeness by the Marquis de Castanaga, Governor of the Spanish

¹ "Histoire de la réunion de la Lorraine à la France."—DE HAUSSEVILLE.

Low Countries, a well-favoured and pleasant gentleman, who lived more sumptuously than did many kings. During the fortnight the young officer remained his guest, Brussels displayed an amazing proficiency in the art of giving balls and banquets.

Fitzjames was no sooner in London than the King, naturally proud of his son, conferred upon him the governorship of Portsmouth, of which the Earl of Gainsborough had just been deprived. In his eighteenth year, the Duke could not complain of paternal disregard. More, too, was in store for him; the fruit of royal loins, it is not extraordinary that he should obtain honours, the singularity consists in his deserving them.¹

In the court of Venus, however, the youthful warrior failed. The King thought Lady Margaret Cavendish, co-heiress of the Duke of Newcastle, would be just the match for him. His Grace thought likewise. Not so the duchess and the fair Margaret; this objecting to Fitzjames as a "papist," that, as a "bastard." And so bitterly was the house divided against itself that father and mother refused to be reconciled, till Berwick, retiring from the field, left it open to an older soldier, even Lord Feversham, whom both parents deemed a desirable suitor. Again the daughter demurred, "the general," she alleged, "being worn out with years and the fatigues of war." At length, coaxed by her parents, she submitted, "upon articles that Feversham be made a duke."² The marriage, however, never came off; the sensible little Protestant ultimately bestowing her riches and eventual dukedom of Newcastle on the Earl of Clare.

¹ According to a vague report there was no honour, however high, to which Fitzjames might not aspire. Leland says: "Before they (the Irish Catholics) were indulged with any hopes of the queen's pregnancy, they had disposed of the succession agreeably to their own wishes and ignorant conceptions. They declared that Fitzjames, the king's natural son, should be legitimated by the Pope, and thus become inheritor of the crown."—*History of Ireland*, iii. 509. Lord Clarendon also refers to the rumour, which seems, however, to have rested on mere gossip. See "Letters of Henry, Earl of Clarendon," ii. 139.

² "Ellis Correspondence."



IV.

IN RE MILITARI.



SKETCH of the military institutions of England, as they existed at the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, must now be attempted.

Under the feudal system all tenants of land held from the Crown ("knights' fee") were bound to serve the King in war, mounted, armed, and attended by their vassals. The term of service was forty days, beyond that period the Crown tenants could not be kept under arms except by their own consent and at the cost of the sovereign. But the English kings being frequently at war with France, forty days were, of course, insufficient for so serious a business; in order, therefore, to secure an effective force for prolonged operations, the Plantagenet princes resorted to scutages (or commutation of knights' service into money payments), to the hire of foreign mercenaries,¹ and to contracts with powerful nobles for the supply of homebred soldiers. These stipendiary troops were very highly paid,² the English portion of them being probably

¹ Strange as it may sound to admirers of Bismarck, German mercenaries appear to have been held very cheap. Horace Walpole tells us, "Edward III., who experienced the inutility and inconvenience of German auxiliaries, ordered a record to be entered, 'Subsidia Germanorum in pace onerosa, in bello inutilia.'"—*Memoirs of George II.*, ii. 129.

² For instance, "in the reign of Edward III. a mounted archer received 6*d.*, foot archer 3*d.*, Welshman 2*d.*, and artificers from 3*d.* to 12*d.* a day."—GROSE, *Military Antiquities*. To put these sums on a level with the present value of money, they should, according to Hallam, be multiplied by 24. Fancy a private of the Rifles receiving 6*s.* a day.

enlisted from a most respectable class ; as archers they formed the sinew of the English armies, and to their peculiar skill the victories of Cressy and Poitiers were unquestionably due. Still, no sign of a standing army ; however raised, the soldiers being disbanded at the conclusion of hostilities.

Not before the Tudors do we find even the germ of a permanent force. In 1485, solely for his personal protection, Henry VII. established the Yeomen of the Guard—"the King's beef," as they were irreverently called—a company at first fifty and never above 200 strong. At the same time, a few troops trained to the working of artillery, kept garrison in the Tower, at Portsmouth, Dover and Berwick.¹

But besides the troops which, under the feudal system, could be employed abroad, there was the *posse comitatus*, consisting of every free male between the ages of fifteen and sixty capable of bearing arms. These men were obliged to keep armour in proportion to the value of their lands or goods. This local militia acted under the sheriffs of counties, and was chiefly used to suppress internal tumult, but it might be summoned to resist invasion. As time wore on and the power of the commons increased, disputes arose between the Crown and the legislature respecting the extent of the royal authority over the local force. In 1642 these disputes culminated in a bill for "Regulating the Militia," and, on the refusal of Charles I. to pass that bill (deeming it an infringement of his prerogative), the Civil War speedily ensued.²

During the great contest the royal army mainly consisted of troops raised by noblemen and squires from amongst their own tenantry—the expiring throe of feudalism. The militia and the trainbands of London generally sided with the Parliament—the dawning liberalism of the great towns.

On the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, the republican army was disbanded, with the single exception of the regiment of General Monk, which had been raised about ten years before. Out of compliment, perhaps, to that wily convert, it was taken into the royal pay and became the bud of the

¹ Hallam, "Constitutional History of England."

² Ibid.

standing army of Great Britain. Since renowned as the Coldstream Guards, it was certainly the first regiment of household troops established in England.¹ "*Nulli secundus*," then, is no mere convivial expression. The Grenadier Guards derive from the Royal Regiment of Guards, first on the roll of the six regiments (one English, one Scotch, and four Irish) formed in 1657 by the Duke of York for the Spanish service. In 1660 Charles II. appointed Lord Wentworth colonel of the corps, then quartered at Dunkerque. On the death of this nobleman in 1665, it was incorporated with the King's regiment, which had been raised in 1661. The Grenadiers, it may be presumed, owe their precedence over the Coldstream in the Army List to their having been originally organized by a prince of the blood instead of by a dexterous adventurer.

But the most ancient regiment in the service is doubtless the Royal Scots ("Pontius Pilate's Guards," in mess-room wit). It proceeded to France from Scotland in the reign of James VI. (I. of England), under the command of Sir James Hepburn, and fought with glory for Henry IV. In 1661 it took post in the English standing army as Royal Scots (1st of the line).² No sooner settled at Whitehall, than Charles ordered over from Dunkerque the troop of Life Guards, composed of Cavalier gentlemen who had followed the fortunes of the house of Stuart. It was forthwith augmented to 500 troopers, and divided into three distinct troops: 1. His

¹ "Monk's regiment, originally formed out of drafts taken from Hesilrig's and Fenwick's regiments in 1650, took its royal title from the following circumstance"—(Mackinnon, "History of the Coldstream Guards")—"The town of Coldstream," says Dr. Gamble, chaplain to General Monk, "because the general did it the honour to make it the place of his residence for some time, hath given title to a small body of men whom God made the instruments of great things (and though poor, yet honest as ever corrupt nature produced into the world) by the no dishonourable name of Coldstreamers, that is, such as when all other English and Irish officers continued obstinate to perpetuate the tyranny of their country, these men hazarded to blood, for to lose their dominions and commands, for to restore their country to their prince and his lawful authority."—*Life of the Duke of Albemarle*.

² Grose, "Military Antiquities."

Majesty's Own; 2, The Duke of York's; 3, The Duke of Albemarle's. Most of the privates had been commissioned officers in the royal army; for instance, Colonel Corbet was a sub-corporal of Life Guards.¹

In the following year the new standing army amounted to about 5,000 men, and consisted of the three troops of Life Guards, the blue regiment of horse (Earl of Oxford's), the 1st Foot Guards, the Coldstream, the Royal Scots, and the 2nd Queen's (Tangier) regiment. The annual cost of this force (including companies in garrison in England, Jersey, and the plantations) is computed by Dr. Chamberlain at £200,000.²

To induce the nation to regard the regulars without disgust, "the very militia," says Ralph, "was sedulously talked, writ, and managed into contempt, as a worthless, useless, burdensome, ridiculous thing, and as if there was no motive to make men brave and serviceable, but pay, preferment, and punishment." However, the arts of the Court made little impression; the militia continued to hold its ground in popular estimation; and civilians looked askant at "the very glorious" guards; consequently, though now and again increased temporarily—as in 1678, when, on pretence of war with France, 20,000 stood in the ranks—the standing army was not greatly augmented during the remainder of Charles's reign; but the enterprise of the Duke of Monmouth making clear as day the inefficiency of the trainbands, James II., despite "some umbrage," raised the regular force from 5,000 to 15,000 rank and file.

Against the grain of constitutional doctrine, pressing men for the land service has been resorted to at different periods of our history:—

"*Falstaff*. Gentlemen, have you provided me here half-a-dozen of sufficient men?

Shallow. Marry, have we, sir."

During the war in 1704 an Act was passed for empowering justices of the peace to seize "such idle persons as have no

¹ "Historical Records of the Life Guards."

² Ralph, "History of England."

callings nor means of subsistence, and to deliver them to the officers, on paying them the levy money that is allowed for the making recruits." Indeed, Bishop Burnet informs us that the old incentives to "listing, to wit, drinking and other bad practices," had become so odious, and were so well understood by the yokels "that they were no more of any effect, so that the army could not be recruited, but by the help of this Act." And no wonder.¹ Even so late as 1757 mendicant Mouldys and vagabond Bullcalves were unceremoniously forced into the ranks; but in the reigns of Charles, James, and William enlistment was (as the saying is) voluntary, and for periods varying according to the exigencies of the hour. In the time of Queen Anne the term of service was occasionally only three years,² a symptom of dearth in the man market which our Crimean experiences enable us to understand. Two hundred years ago, when the army required a considerable addition to its numbers, the Government used to issue commissions to persons of standing and authority who busied themselves to procure recruits. To insure success much depended on the personal popularity of the well-born Kites, "all ribands and lies,"³ who, the crimping done, usually developed into full-blown colonels and captains.

The plan was, of course, fraught with abuse. To advance private interests under colour of serving the state is shameful; but as the arrangement put a large amount of patronage at the disposal of the authorities, it had, of course, a long life.

¹ "If your worship," says Sergeant Kite, "pleases to cast up the whole sum, viz., canting, lying, impudence, pimping, bullying, swearing, whoring, drinking, and a halbert, you will find the sum total amount to a recruiting sergeant."—FARQUHAR, *Recruiting Officer*.

² Hallam, "Constitutional History of England."

³ "Fears having greatly increased that King James was actually in Ireland, and that Scotland would not fail to take his part, therefore commissions were given out by both houses of parliament for the raising of 10,000 foot, and 20s. advance allowed to each man; but notwithstanding this encouragement, and though the colonels were most of them men of quality and great interest, it was much apprehended that the intended troops would not be easily collected together."—*Sir John Reresby's Memoirs*.

Nor can the practice be absolutely reported dead yet, as the following extract from the "Report of the Select Committee on Military Organization" (xii.) shows:—"The recruiting of the army, which involves the expenditure of public money, has always been controlled by either the Secretary at War or by the Secretary of State. In 1857 three battalions of infantry were raised by one brevet lieutenant-colonel, who was brought back to full pay, by a lieutenant-colonel who had sold out, and by a major who had also sold out; and by a Return presented to the House of Commons it appears that each man in those three battalions was raised at a cost of more than £10 per man, when the rate of bounty and kit in the open market was not more than £6, and the whole transaction appears to your Committee to have been irregular." "Irregular" certainly. Might not a far stronger epithet have been employed with propriety? Five distinguished members of the Committee thought so, and urged the addition of the words, "and objectionable;" but, to call a spade a spade sounded shocking to the politer majority.

The first Mutiny Act (passed in April 1689, only to remain in force for six months) charges captains with the ordinary recruiting of their companies, and a subsequent warrant allows them two non-effectives to cover the expenses thus laid upon them.¹

With the institution of a standing force began the purchase and sale of commissions; not only officers of the Guards, but the privates of the household cavalry (all gentlemen by birth and sometimes officers of rank) were permitted to sell their appointments to persons who had been previously approved by the King. In 1681 Charles II. himself patronized the market: he bought the colonelcy of the 1st Foot Guards from Colonel Russell for the benefit of his son, the Duke of Grafton, who at eighteen years of age commenced the study of the "goose step" at the head of a *corps d'élite*. But the purchase of civil offices under Government being then openly recognized—a Secretaryship of State often costing an eminent

¹ See Fonblanque's "Administration of the British Army."

statesman £5,000—the traffic in military commands cannot be wondered at.¹

A warrant, dated 7th of March, 1683-4, sets forth that officers “of our land forces,” buying and selling commissions, must severally pay 12*d.* in the pound on their bargains in aid of “the building and finishing of Chelsea Hospital;” it is evident, therefore, that the practice had by that time spread through the army.

In 1694 William III. endeavoured to eradicate the evil (as he deemed). By the Mutiny Act of that year every officer was compelled “to take oath that he had not given or promised money or reward for his commission;” “but,” as Sir Charles Trevelyan remarks, “the influences concerned in the purchase system were too strong for William; his regulations, though not actually abolished, were gradually frittered away.” In 1701 the inconvenient oath slipped out of the Act. In the reign of Queen Anne a modification of purchase was attempted, but unsuccessfully, as the character of the epoch might lead us to expect; and, under the auspices of George I., the trade was moulded into its ultimate shape; a board of general officers settling “the regulation price” of commissions; which “regulation price,” however, was as gross a sham then as on the day of Mr. Gladstone’s *coup d’état*.² It is worth remarking that the “purchase” system never invaded the scientific corps of Artillery and Engineers.

As Sophocles sang, 2,500 years ago,—

“’Tis money, money makes us friends,
’Tis money works out all our ends.”

The very word “soldier” smacks of lucre (*solidus*, a piece of money, the pay of a soldier). Greek and Roman veterans served for pay, and Cæsar was an excellent paymaster; but

¹ “Report of the Purchase Commission of 1857,” xix.

² In 1717 we find Captain Lord Forbes, R.N., bargaining with Lord Dundonald for the purchase of the fourth troop of Horse Guards. “But the affair did not come off, owing to the opposition of John, Duke of Argyle, who wished Lord Forbes to devote himself entirely to the sea service. Lord Forbes was to have given 10,000 guineas for the troop.”—*Memoirs of the Earls of Granard*.

not before the reign of Queen Mary, apparently, were the rates of daily pay distinctly laid down for the different ranks of English officers and soldiers.

Under Cromwell the army was not only blessed with an improved discipline, but—as that great commander, distrustful of “ragged louts, runaway apprentices, thievish valets,” desired to enlist none but “honest, God-fearing men”—all ranks claimed a higher wage than that fixed by Mary. Still, it must be remembered that this liberal pay was in part, at least, always in arrear. An ordinance provided that “officers whose pay amounted to 10*s.* a day or upwards should regularly receive only half such pay, the other half to be respited till the troubles were over. All officers whose daily pay was less than 10*s.* to receive only two-thirds thereof.” On three months’ “respited pay” becoming due, the officers obtained certificates for the amount. Officers serving in Ireland were to have their “respited pay made good to them out of the rebel lands, after the finishing of the war.”¹ Poor Ireland! The House of Commons also resolved “that coats and knapsacks shall be provided over and above their pay for the foot soldiers who are to go to Ireland, for their better encouragement.” Hence we learn that, as the troopers had to maintain their horses out of their pay, so had the foot to provide themselves with certain articles of clothing. Captains of companies were responsible for the condition of the arms and clothing of their men.

From a pay-list dated 27th of February, 1659, we find that

	£	s.	d.
A colonel of horse (including his pay as captain and allowance for two horses) received per diem .	1	6	0
Lieutenant (including allowance for two horses) .	0	10	0
Private trooper	0	2	3
Life-guardsmen	0	3	6
Colonel of foot	0	12	0
Captain of foot	0	8	0
Preacher	0	6	8
Ensign	0	3	0
Sergeant	0	1	6
Private	0	0	9

¹ Grose, “Military Antiquities.”

Even taking into account the respited portion, this is excellent pay. Oliver's "plain russet-coated captain" knew his value. A hundred years, too, had raised the price of ensign-dom 200 per cent. The "preacher" cost six times as much as Mary's Catholic chaplain! drums remained stationary; private, 1*d.* a day more.

During the reigns of Charles II. and James II. certain reductions were made in the pays of all ranks.

Revolution is always costly. William of Orange found it expedient to conciliate the officers; he therefore reverted, so far as concerned them, to the Cromwellian standard of remuneration. Under his rule we observe that the private of heavy cavalry received (including keep of horse) 2*s.* 6*d.* a day, a rise of 3*d.* over his cropped-eared prototype. All hands of the lately introduced "dragoons" were paid considerably less than the corresponding ranks of "heavies;" for instance, a private dragoon (for self and horse) had only 1*s.* 6*d.* a day. The common foot-soldier lost his republican 1*d.*, his pay falling to 8*d.* The "preacher" retained 6*s.* 8*d.*, the surgeon getting but 4*s.* If conscientious, the "preacher" had probably enough to do for his money, the morals of the Williamite soldiery being of the laxest description.

In addition to their regular daily pay officers of all ranks drew "allowance" for servants, varying from 15*d.* per servant in the "horse" to 9*d.* per servant in the dragoons, and 4*d.* per servant in the foot. A colonel drew for six servants, a captain for three, and so on in proportion throughout all grades. By warrant dated 16th March, 1697-8, William established "half pay," which gradually swelled into the present huge dead weight. The scale, very liberally framed, includes "servants' allowance," and furnishes further evidence of the vital necessity of keeping officers in good humour with the Revolution.

Although military pay 200 years ago was relatively much higher than at present, it is, nevertheless, certain that officers and soldiers were often greatly distressed through irregularity of payment at the close of the reign of James II., during that of William III., and even so late as the rule of George I. The

following is an example of the military creditor's audacity. In 1694 a number of officers and soldiers of the Inniskillen Dragoons, having long sought in vain for pay, waylaid the coach of the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland as he was going to church, swearing that, if they did not get their due speedily, they would proceed to force. His astonished Excellency threw his purse amongst the ruffled red-coats, with a promise of redress. But a trooper contemptuously flung back the thirty guineas to my lord. A report of the scandal having been sent to Queen Mary (then acting as Regent), she ordered £1,000 to be paid to the Inniskilliners out of her privy purse, declaring at the same time that the remainder of their claims should shortly be settled.¹ Thus it would appear that British soldiers can, when unpaid or ill-treated, display the truculence popularly imagined to be the speciality of starving Spaniards and "other unfortunate foreigners."

"Stoppages" are vexatious enough to the rank and file nowadays, but at the period under consideration they must have been an odious hardship. Besides deductions for clothing (a custom as old as the reign of Henry VI.) and provisions, the soldier was subject to "poundage," a charge for "agency," and weekly fees to doctor and paymaster, these extras amounting to a subtraction from his wages of 10 per cent.²

It is certain that pretty pickings were made out of the lower ranks by men having authority, who, when found out, coolly pleaded "the custom of the service." Even royalty is stated to have winked at "financing" of this sort. It having been proved that Lord Tyrawley, of the 7th Foot, had applied to his own uses a portion of four years' arrears of pay owing to his regiment, that high-minded colonel boldly asserted he had done so with the knowledge of George I. Generals and officers "of quality" must have had a fine time of it under so gracious a sovereign.

By means of "false musters" the tax-payers were scandal-

¹ Grose, "Military Antiquities."

² Fonblanque, "Administration of the British Army."

ously defrauded. In a royal instruction to Lord Berkeley, Viceroy of Ireland in 1669-70, the practice is thus noticed :—
“For the preventing the abuses wee have reason to believe are frequent in matters of false musters, our pleasure is that, as soon as conveniently may be, you cause them (officers) to remove their quarters and garrisons, and from time to time to change their stations and provinces, as you shall see cause for ye better preventing ye great abuses of officers in mustering servants, tenants, townsmen and other uncertain persons thereby to compleat ye number of their companies and troops.”

Plume. Kite, is the child a boy or a girl?

Kite. A chopping boy.

Plume. Then set down the mother in your list, and the boy in mine. Enter him a grenadier by the name of Francis Kite, absent on furlow—I'll allow you a man's pay for his subsistence.”¹

¹ Farquhar, “Recruiting Officer.”





V.

“THE DISCIPLINES OF THE WARS.”

ARM Y tailoring is of comparatively modern growth. In the earlier periods of our military history we find nothing about “uniform” as the word is at present understood. Soldiers were then simply distinguished by particular badges, like those worn by watermen, or by scarves of the colour pertaining to the prince or noble under whom they served. In the reign of Henry VIII. there was a step towards uniformity of apparel. An order of the Duke of Norfolk respecting the clothing of the army raised in 1546 is quoted by Grose. It sets forth: “Every sowdyer is to have a cote of blew clothe, after such fashion as all fotemen’s cotes be made here at London, to serve his Majesty in this jorney, and that the same be guarded with redde clothe—and the best sene (best looking) men to be trymmed after such sorte as shall please the captayne to devise.” The ordinance goes on to prohibit the customary badge; “a redde cross sewed upon the uppermost garment” being substituted. The Duke also decides that every man shall have “a payer of hose, the right hose to be all redde, and the left to be blew with one stripe of three fingers’ brode of redde upon the outside of his legge from the stock downwards.” In conclusion, his Grace commands “every man to have a cap to put his sculle in, after the fashion I have devised, which William Tayler, capper within Ludgate, doth make for me, where ye may have as many of them as ye lyst for 8*d*. the pece.¹” Notwithstanding this elaborate regu-

¹ Grose, “Military Antiquities.”

lation, soldiers were, at the time, usually clad in white jerkins; but, under Elizabeth, infantry raised for service in Ireland wore "some motley or other sad greene coller or russet."

During the Civil War, neither side appears to have adopted a distinct uniform. At first, scarves (white for the King, yellow for the Parliament) indicated friend or foe, as the case might be; and in both camps lay indiscriminately blue, green, grey, black and red regiments. The King's friends often indulged in splendid gear, every cavalier of birth and fortune arraying himself after his own fancy. That the costume of the period was beautiful, Vandyke's canvas assures us; but, alas! the velvet lace and plumes sported by the gallants must have run up tailors' bills often difficult to defray. The "horse" generally wore steel caps (or "pots"), breast and back pieces, and huge boots, after the fashion of French postilions; the foot being similarly protected *minus* the impossible boots. Officers often donned doublets of "sturdy buff," sometimes with, sometimes without the corselet; the buffalo hide being capable of resisting heavy "handiblowes." Gradually, however, the red tunic became general throughout the army of the Commonwealth.¹ After all, then, our "uniform" colour bears the Republican stamp. Scarcely a shade of nationality or royalty may boast the scarlet.

Under Charles II. and James II. the regulars, both horse and foot, were generally clad in red tunics, "turned up" as at present with various facings, or "livery," as the saying was. There were exceptions, however: for example, "the Admiral's regiment (raised for sea service by Charles II. and incorporated with 2nd Foot Guards by William III.) sported a yellow uniform, and a contract for the clothing of an infantry regiment in 1693, discovered by Grose among the Harleian MSS. (6844), induced that indefatigable investigator to conclude that the habitual dress was then "grey" for rank and file, and "purple" for drummers. It is probable, however, that this contract related to the clothing of one of the Dutch or French

¹ Macaulay, quoted in Stanhope's "Miscellanies."

Huguenot corps, which naturally enough William delighted to employ.

An energetic and economical administrator surely, James II. took great pains with the army. Having served with credit under one of the greatest soldiers of modern times, Maréchal de Turenne, he understood military details, and so well organized his young soldiers, that in 1686 his army was considered "the best paid, the best appointed, and the most sightly troops in Europe."¹ By his direction the uniform was simplified, and must have showed bravely both singly and in mass. Passing by the apparel of the Life Guards (of course exceptionally smart), the Queen's regiment of horse (1st Dragoon Guards) may convey an idea of cavalry outward man. In 1686, these troopers wore scarlet tunics faced and lined with yellow, breast and back pieces pistol proof, buff gauntlets and shoulder belts, felt hats turned up on one side and ornamented with yellow ribands (plumes for the officers). Within the crown of the hat were set iron skull caps or pots. Lastly, immense jack boots. Yellow ribands also bedizened the manes and tails of the horses. Kettle-drummers and trumpeters were gorgeously arrayed, each suit costing £36 12s. 2d., and each troop had a distinct standard worth £40 6s. 8d. The dragoons were similarly accoutred, but donned no armour. The Duke of Berwick's regiment (now 8th Foot) may illustrate infantry outfit; the soldiers wore red coats lined and turned up with yellow, white neckcloths, yellow waistcoats and breeches, white stockings, and broad-brimmed felt hats, cocked on one side and gay with yellow ribands.²

John Evelyn thus describes a visit he paid to the camp at Hounslow in 1678: "His Majesty and a world of company were in the field, and the whole army in battalia, a very glorious sight. Now were brought into service a new sort of soldiers called "grenadiers," who were dexterous in flinging hand grenades, every man having a pouch full; they had

¹ Lingard, "History of England."

² "Historical Record of the British Army."

furred caps with coped crowns like janizaries, and some had long hoods hanging down behind, as we picture fools, their clothing being piebald yellow and red."¹ Grenadiers, it should be noted, were not exclusively foot at that period, sixty-four grenadiers being attached to each troop of Life Guards; and the "yellow facing" was more general than any other, owing probably to its being "the livery" of the Duke of York and Albany, the active spirit of the military administration.

Such the costume which, modified here and there, lasted through the reigns of William and Anne, easy to the soldier but not slovenly, for Pepys relates how "mighty glorious" it seemed to the bystander. With the House of Hanover came starched innovation, sore to the eye and grievous to the wearer, to wit, stock, pigtail, pipeclay, and other irksome fooleries.

"An order went out
To the foot-guards so stout,
To wear tails in high taste,
Twelve inches at least."

On the conclusion, in 1609, of the war of liberation waged by the Netherlands against Spain, radical changes in the tactics and arms of cavalry and infantry took place. Cavalry was divided into cuirassiers and light horse. The lance (*la reine des armes pour la cavalerie*, says Montecuculi) was discontinued. The history of arms is a history of "reconstruction."

In 1686 the weapons of heavy horse consisted in a long cut-and-thrust sword and a pair of pistols; a carabine (2 feet 7 inches in the barrel) was afterwards added. The Duke of Marlborough, however, was so determined his cavalry should rely altogether on the strength of their right arms and the temper of their steel, that "he would not allow the horse but three charges of powder and ball to each man for a campaign, and that only for guarding their horses when at grass, and not to be made use of in action."²

The dragoon was drilled to fight both on foot and mounted. In addition to the sword, he had a snaphance musket (*i.e.*, with

¹ "Diary."

² Kane's "Campaigns of King William III."

the new flint and steel lock), bayonet, grenade pouch, and hammer hatchet. Now, the dragoon was shorter and slighter than his scornful comrade of the heavies or cuirassiers, his "nag" was of far inferior value; heavily weighted, then, for light work, both man and beast, and yet they managed to perform most excellent service. Lord Orrery describes the dragoons as "infantry with horses to make more rapid movements; they were thrown forward to feel the way, skirmishing behind ditches as they advanced, or covering a retreat in the same fashion; one man held ten horses in the rear while his comrades, their riders, fought. Their carabines were called dragons, from the cock being made in that shape."

The cavalry were generally stated in squadrons, not in regiments as at present, each squadron containing three troops of fifty men to each troop.

The grenadiers, like the dragoons of French invention, were, as we know, introduced into our service in 1678. Soon afterwards every infantry regiment boasted its company of grenadiers—picked men, originally intended for leading assaults, and siege fighting of the murderous sort.¹ These "tall fellows" were armed with grenades, muskets, bayonets, and swords. They carried hatchets, too, with which they might break open doors or cut away palisades.

In 1678 each "battalion" company of foot consisted of thirty pikemen (pike 15 ft. long) sixty musketeers (or matchlock men), and ten men armed with light firelocks. Early in James's reign the matchlock gave place to the snaphance musket, and the use of the plug bayonet (or dagger inserted in the muzzle of the piece) became by degrees general in the infantry. Under William, every company consisted of fourteen pikemen and forty-six musketeers. Captains carried half-pikes; lieutenants, partisans; and sergeants, halberds. In the reign of Anne, pikes were laid aside, and every foot soldier shouldered a musket, socket bayonet (*i. e.*, bayonet fitting round instead of in the muzzle of the musket), and sword. The grenadiers now ceased to fling grenades. This reform, effected within a

¹ Prince Eugene's orders for the generals during the siege of Lille.

period of about twenty-five years, was of vast importance. By sweeping away the complicated pike movements, it simplified and animated infantry tactics; by diminishing his load it rendered the soldier nimbler on his legs; by giving him a better weapon it made him more deadly in fight. In a word, infantry was restored to the position it occupied in the Roman armies. Again: *A la guerre l'infanterie est l'instrument de la force et de durée.*" As the foot rose in value, the horse lost the martial pre-eminence which it had enjoyed under the feudal system, when chivalry, indeed, was a bright and glorious thing, but when the art of war might, perhaps, be comprised in the instruction, "Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh, ride on, and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things."

In these days of "a-colonelling" on parade and in the press, there are critics who announce that, thanks to arms of precision, cavalry must cease to be available on the field of battle. This is probably a mistake, unless the mania for prodigious armies and infernal machines degrade the *morale* of war.¹ The tremendous growth of artillery has been slow. The English, it is said, used cannon at the Battle of Cressy in 1346; but for long after that "the crakys of war" were rather noisy than deadly. About the year 1489 Charles VIII. reformed the French artillery: for the first time guns were placed upon carriages strong enough to bear the recoil on firing; his cannon, too, was restricted to six calibres, and a proper complement of horses was given to each gun. "L'artillerie du Roy marchait toute chargée." Francis I. further improved the arm. The French had now the best artillery in Europe. They first manœuvred with efficient field guns. In the seventeenth century Gustavus Adolphus effected further improvements: he had guns cast lighter than heretofore; and by the introduction of cartridges, with shot attached, these pieces might be discharged eight times before the musket could be fired six.²

¹ "On a cru pouvoir réparer par la quantité le défaut de la qualité, et l'on s'est trompé, disait le comte de Saint Germain, M. de Turenne ne voulait que de petites armées, mais elles étaient bonnes, bien aguerries, et conduites par de bons généraux, et de bons officiers."—LE COMTE DE GISORS (1758).

² Chesney, "Observations on Fire-arms."

In the early history of artillery we read of battering ordnance of enormous calibre ; Mahomet II., for example, strove against Constantinople in 1453 with bombards throwing stone-shot 1,200 lbs. in weight. But, as the science of gunnery was unfolded to our ancestors, the smaller became the guns. William III. and Marlborough fought battles and besieged towns with artillery ranging from 2 to 24-pounders. In those days mechanical contrivance was comparatively in the rough, but there were mighty captains who achieved great ends with small means. In our time it is the converse of all this—amazing scientific progress, and generals scarcely up to the handling of their tools. Bigness overwhelms them.

At the close of the seventeenth century there was no ordnance corps ; the guns were worked by foot soldiers (drawn for the occasion from their regiments), under the eye of master gunners, often foreigners ; indeed, in the wars of William III. and Queen Anne, the Dutch furnished all the artillery and artillerymen for sieges.¹ The cannon were dragged by cart horses pressed for the purpose ; when these could not be obtained, oxen supplied the want. Of course, "galloper" guns were not thought of as yet ; artillery acted solely in combination with the infantry. By the middle of the seventeenth century artillery had become a terrible power, as the following saying of Vauban pithily indicates : "*Il n'y a point de juge plus équitable que les canons ; ceux-la vont au bout, et ne sont pas corruptibles ; faites que le roi les prenne pour arbitres, s'il veut avoir bonne et brieve justice de ses justes prétentions.*"²

James II. raised a regiment expressly to guard the artillery. Armed with the recently introduced fusils and accoutred as grenadiers, it was entitled "the Royal Fusiliers" (7th of the line). The various trains of artillery were first embodied into a distinct and permanent corps by royal warrant in 1705. Our engineer corps is of still more recent formation. An old writer, expatiating on the duties of an infantry captain, re-

¹ Clode, "Military Forces of the Crown."

² Rousset, "Histoire de Louvois."

marks: "Hee must be a good ingineer, to know how to raise all kinds of works and trenches, and to place his men on the flanks to scour the bulwarks by the lyne of level." In fact, siege operations were mainly carried on by selected officers of the foot. In this way Vauban, once a sous-lieutenant of the regiment Condé, commenced his splendid scientific career. Artificers were hired at high wages to turn out the finer sorts of sappings and minings, the inevitable foot soldier accomplishing the rest. Narrating the siege of Musson, at which he served when Duke of York, James II. shows how such things were managed under the command of Turenne: "M. de Turenne made use of his own judgment where he thought it most prudent to break ground, and which way to run the trenches; when night came on, he himself was present at the opening of them, and continued there almost till the break of day. The commander-in-chief is not only thus diligent, but all the inferior officers are obliged to be as careful in their several stations; in all the time of the present siege, on our side of the attack we had not so much as a single ingineer, nor did I ever observe them to be made use of at any other place, but only as overseers of the work, most of the officers understanding very well how to carry on a trench and to make a lodgment. As for the mines, they have a captain of mines who has a care of carrying them on when the general has resolved where they shall be."¹

Wonderful to those who remember the earlier acts of the siege of Sebastopol is this conduct of Turenne; and who shall proclaim that military education was at a lower pitch under the illustrious Maréchal than under the brave old Raglan?

As for tactics, great attention was paid to the instruction of the cavalry in equitation. The horses were trained to "stand fire," and the troopers taught "to march and wheel with a grace, and to handle their swords well." The Thirty Years' War revolutionized the movements and formation of infantry. Gustavus, renouncing the dense columns of preceding generals, drew up his foot six deep. His adversaries, Tilly and Wallen-

¹ Clarke, "Life of James II."

stein, formed their infantry in masses thirty deep, which proved unable to cope with the wider spread of the Swedes. Satisfied on this point, Gustavus marshalled his cavalry in three ranks, to contend with the Imperialists massed eight deep. "A reconstruction" with a vengeance. "L'ordre déployé," says Maréchal Bugeaud, "est le véritable ordre de combat." Coming down to the period immediately before us, we find the battalion (pikes being in use) formed in three grand divisions: viz., one of pikes in the centre, with a division of musketeers on the right and on the left. But, pikes being cast, the battalion, composed of from 800 to 1,000 men, was drawn up three deep: "the bayonets fixed on the muzzles, the grenadiers *divided* on the flanks, and the colonel, or, in his absence, the lieutenant-colonel, on foot, with his sword drawn, about eight or ten paces opposite the centre, with an expert drum by him. And—very judiciously counsels Brigadier Kane—he should appear with a cheerful countenance, never in a hurry or by any means ruffled, and deliver his orders with great calmness and presence of mind."¹

The firing of a battalion was kept up by alternate platoons or sections of the two rear ranks, the fire of the front rank (kneeling) being held in reserve. To avoid being shot by his own men (which sometimes happened then as it does now) the colonel and drum were to step nimbly aside, when it came to the turn of the two centre platoons to fire. In this epoch of long range, imagine a poor colonel "cheerful" in such alto-relievo!

Square being formed, the grenadiers drew up within it, so that the colonel might have a reserve with which to strengthen any point particularly pressed. These choice soldiers were also ready to sally forth upon attacking horse, feebly led or in confusion.

The soldiers appear to have been teased with complicated "exercises," and sorely "puzzled with evolutions useless in action." But, with certain modern manœuvres before our eyes, it would be unfair to come down hard on the camp at Hounslow.

¹ "Campaigns of King William III."

No more masterly war administration than the Roman has the world beheld. In it the most eminent citizens sought employment. It was as quæstor in Spain that Cæsar learned how to preserve the health and efficiency of soldiers in the field. But in the darkness that covered military science during the Middle Ages, administration (as we understand the term) was rough-cast. Human life was held cheap as dirt. The common soldier lived, as best he could, by rapine ; if dangerously gashed in battle, he usually bled to death unheeded—fortunate, peradventure, to escape the frightful attentions of the barber-surgeon at 4*d.* a-day.

Improvement came, but, as customary with us, slowly—Spaniards and French far ahead of John Bull. In the reign of Elizabeth it was decided that "surgeons be men of sobriety, of good conscience, able to heal all sores and wounds, specially to take out a pellet of the same." And so 4*d.* a day grew to be 4*s.* About the same time we hear of the Treasurer of War, the Proviant Master, whose "charge was to provide victuals, corn, wine, flesh, bread, and beer," and the Carriage or Waggon Master, who directed the transport of the army, and had the task of "ordering" the women who followed the drum. Unhappy official ! The ladies were divided into three classes ; 1st, the generals' wives, mostly jolting along in coaches ; 2nd, the light women on horseback, "these must ride in no other place than where the baggage of the corps they belong to marcheth." But the queans, it seems, "are very extravagant, gadding here and there, and therefore in some places they are put in companies, and have one or more to command or oversee them, called in Germany *hureweiber*," i.e. rulers or marshals of the *lorettes*. 3rd, those who trudge a-foot, even the soldiers' wives ; such must keep beside the baggage of the regiment to which they belong. Grose gives a comical account of a regimenting of the military *demi-monde*, which the Duke of Alva accomplished in the Netherlands.¹

In the three great functionaries mentioned above "we

¹ "Military Antiquities."

have," says Mr. De Fonblanque, "the three branches of the commissariat as now existing, represented by responsible officers, and it is worthy of notice that the Treasurer at War was, even in those times, placed in a sufficiently independent position to enable him to control the military authorities in matters of expenditure."¹

In the beginning of the eighteenth century the troops in the United Kingdom or serving abroad were supplied with food and money by contracts made in England. To see that the contracts were honestly fulfilled was the duty of commissaries but those "servants of the public" were seldom hard to please; and no wonder, when such a man as the Duke of Marlborough condescended to pocket a per-centage from the lucky gentlemen who rationed and clothed his troops. And so it came about that, while the Mammon of commercial unrighteousness waxed fat and aspired to the peerage, soldiers lay in rotten tents, and cursed the contract beef of Old England. Nevertheless, the army marched, fought, conquered. Mishaps here and there indeed, but no Crimean breakdown. In our day, vast departments, hosts of clerks, an expenditure of money the old world never dreamt of, an amount of self-sufficient talk unparalleled. Still, forsooth, we are every now and then informed "the army cannot move." And whose fault? John Bull's own—the free-born Briton's, than whom, says Dr. Arbuthnot, "no man alive is more careless in looking into his accounts."²

By command of our famous Plantagenet kings, military discipline was extremely severe. In the orders issued by Richard Cœur de Lion "for the government of those going by sea to the Holy Land," it is laid down: "He that kills a man on shipboard shall be bound to the dead man, and thrown into the sea." Again (not quite so uncivilized that age as some imagine): "He that shall reproach, abuse, or curse his companion, shall for every time he is convicted thereof give him so many ounces of silver." Certainly a salutary

¹ "Administration of British Army."

² "History of John Bull."

rule, but one which could only have had a temporary effect; for did not Joan of Arc style the English invaders "God-dams?" Did not our army "swear horribly in Flanders?" and in this age of "culture" do not oaths often burst from the lips of excited military authority?

But time relaxed the Draconian stringency of the Plantagenet code; and the "Rules of Warr," drawn up by the Earl of Essex in 1648, are models of clearness and good sense.¹ How characteristic of the period the first of these Articles: "Let no man presume to blaspheme the holy and blessed Trinity, God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, nor any of the known articles of the Christian Faith, upon pain to have his tongue bored through with a red-hot iron." The general, too, directs that "every private man or souldier who keeps not silence in the ranks when the army is to take lodging, or when marching, or in battalia, shall be liable to imprisonment." Against those flinching from the shock of arms there is a remarkable article: "A regiment, or company of horse or foot, that chargeth the enemy and retreats before they come to hand strokes, shall answer for it before a council of war, and, if the fault is found with the officers, they shall be banished the camp, or if in the souldiers, then shall every tenth man be punished at discretion, and the rest serve for pioneers and scavengers till a worthy exploit take off that blot." Bravo!

"What's more honourable than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars!"

And no indulgence for exhilarated officers. "What officer soever shall come drunk to his guard, or quarrel in the quarter, or commit any disturbance, shall be cashiered without mercy." What! "dining out" an inadmissible plea?

The Rules and Articles of Charles II. (A.D. 1673) are, in fact, Lord Essex's ordinances, modified here and there. Art.

¹ "Rules and Ordinances of Warr, established for the better conduct of the Army, by the Earl of Essex, lord general of the forces raised by the authority of the Parliament for the defence of the King (?) and Kingdom," preserved in the War Office.

49 sets forth, "No officer is to be cashiered but by order from his Majesty or a general court-martial. But non-commissioned officers and souldiers may be dismissed by their captains with the approbation of their colonels." This is an instance among many of how much more highly esteemed was the office of captain formerly than it is at present.¹ Even within the last twenty years the captain has lost regimental weight. The flood of promotion produced by the Russian war may perhaps explain to some extent the decline of the puisne bashaw; very young men seldom acquire the confidence of grisly non-commissioned officers and privates. It may be that too much stress is laid on the advantages of rapid preferment, for to enjoy youth and to boast experience at one and the same time is seldom the lot of any officer; James Crichtons and Philip Sydneys are so rare as to be well-nigh apocryphal.

Art. 56 is admirable; but, if all tales be true, it was frequently set at nought with impunity: "No commissary or victualler shall bring or furnish into the camp any unsound or unsavoury victuals of what kind soever whereby sickness may grow in the army or the service be hindered," under penalty of trial by general court martial.

The Rules of War (sixty-four in number) published by James II. approach nearly in spirit to those now in force. Most of the parliamentary harshness has been toned down; the last article proclaims, "No punishment amounting to loss of life or limb be inflicted on any offenders in time of peace, although the same be allotted for the said offence by these articles and the laws and customs of war." But, "running away from the colours" becoming prevalent, it became necessary to revert to shooting to death for desertion.²

Councils of war or courts martial were conducted much as they are now, but no subaltern officers were allowed to sit,

¹ "Sir Charles Napier used to say that he considered the captain of a company to be the most important rank in the army."—GENERAL MCMURDO.

² Luttrell, "Brief Relation of State Affairs."

unless there was an insufficiency of captains to form a court, which could never consist of fewer than seven members.

Shortly after the Revolution the mutiny of the Scots Greys and Dumbarton's regiment (Royal Scots) led parliament to fuse the military code into a Mutiny Act to be voted annually. "Thus," says Hallam, "it is strictly true that, if the king were not to summon a parliament every year, his army would cease to have a legal existence, and the refusal of either house to concur in the Mutiny Bill would at once wrest the sword out of his grasp."¹

To conclude, as generosity and gout are supposed to be hereditary in ancient families, so it would appear are special virtues and weaknesses abiding in great nations.

British infantry has been constantly famous. In the Middle Ages the skill of the English archer was matchless. In the sixteenth century the Duke of Alva, a great captain commanding the best organized troops in Europe, "confessed that the English soldiers were hardy and wanted not courage, but that in discipline and furniture of war they were far to seek."² In our day a very able and experienced French general, the Maréchal Bugeaud, with a chivalrous candour some of our own writers would do well to imitate, has expressed this opinion: "*L'infanterie Anglaise est la plus redoutable de l'Europe, heureusement il n'y en a pas beaucoup.*"

On the other hand, the British horse, ardent and of a splendid mien, has not been so universally appreciated. Having quoted Bugeaud's conception of our foot, it is fair to remark that the Duke of Wellington set a very high value on French cavalry.

One word more. We find Brigadier Kane, who served under William and Marlborough, complaining: "There have always been too many indolent sparks in the army thinking themselves above learning their duty. I have not known, among all the nations I have served with, any officers so remiss on duty as the generality of our countrymen, who in other

¹ "Constitutional History."

² Froude, "History of England."

respects not only equal, but in a great measure excel. And why should this supine negligence blast other heroic qualifications?"¹ This old-fashioned plain speaking has a more wholesome smack than the rhodomontade of after-dinner thanksgivings.

¹ "Campaigns of King William III."





VI.

ON THE ROAD TO RUIN.

1688.

AMONG the many good qualities of James II., a sound judgment in emergencies had no place. He was a capable administrator, as the improvements effected in naval and military concerns, mainly through his influence, denote. He encouraged trade and was economical. Although a firm friend, few men loved him. Far more honest than his brother, Charles, he lacked the nice tact and radiant good humour which rendered the merry reprobate charming to the nation while in the flesh, and gathered it in tears around his grave.

Besides his natural deficiencies, James was burdened with serious disadvantages of time and circumstance. He professed the Catholic faith, which the mass of the people hated. He had suffered persecution on account of his conversion, and the bent of his character drove him full into the snare of converts—over zeal. The very directness of his temper urged him into courses which worse but shrewder men would have avoided. “Il a bien du courage, mais un esprit commun,” as Madame de Sévigné well said of him.

Machiavelli pronounces that “the test of a prince’s ability should be sought amongst the men he chooses for his companions: when they are clever and faithful, we may account him wise, inasmuch as he had wit enough to discover their sufficiency, and to keep them attached. But when they prove otherwise we must distrust his parts: an ill selection of

friends indicating a shallow understanding.”¹ The soundness of this opinion is illustrated in the career of King James. What more conducive to his fall than advisers like the supple traitor, Sunderland, and the blind zealot, Father Petre? The first,

“Of easy shape and pliant ev’ry way,”

was in office when James succeeded, and, notwithstanding he had supported the Exclusion Bill, made himself so agreeable to the rising sun, that he continued to hold his place. The other evil genius the King appointed a privy councillor, contrary, he tells us, to his own judgment and the Queen’s remonstrance—“for, as soon as the Queen heard what was designed, she earnestly begged of the King not to do it, that it would give great scandal, not only to Protestants but to thinking Catholics, and even to the society (of Jesus) itself, as being against their rule, in spite of which his Majesty was so bewitched by my Lord Sunderland and Father Petre as to let himself be prevailed upon to doe so indiscreet a thing.”² “I frati e preti hanno guastato tutto quì (London) e il zelo loro troppo inopportuno ha attizzato un odio implacabile contro l’innocente Regina.”³

In the usual course of events, the effectual crushing of Monmouth’s rebellion should have augmented the royal power. Not so, however, in this instance. The inefficiency of the militia, so glaringly displayed, and the slight confidence which, it was plain, could be placed in the loyalty of the officers belonging to the regiments just recalled from Holland, brought the King into conflict with a seemingly plastic parliament; members objected to an increase of the regulars, and took fright at James’s declaration that, in favour of the Catholic officers, he had dispensed with the law requiring the test to be taken by public functionaries.

No impolicy like that of interference with a national religion: a truth which the British people strenuously uphold in their own case, and have sometimes forgotten in the case of

¹ “Il Principe.”

² Clarke, “Life of James II.”

³ L’Abbé Rizzini au Duc de Modène.

others. His intention to dispense with the tests stirred the smouldering embers of "No Popery" agitation. Sermons and pamphlets blew the reddening coals; and, then, as oil to feed the flame, came the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which expelled from France half a million of worthy souls, and enriched England with some 50,000 admirable artists and ingenious craftsmen, hardy seamen and exasperated soldiers.¹

In vain James blamed the heinous bigotry of his cousin; in vain he protected and relieved the unhappy Huguenots: in such a conjuncture, men who had swallowed with gusto the abominable romances of Titus Oates were scarcely likely to consider the conduct of a Catholic prince with judicial impartiality.

Naturally arbitrary and mentally short-sighted, the King either saw not, or disdained to heed, the ugly signs blurring the political horizon. But there was yet time, so gradually the storm brewed, to make all safe. Alas! the unwary pilot, instead of taking in sail, began shaking out fresh reefs. The heart of Pharaoh was hardened. More and more he relied upon prerogative as the solvent for difficulties. Inscrutable attribute of British royalty, prerogative—who shall define its limits? Men loudly sing its praises when it chimes with their passions, and as lustily condemn it when it rubs the sore of their prejudices.

Adversity and intercourse with men had not taught the King to distrust pompous professions. Sincere himself, he reckoned upon the doctrine of Non-Resistance which the Church of England taught with sonorous reiteration. When he had found out his mistake he thus pungently described the tactics of the Anglican clergy: "They had preached prerogative and the sovereign power to the highest pitch while it was favourable to them, but when they apprehended the least

¹ "Nous devons rappeler qu'elles furent, au point de vue militaire, les conséquences de la révocation de l'Edit de Nantes; elle fit passer à l'ennemi 8 ou 9,000 de nos meilleurs matelots, 5 ou 6,000 bons officiers, 19 ou 20,000 de nos soldats les plus aguerris."—LE DUC D'AUMALE, *Les Institutions Militaires de la France*.

danger from it (*sic*) they cried out as soon as the shoe pinched, tho' it was of their own putting on."¹

The people generally sided with the Establishment in her change of front. For the most part belonging to her communion, and being, in their way, as bigoted as James was in his, they comprehended not the justice and denied the expediency of indulging the religious opinions of a minority of their countrymen.

To fill up the measure of his infatuation the King dismissed from office several great functionaries, who declined to assist his scheme for the repeal of the Test and Penal Statutes. In a little while, then, he contrived to alienate what is called the religious portion of the public, and to drive into rancorous hostility powerful placemen, whose theological fervour, under prudent management, would have been in little danger of boiling over.

Although it has been often stated that James had resolved to restore Catholicism to supremacy, there is no proof of any such determination. Nay, from first to last, he asserted that he only meant to procure "toleration and equality of privileges" for his Catholic subjects. But equality, however admirable as a religious theory, no more squared with the age than the royal mode of promoting it accorded with free government. It is remarkable that those who most bitterly assail James II. for, as they hold, endeavouring to bring about the predominance of a Catholic minority in England, should be the very persons who clamorously advocate the ascendancy of a small Protestant minority in Ireland—"L'intérêt seul fit parler tout le monde!"

In truth, James was an "odd compound" (but who is not?). Ready to sacrifice everything for his religion, he seems now and then to have preferred the Calvinistic notion of justification by faith alone, to the Catholic doctrine of salvation through works. The Stuart temper was rebellious within him. Blessed with a wife young, lovely, and loving, the elderly gallant continued susceptible to the fascination of the

¹ Clarke, "Life of James II."

sex. Tiring of Arabella Churchill (and so adding another implacable foe to an already heavy batch) he had lately transferred his illicit affections to Catherine Sedley, daughter of the debauched Sir Charles Sedley, and a maid of honour to the Queen.¹ Like the forsaken Arabella, no beauty, Catherine's conversation and manners were charming—far more potent spells than mere regularity of feature or delicacy of tint. The amour grieved Mary of Modena, and so shocked the Catholics, that they remonstrated with the royal backslider, and at last induced him to order his Protestant mistress over to Ireland, where he had provided her with an estate. Speedily, however, the bold fair one returned to London, resumed her sway over the amorous Prince, and was created by him Countess of Dorchester. Howbeit, James took care to love less ostentatiously than of yore, and the Queen wisely resolved to weep in secret.² Lady Dorchester subsequently married the Earl of Portmore, and Lord Dartmouth states that, when Mary of Orange turned her back on the Countess after the Revolution, the affronted wit exclaimed, "I beg your Majesty to remember that, if I broke one of the commandments with your father, you broke another against him." A repartee apt and cutting.

It seldom rains, but it pours. Honours and commands still showered on James Fitz-James. Already colonel of "our dearest daughter, the Princess Anne of Denmark's regiment," Governor of Portsmouth, Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire, and Master of the Horse, he was appointed early in 1688 to the colonelcy of the Horse Guards, *vice* Aubrey de Vere, Earl of

¹ Arabella Churchill enjoyed a pension on the Irish establishment, and shortly after the Revolution married Colonel Charles Godfrey, one of the first to desert the King. Through the influence of John, Duke of Marlborough, he was appointed Master of the Jewel Office. By him Arabella had two daughters.

² Here is evidence how carefully my lady's spiritual (as well as material) welfare was looked to. "The Countess of Dorchester will speedily move hitherward, for her house is furnishing very fine in St. James's Square, and a *seat* taken for her in the new consecrated St. Anne's church."—ELLIS, *Correspondence*.

Oxford, removed for refusing to support the royal wishes respecting the Test and the Penal Laws. Although colonel of the Blues, the Duke remained at the head of the 8th Foot. Now came sickness nearly unto death. Just as he was about to start for Hungary, again to fight the Turk, small-pox—the pest of that age—struck him down. For a while in March seriously ill, a strong constitution triumphed over the disease in spite of the doctors, and the young soldier arose from his bed with unusually few scars.

In the early summer about 4,000 men were encamped on Hounslow Heath, under the command of Lord Feversham. Berwick, completely recovered, sometimes directed the manœuvres, and, out of compliment to his services, the Siege of Buda was mimicked, much to the delight of his admiring father. Occasionally accompanied by the Queen, James used to visit the camp twice a week. After a minute inspection of the ranks or an active participation in the movements, he would dine in the tent of one of the brigadiers.

But no matter his application to business and knowledge of drill, the King's religious zeal and political short-sightedness were hurrying him to ruin. On the 25th of April he issued a mandate to the Bishops, which directed that his proclamation of liberty of conscience should be read by the clergy in their respective churches. The Archbishop of Canterbury and six prelates refused compliance. They were sent to the Tower, tried by a full bench of judges, and acquitted by the jury, "whereupon," says Lord Clarendon, "there was a most wonderful shout, that one would have thought the hall had cracked."¹

The cheering ran from street to street, from suburb to farm house, till it reached the Hounslow camp, where the King chanced to be dining with Lord Feversham. Many of the soldiers caught the infection. Feversham rushed from the tent to ascertain the meaning of the hurrahs. On his return he told James, "It was nothing but the joy of the soldiers for the discharge of the bishops." "Nothing," replied the King,

¹ "Diary of Henry, Earl of Clarendon."

"do you call that nothing? So much the worse for them" (the bishops?)¹ Hastening back to London, he found it alive with excited crowds, heaping up bonfires, and evidently bent on mischief. Immediately, assemblages in the streets were forbidden; but disorder was rampant throughout the evening. Many rioters were arrested, only to be released by sympathetic juries.

A few days before the acquittal of the prelates, the Queen lay in of a son. In spite of the peculiar publicity attending the event, lies of all sorts filled the town: the most absurd went most readily down. The birth was a juggle; nay, the "very fireworks in celebration of the occasion were intended to bombard the city in revenge for the rejoicings over the deliverance of the bishops." The Princess Anne suggested foul play with a coarseness of expression a fish-wife might envy.² On this disgraceful subject the Duke of Berwick speaks with manly indignation, "Malgré mon respect et mon dévouement pour le Roi, je n'aurais jamais pu donner les mains à une action si détestable que celle de vouloir supposer un enfant pour ôter la couronne aux véritables héritiers; et après la mort du Roi je n'aurais pas continué à soutenir les intérêts d'un imposteur; l'honneur et la conscience ne me l'aurait pas permis."³

¹ Dalrymple's "Memoirs of Great Britain."

² Dalrymple gives a curious extract from the *Observer* of August 23rd, 1682, showing "that the supposititious birth was an old party falsehood, intended to have been made use of six years before if King James's Queen had then been brought to bed of a son."

³ "Mémoires du Maréchal le duc de Berwick."





VII.

INTRIGUES.

1688.

HOWEVER beneficial the results of the Revolution, it would be difficult to conceive anything viler than the means by which it was accomplished.

The many circumstances combining against James served the turn of his astute son-in-law to a hair. The birth of a prince (apparently destroying his wife's chance of succeeding to the throne) admonished William that the hour for action was near; and the imprisonment of the bishops, inflaming popular feeling to fever heat, rendered the time favourable for a show of hand.

Soon after the birth, Count Zulestein, an artful intriguer, arrived at London from the Hague, ostensibly to congratulate the royal parents on "so auspicious an event," but really to concert with William's English friends the invasion of their country. While Zulestein worked underhand, the Queen replied to the Prince of Orange's felicitation in this wise:—

"St. James's, July 24, 1688.

"The compliments Mr. Zulestein made me from you and the letters he brought are so obliging, that I know not which way to begin to give you thanks for it. I hope he will help me to assure you that I am very sensible of it, and that I esteem and desire nothing more than the continuance of your friendship, which, I am sure, shall always deserve one way mine, by being with all sincerity imaginable truly yours,

"M. R."¹

¹ Dalrymple, "Memoirs of Great Britain."

The "obliging" letter to this poor mother seems to indicate that the Stadtholder approved the doctrine, that the purpose of words is to conceal the thoughts.

A week afterwards, Zulestein's manœuvres *en tapinois* culminated in an address, inviting the Prince of Orange "to land" in England. It was signed in cipher by the Earls of Shrewsbury, Devonshire and Danby, the Bishop of London, the Lord Lumley, Admiral Russell, and Sydney, afterwards Earl of Romney. The "seven" open with expressing their "great satisfaction" to find by thirty-five (Admiral Russell), and afterwards by Mons. Zulestein, that "your Highness is so ready and willing to give us such assistance as they have related to us." They then proceed to furnish information concerning the "discontent" prevailing among naval and military officers; and they "presume to inform your Highness that your compliment upon the birth of the child (which not one in a thousand here believes to be the Queen's) hath done you some injury; the false imposing of which upon the Princess and the nation being not only an infinite exasperation of the people's minds here, but certainly one of the *chief causes* upon which the declaration of your entering the kingdom must be founded on your part, although many other reasons are to be given on ours." This is to the point. It shows how immensely effective, as an agent of the Revolution, was the *suggestio falsi* respecting the origin of the little Prince. The document concludes with the usual request for "ammunition, artillery, mortar pieces, spare arms," and the hope, "you will bring some good engineers with you."¹ Practical liberals, those "immortal seven."

Nor were foreign politics adverse to the designs of the Dutchman. In 1686, chiefly at the instigation of William, the Emperor, the Kings of Spain and Sweden, the Elector of Bavaria, and several minor princes, had subscribed the league of Augsburg, under colour of upholding the treaties of Westphalia and Nimeguen, but, in reality, for the purpose of curbing the power of France. Next year a bitter quarrel,

¹ Dalrymple, "Memoirs."

between Louis XIV. and Pope Innocent XI., on a question of ambassadorial privilege, complicated the situation.¹ Resorting to the arm of flesh, the King prevailed; nevertheless, he was soon to discover how unwise it is to humiliate an opponent whom there is neither the ability nor the will to destroy.² Fuming at Louis, the Pontiff lent an ear to the diplomatic advances of William. And thus came before the world the edifying spectacle, of the Holy Father and two of the great Catholic powers joining the Protestant champion against the eldest Son of the Church! the straight-laced Orangemen of to-day toasting "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory," and consigning the Pope to torments, must find an awkwardness in explaining the alacrity with which their hero ingratiated himself with Catholic potentates, and employed Catholic officers and soldiers, whenever his interests required the countenance of the former or the blood of the latter.

The crisis approached. The house of Fürstenberg was devoted to France. Of its two chiefs, one, Prince William, minister of the Elector of Cologne, had bound his master to the French policy; the other, Egon, Bishop of Strasbourg, had laboured to compass the re-union of Strasbourg with France. Egon dying in 1682, William entered the Church; upon which Louis procured for him the bishopric of Strasbourg and a cardinal's hat; further designing him to succeed the Elector of Cologne, whose death seemed imminent.

In the beginning of 1688 the Chapter of Cologne chose Fürstenberg coadjutor of the Archbishop Elector—and forthwith alarm throughout the empire. But the Pope quashed the election. Meanwhile, on the 3rd of June, the Elector died. Immediately, contention between French louis-d'or and

¹ The representatives of the Catholic powers at Rome claimed the right of forbidding the action of the pontifical police in the streets adjacent to their palaces. This abuse, called the *franchise*, had the effect of placing the lives and property of honest people in nearly half of Rome at the mercy of robbers and assassins. With the exception of Louis, all the Catholic princes had consented to forego their monstrous privilege.

² Henri Martin, "Histoire de France."

Dutch bills of exchange. *Le grand Monarque* made a last futile attempt to propitiate Innocent in favour of Fürstenberg, and the League of Augsbourg put forward a rival candidate in the shape of young Prince Clement of Bavaria. Fürstenberg obtained the majority of votes, but as the excess did not reach the requisite two-thirds of the chapter, his Holiness claimed the right of choice. Knowing that Innocent was resolved to pronounce for Prince Clement, Louis no longer restrained himself. On the 6th of September he accused the Pontiff, in an angry manifesto, of exciting a general European war, and of encouraging the Prince of Orange to assail the King of England in his own dominions. He would afford, he declared, to the Cardinal de Fürstenberg and the Cologne chapter all the aid they might require; and, if the Holy See did not at once carry out the Treaty of Pisa to the satisfaction of the Duke of Parma, Avignon would be seized, and French troops enter Italy.

Innocent replied by pronouncing Clement of Bavaria, Archbishop Elector of Cologne: "*Precipati il mondo, Dio giusto punirà che è colpevole.*"

Every turn of these events felt Dutch manipulation. Behind the scenes, William was concocting military operations with petty German princes, bargaining for Swedish warriors, inveigling the chafing Pope into the notion that his ambition simply soared to the honour of commanding on the Rhine against the French. And so it happened that, either from want of political acumen or from personal resentment, his Holiness exerted his influence and spent his money on the side of the anti-Catholic revolution preparing in England. A *mot* of the day capitally describes these angry topsy-turvy politics—"Pour le repos de l'Europe il faudrait que le Roi d'Angleterre se fit Protestant, et le Saint-Père Catholique."

Of course, the means essential to the furtherance of William's projects came chiefly from the United Provinces. For the easy acquisition of those means, the Prince owed much to the French Government. In 1687 they reimposed on Dutch merchandise the tariff of 1667. Dutch commerce suffered:

hence the obstacles which material interests often oppose to religious passions fell to the ground. Holland answered the beck of the Stadtholder. On the pretext of punishing the Algerine pirates, he ordered the arming of twenty ships of war. He secretly arranged with certain German princes that they should send troops to Holland, whenever he desired to use his own elsewhere; and when, in March, James recalled the six English regiments in Dutch pay, difficulties were raised, nominally by the States, but actually by the Stadtholder. Time was gained; and the British soldiers remained in their foreign quarters.

In short, while setting everybody by the ears, in 1687, on the Continent, the Prince of Orange was receiving friendly letters from his unsuspecting uncle, and keeping up a correspondence with divers great personages in England, Lady Sunderland among the number.¹ Dykevelt and Zulestein were diligently intriguing there. The din of warlike preparation resounded through Holland. Next summer the birth of the Prince of Wales, Zulestein's pleasant intelligence, the invitation of "the seven," the persuasions of Admiral Herbert, in conjunction with the peculiar bearing of European politics, brought matters to a head. Still under a mask, but with greater confidence, William pressed the recruiting. Under pretence of securing Cologne from the French, a large camp was formed at Nimeguen, artillery collected, arms and rations made ready, the fleet augmented; and, last but not least, the able cosmopolite soldier, Maréchal de Schomberg, arrived in September to assist in conducting an enterprise long meditated, warily matured, and now fit for launching.²

¹ The Princess Anne gives the following character of this lady in a letter to the Princess of Orange (March 20th, 1687-88). "She runs from church to church after the famousest preachers, and keeps such a clatter with her devotions, that it really turns one's stomach. Sure there never was such a couple so well matched as she and her good husband, for, as she is in all her actions the greatest jade that ever was, so is he the subtlest working villain that is on the face of the earth."—DALRYMPLE, *Memoirs of Great Britain*.

² Louis XIV. said to the Duc de Villeroy (17th Oct. 1688), "Ne trouvez

But, during the growth of the conspiracy, what of the British Sovereign? In the spring, Louis, whom the vigilant D'Avaux kept well informed concerning Dutch affairs, offered to add a squadron to the fleet which the English government intended to fit out. Solely desirous of preserving neutrality between the League and France, James declined the offer. Don Pedro Ronquillo, Spanish Ambassador at St. James's, pointed out to the King the danger which especially threatened his interests, at the same time assuring him that, if he joined the league, he had nothing to fear; all efforts would then be combined against France. James refused, telling the Spaniard that he meant to be at peace with all the world, and that he could not honourably break with a friend and relation from whom he had received nothing but kindness. On Ronquillo pressing him more closely, he declared he would rather lose his crown than do an unjust thing.¹

Lest, peradventure, suspicion might penetrate the fool's paradise, ever on the watch was Sunderland—"subtillest" Sunderland—who at the supreme moment avowed himself a Catholic, the easier to betray. Of what avail warnings from the other side of the Channel? Entirely possessed by this evil one, the King would not see. The Marquis of Albeville, British Minister at the Hague, reported that the Prince of Orange would sail for England, not strike at France; and Albeville got contempt for his pains. In September, Skelton, the ambassador at Paris, sure of the jeopardy in which his master stood, permitted D'Avaux to acquaint the States General that Louis would resent, as an act of personal hos-

vous pas bien extraordinaire que M. de Schomberg, qui est né Allemand, se soit fait naturaliser Hollandais, Anglais, Français, et Portugais?"—*Journal du Marquis de Dangeau*. Armand Frédéric de Schomberg was one of the eight generals created Marshals of France on the death of Turenne. Of this creation Madame de Sévigné wittily said, "Le Roi a changé un louis-d'or en pièces de quatre sous." Hence Madame Cornuel's *mot* that the eight marshals were "la monnaie de M. de Turenne." On the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Schomberg quitted the French service, and obtained command in the Dutch army.

¹ "Mémoires du duc de Berwick."

tility, any aggression upon the King of England ; but James took umbrage, denied the existence of an alliance between his cousin and himself, blurted out he was no Cardinal of Fürstenberg to need a defender. To recompense his unauthorized zeal, not only was Skelton recalled, but shut up bodily in the Tower. Truly might James exclaim—

“Chè com' io odo quinci, e non intendo,
Così qui veggio e niente affliguro !”

Determined neither to help himself nor to allow others to help him, the British King must take his chance with fate.

On the other hand, intent on the League of Augsbourg, Louis resolved to disconcert its manœuvres with a blow. But how? Should the French fleet put to sea and a French army march upon Maestricht—as D'Avaux and Seignelai advised? Or, seeing that the Emperor must get the free use of all his forces if the Turks were thoroughly beaten, would it not be wise to revive the sinking courage of the Porte by a stroke at the heart of Germany? So argued Louvois.

The first plan might have saved James's crown: for, with the French at their gates, not a company would the Hollanders have allowed to stir from home. But the influence of Louvois prevailed. On the 24th of September, Louis declared war against the Emperor and the Elector Palatine. Next morning the Dauphin left Versailles to take command of the army about to besiege Philipsbourg. His august father had committed a huge blunder. The heart of his implacable cousin of Orange rejoiced, and Dutch securities went up ten per cent.¹

¹ St. Simon attributes the war of 1688 to a tiff between Louis XIV. and Louvois (who had succeeded Colbert as superintendent of royal buildings) about a window in the Petit Trianon. The King pronounced it ill constructed. The minister, on the contrary, maintained that “la croisée était bien.” The King rejoined there was no putting up with the minister's obstinacy, and they parted in dudgeon. But, on M. le Marquis recovering his temper, it occurred to him that he had endangered his favour with Louis. Hence he remarked to some friends: “C'en est fait, je suis perdu avec le roi, à la façon dont il vient de me traiter pour une fenêtre. Je n'ai de ressource qu'une guerre qui le détourne de ses bâtimens, et qui me

The religious acrimony, the contempt for the Irish, and the sort of discipline prevalent at this period are illustrated by an incident which happened in September. The Duke of Berwick had given orders that forty Irish recruits (supernumerary of McEllicot's newly raised regiment) should be admitted into his own corps (8th), lying at Portsmouth. But the lieutenant-colonel, Beaumont, and five captains, refused to receive a man of them, affirming "it was a dishonour to the subjects of England to have recourse to *foreigners* to fill their companies." For the insubordination and "for behaving disrespectfully both in writing and otherwise towards his Grace," these gentlemen were tried by court-martial, cashiered, and glorified as Protestant martyrs. In this instance the King cannot be accused of harshness, for the stiff-necked officers were "offered forgiveness if they would accept the men, but they all refused it."¹ Would the modern Horse Guards evince an equally forbearing spirit towards barrack-square theologians of such dictatorial temper? A curious phase of the affair shall be told in James's own words: "It was observed and wondered at afterwards, when people's intentions came to light, that amongst those officers who sat upon them (Beaumont and the rest) some, who soon afterwards appeared in the same interest with those they condemned, were nevertheless by much the most severe against them; particularly, my Lord Churchill moved to have them suffer death for their disobedience, foreseeing that such a piece of severity would reflect upon the King and influence the people, who still cry out against the Prince for all the ills which oftentimes by the malice, avarice or treachery of his ministers, are done quite contrary to his intention."² If the royal interpretation of Lord Churchill's

rende nécessaire, et par — il l'aura."—*Memoires du Duc de St. Simon*. The anecdote is rather too good to be true. The causes of the war were certainly more serious. M. Henri Martin thinks that Louvois advised the king to attack Germany instead of Holland out of jealousy to Seignelai, Minister of the Marine, who, as we know, recommended another line of action.

¹ Reresby's "Memoirs."

² Clarke, "Life of James II."

opinion be at all correct, we have evidence how craftily James was hoaxed by his own familiar friends.

Deluded by the prophets of smooth things, the King had slighted repeated handwritings on the wall, but the march upon Philipsbourg was a fact not to be twisted. The jeopardy was revealed. Straightway Albeville was instructed to assure the States that no secret treaty bound England to France, nay, that considering, as he did, the siege of Philipsbourg a violation of the twenty years' truce, the King would be ready to draw the sword by the side of Spain and Holland. Several days elapsed before the States vouchsafed an answer, and, when it came, its ambiguous wording suggested that the Stadtholder had complete control over the Dutch deputies.

Now, positive that "the Dutch were coming in good earnest," James attempted to win back the powerful interests he had estranged at home. His eager endeavour to conciliate came too late. He "very graciously" sought advice in the emergency from the bishops he had persecuted. He reinstated the recently removed deputy lieutenants and magistrates. He returned to the City its ancient charter, and to the boroughs their old privileges. He dissolved the Ecclesiastical Commission—"put back Magdalen College into the Bishop of Winchester's hands. He would restore all."¹

While the King laboured to appease discontented public men, he omitted not to honour a worthy son: on the 28th of September, a chapter of the Order of the Garter for the purpose of presenting blue ribands to the young Dukes of Ormond and Berwick. Afterwards, an interview with several bishops. As the holy men left the presence chamber, the gossips, lounging in the ante-rooms, asked—"How things went?" And the Bishop of Winton (poor man) answered, "*Omnia bene.*"²

For revolution, *omnia bene* indeed! And yet, on the surface, all well for the Stuarts. Lip service never more unctuous. Knees most flexible. Their right reverend lordships (three of them being deeply engaged to the Prince of Orange) very busy composing of prayers against invasion!

¹ Clarendon, "Diary."

² Ibid.

Besides this mollification, James strove with much of his old activity to put things in fighting trim. The navy was increased to sixty-one ships, thirty-eight of them being of the line. By the levy of new regiments and the withdrawal of troops from Ireland and Scotland, the army numbered about 37,000 men.¹ Important places were strongly garrisoned. The bulk of the forces converged toward London; Lord Feversham and his brother-in-law, Comte de Roze, an able officer who had lately taken up his abode in England, received the command.²

In the meantime William of Orange published a declaration which was circulated diligently throughout England. Obliquely accusing King James of all manner of evil doing, it did not assail him personally. It affected only to condemn his ministers. In conclusion, the Prince protested he had undertaken the expedition purely and simply "to get a free Parliament assembled which might remedy grievances, inquire into the birth of the Prince of Wales, and secure national religion and liberty under a just and legal government for the future."³

But, while the manifesto sped, most of the offensive acts therein recounted had been annulled. The *contretemps*, however, was got over by a postscript which warned the people that "a recall of a part of the late measures was a confession of the violations complained of. It arose only from the consciousness of guilt, and from present danger."

Also were sown, broadcast, a virulent tract, pretending to

¹ According to the returns, the establishment on the 1st Nov. 1688 stood thus: cavalry, 9,545; infantry, 27,673 = 37,218. Several regiments, however, being incomplete, the effective was doubtless considerably lower. Luttrell tells us, "The horse have £20 a-piece to buy horses, and the hackney coachmen of London provide his majestie with 200 horse for his service."—*Signs of Pressure*.

² Comte de Roze was of the Huguenot branch of the La Rochefoucauld Roze family. At the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the count, then a lieutenant-general, retired to Denmark, and received a command in the Danish army. He was created Earl of Lifford by James II.

³ Dalrymple, "Memoirs of Great Britain."

be a memorial from English Protestants to the States-General, but really the work of Dr. Burnet, a letter from the Dutch Prince to the British army setting forth the propriety of their breaking faith with their sovereign, and an epistle of kindred sentiments addressed by Admiral Herbert to British seamen.

To the Emperor, William made this explicit averment: "I assure your Imperial Majesty by this letter that, whatsoever reports may have been spread, and notwithstanding those which may be spread for the future, I have not the least intention to do any hurt to his Britannic Majesty, or to those who have a right to pretend to the succession of his kingdoms, and still less to make an attempt upon the crown, or to desire to appropriate it to myself." Again: "I ought to entreat your Majesty to be assured that I will employ all my credit to provide that the Roman Catholics of that country (England) may enjoy liberty of conscience, and to be put out of fear on account of their religion."¹

To the ambassadors resident at the Hague, the States-General handed a circular despatch, announcing that the Prince of Orange having satisfied them he had no intention of deposing the King of England, but only desired to assist the English nation to recover its violated laws and to preserve its religion and liberty, they had agreed to support him in so praiseworthy a design with a few ships and some auxiliary troops.²

"Dans un incendie souvent les matières les plus infectes allument le bûcher."

¹ Dalrymple, "Memoirs of Great Britain."

² H. Martin, "L'Histoire de France."





VIII. INVASION.

1688.

THE army, which had been collecting at Nimeguen, dropped by river, road, and canal to the mouths of the Meuse and the Zuider-Zee. On the 17th of October the Hague was fasting and on its knees, among the congregation at the Great Church being the Princess Mary, who is said to have prayed for the success of the expedition "with a calm countenance." In her case we will hope it was "impossible to find the mind's construction in the face." On the 19th, 4,500 horse, 11,000 foot, a goodly artillery, vast quantities of arms and ammunition stored on board 700 transports, with 50 men-of-war commanded by Admiral Herbert, for their escort, set sail from Helvoetsluys for England. Marshal Schomberg, under William, directed the mongrel but formidable force. Divers English nobles were there; numbers of expatriated Huguenot gentlemen had eagerly joined the blue and red regiments of de l'Estrange and the French infantry of Melonnière. Good pay had enticed veteran Swiss, Germans, Danes, Swedes to shoulder muskets in the cause.

The sea joyous with spreading canvas, the air clamorous with the fanfares of the cavalry,—men, women, and children crowded to see the sight. But in the night, the wind chopping to the west, a storm arose. The fleet was dispersed, a few ships foundered, many horses perished, much baggage had to be thrown overboard, and half the troops lay helpless through payment of horrid tribute to the waves. And so, bit by bit,

must the armada return whence it had gone so gallantly, so merrily, a few hours before.

A week afterwards James heard of the disaster. The breathing time thus afforded he spent not in seizing suspected persons (according to rough-and-ready old English custom),¹ but in inspecting regiments, publishing depositions concerning the birth of his son, endeavouring to elicit from the bishops "some declaration expressing their dislike of the Prince's coming in this manner."² But with one accord their lordships began to make excuses.

In a letter to Archbishop Sancroft, the Bishop of London relates how he dealt with inconvenient questions :—"When I waited upon the King by his command on the 1st of November, he told me he had sent for me when he had nothing but the declaration of the States of Holland, but that the declaration of the Prince of Orange had come to his hands, out of which he read to me the short paragraph of the lords temporal and spiritual inviting his Highness over. Upon which I told him I was confident the rest of the bishops would answer as readily in the negative as myself, and his Majesty was pleased to say he did believe us all innocent."³ Oh! my lord,

"As you the matter state,
Not only Jesuits can equivocate."

This diplomatic prelate had actually signed the invitation to the foreign Prince!

Meanwhile, the damage done to the Dutch ships was being repaired. On the 1st of November William again put to sea, with a fresh easterly wind. Soon, the immense fleet, well-nigh filling the Channel, was gazed on by French and English thronging the cliffs on either side. Had a squadron, headed by one of the *vieux loups de mer* of the period, swooped out of Dunkerque or Hâvre upon the huge disjointed flotilla, the venture might have failed: but no such attempt;

¹ "In the following year William III. caused persons to be arrested 'upon treasonable suspicions.'"—DALRYMPLE.

² Clarendon, "Diary."

³ Ibid. App.

Louis XIV. had seen his best days, his health was broken, his luck gone; and as for Dartmouth, who commanded the British fleet, "the Protestant wind," favouring the Dutchman, kept him idle in the Downs. Certain courtiers imputed treachery to Dartmouth, but James, writing to his admiral (Nov. 9, 1688), disposed nobly of such insinuations:—"I am fully satisfied you did all you could, and that nobody could work otherwise than you did. I am sure all knowing seamen must be of the same mind, and therefore be at ease as to yourself."¹

Harshness to old servants was not one of James's many faults, as Pepys abundantly testifies.

On the 5th of November the foreign fleet made Torbay, in Devonshire. The weather fine, the bay a very duck-pond, William went ashore, accompanied by his regiment of guards, which, gaily mounting the cliffs, camped on the plain beyond.

And now, with utmost regularity, proceeded the disembarkation, for the officers were full of expedients. The horses seem to have caused the chief anxiety. Owing to the rocks it was necessary to sling them overboard, leaving them free to swim ashore; the work being carefully done, and the water smooth, few of the poor brutes came to harm.

Nevertheless, Captain Dumont de Bostaquet, of the red French horse, shrewdly says:—"Ce fut une grande joie pour nous de se voir à terre sans avoir été inquiétés à la descente, où deux mille hommes nous auroient donné beaucoup de peine."² Those who have taken part in a hostile landing will agree with the worthy Huguenot.

The same eye-witness gives a funny trait of west country manners. "The habits of these islanders," he writes, "much amused us, and we marvelled to observe how all of them—men, women, even children—were given to tobacco. It made us laugh to see our young and rather pretty hostess suckling her infant and smoking a pipe at the same time. When the little one had had enough of the breast, she gave him her

¹ Dalrymple, "Memoirs of Great Britain," App.

² "Mémoires de Dumont de Bostaquet."

pipe, which straightway putting into his mouth, the *gamin* did his best to blow a cloud. We remarked that nearly all the western folk do the like." This beats our immature smokers hollow.

On the following day, hearing that the Dutch were landing, James ordered twenty battalions and thirty squadrons to march upon Salisbury. Six squadrons and as many battalions were destined to keep the peace of the metropolis. This arrangement accorded with the opinion of Louis XIV., but was contrary to the advice of Feversham and Roye, who, distrusting the capacity no less than the loyalty of the officers in general, preferred a defensive position nearer London.

The Prince of Orange advanced to Exeter, and was coldly received. Bishop and dean had fled. Squires held back. Dr. Burnet read the declaration to a cathedral void of clergy. The foolish knave, Ferguson, again in his element, could only enter the meeting-house by breaking open the door.¹ What wonder, then, if the Stadtholder be troubled, and even threaten to leave the fickle English to a cruel fate?

But the plot which had been hatching at Hounslow gave sign of life: a lieutenant of Life Guards deserted—Lord Colchester, of Dover's troop, and more of the sort was coming.

During the last three months the Duke of Berwick had been doing duty as Governor of Portsmouth, a station which, in those days, seems to have been of bad sanitary repute. We find Lord Tyrconnel writing (from Dublin probably) to King James, on the 13th of October, as follows:—"Would to God your soun wear hear in safety; remember, sir, that Portsmouth is the worst ayre in the world."² Now, at any rate, the young governor was to enjoy fresher air; the King appointed him to the command of the first brigade which should reach Salisbury. Through the treachery, however, of Blathwayt, Secretary of War, the order being delayed, Lord Cornbury, son of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, nephew of the late Queen, and Colonel of the Royal Dragoons, became by right of

¹ Ralph, "History of England."

² Cavelli, "Les derniers Stuarts à Saint-Germain."

seniority Commandant of the Horse Guards, Royals, and St. Alban's regiment, which had just arrived at the point fixed for concentration.

"Detestables flatteurs, present le plus funeste,
Que puisse faire aux rois la colère céleste."

Of such was Cornbury. The mere creature of Churchill, it is supposed, he would do his best to carry the three regiments over to the foreigner. To this end, in concert with Colonel Langston, of St. Alban's, he pretended to have received instructions to reconnoitre the enemy in force. On the 12th, he set out, marching day and night, with very short halts, for he feared the arrival of Berwick. On the afternoon of the 13th, the British horse reached Axminster. Here it was given out that a plan of the enemy's to "beat up their quarters had been discovered;" to frustrate which it was expedient to strike beforehand at the Dutchman. Accordingly, the English dragoons moved towards Honiton, where lay a strong Williamite detachment. But the extraordinary hurry of this night march aroused suspicion. On a sudden, some officers required Cornbury to show his orders. A refusal led to loud talk and menace, which so alarmed my lord and his accomplices that, watching their opportunity, they spurred to the front, and were timely received by a cavalry corps which (previously advised by Cornbury) William had sent to meet them. Finding themselves betrayed, the bulk of the British wheeled about and galloped in panic to the rear. Major Clifford and the loyal officers strove in vain to re-form them. Meanwhile, Berwick had reached Salisbury. Finding his troops gone, he started in pursuit, and was at Beaminster on the night of the desertion. About midnight, cries of "The enemy! the enemy!" awoke him. From his window he saw a disorderly body of troopers rush down the street. In the saddle as quickly as might be, he followed them, and, outside the town, succeeded in rallying the three regiments, which he conducted back to Salisbury. Twelve officers and 150 dragoons were thus lost to the King's service. However, several of St. Alban's rejoined their colours a few days after-

wards, "though in a most plundered condition, having refused the large pay and encouragements which were offered them ; but it (*sic*) would not weigh against their allegiance."¹ Good and faithful soldiers.

The moral effect of this insignificant loss of men was very damaging to the Stuart cause. The rumour of disaffection in the service was confirmed. Henceforth neither officer nor soldier might trust his comrade—loyal men boggled, traitors waxed bold, and the army, far superior numerically to the small but warlike corps under the Prince of Orange and Marshal Schomberg,² became a mob of armed men at sixes and sevens. More, the same cause which paralyzed the soldiers, screwed several lords to the insurrectionary pitch in their respective counties.

When Lord Clarendon heard of Cornbury's desertion, he wrote in his diary—"O God, that my son should be a rebel ! The Lord in His mercy look upon me, and enable me to support myself under this grievous calamity." Then he hurried to Lord Middleton, who had just succeeded the traitor Sunderland as Secretary of State, "to obtain leave to throw myself at the King's feet." Let him proceed, "The next day waiting on the King at Will Chiffinch's,³ I said what I was able upon so melancholy a subject as my son's desertion. God knows I was in confusion enough. The King was very gracious to me, and said he pitied me with all his heart, and

¹ Ellis, "Correspondence."

² M. Michelet complains that Lord Macaulay has ignored the great part played by the French in this expedition. He writes: "Les chefs du génie et de l'artillerie sont Cambon et Goulon. Les trois aides-de-camp de Guillaume sont aussi français. Trois régiments d'infanterie, en tout 2,250 hommes, sont français, très redoutable troupe, pleine de vieux soldats de Turenne, de gentilshommes, et d'officiers qui dans cette guerre sainte trouvaient bon d'être soldats. Ajoutez un escadron française de cavalerie. Bien plus, presque toute l'armée était française par ses cadres, Guillaume y avait dispersé dans tous les corps comme un ferment d'hommes et de bravoure 736 de nos officiers."—*Histoire de France*.

³ This person had been page of the back stairs to Charles II. He was the go-between in all the secret intrigues of the court, and therefore a man of great importance.

that he would still be kind to my family.”¹ Clarendon’s affliction would be very touching were it not for the fact that in the course of a fortnight he followed his son’s example and “waited upon the Prince.”

Still loth to suspect his officers, James summoned to Whitehall Lord Churchill, the Duke of Grafton, Major-General Kirke, Colonel Trelawny, and other military men of note happening to be in town. After assuring them that, as soon as the foreigners had quitted the country, he would call a free parliament, and do all that in him lay to quiet the minds of the people by securing their religion, laws, and liberties, the King concluded with these remarkable words—“If after all this any of you is not satisfied, let him declare himself. I am willing to grant passes to all such as have a mind to go over to the Prince of Orange, and spare them the shame of deserting their lawful sovereign.” Taking the cue from Churchill, the generals burst into loyal chorus. “What is honour?—A word. What is that word, honour?—Air, a trim reckoning.” Applicable indeed to those petted dissemblers, the philosophy of fat Jack.

And, further to befool the dull King, “volunteers of quality and distinction” rallied round him, seemingly eager to flesh their court rapiers in his cause. At the head of these carpet knights ruffled the young Duke of Ormond, glorious in his new garter.² He presently joined the Dutch. “A trim reckoning” forsooth!

The morning after the ebullition of the men-of-war saw the archbishops and two bishops present an address to his Majesty, signed by themselves and nineteen temporal peers. It urged the speedy assembly of a free parliament as the only means by which the calamities impending over the nation could be averted. The King replied with emotion, “My lords, what you ask of me I most passionately desire, and I promise you, upon the faith of a King, that I will have a parliament, and such an one as you ask for, as soon as ever the Prince of Orange has quitted the realm. For how is

¹ Clarendon, “Diary.”

² Ralph, “History of England.”

it possible a parliament can be free in all its circumstances, as you petition for, whilst an enemy is in the kingdom, and can make a return of near a hundred voices?"¹ Surely there is common sense in this reply.

And now James started for Salisbury. The day after his arrival (19th of November) he was seized with excessive bleeding of the nose as he stepped into the Duke of Berwick's coach for conveyance to Warminster to inspect the advanced guard under Kirke. So profuse the hemorrhage that not only had he to give up the journey, but he continued unwell for some days; nevertheless, the attack may have been a safety-valve to a system overstrained by intense application to business, and wrung by anxiety. The Duke of Berwick fears there were grounds for the report, that this accident saved Churchill and Kirke from the crime of delivering their master to the Prince of Orange, which, had he gone to Warminster, they had agreed to do.²

During the King's indisposition, Feversham and de Roye reiterated objections against advancing on the enemy. The artillery still in the rear, Salisbury and Warminster untenable, would it not be wiser to retire voluntarily than—what was quite possible—to be forced to retreat? As the royal army in the field was now about 24,000 strong, it is obvious Feversham counselled thus, because, to his knowledge, many of the superior officers could not be depended upon. After hearing the general-in-chief, James called a council of war, and proposed to fall back behind the Thames. The plan was warmly opposed by Viscount Dundee, a thorough soldier, eager "*frapper vite et frapper fort*," and by Churchill, vehement for battle, with the object, probably, of killing suspicion. The King stood firm, and the council broke up. The game of deception could be no longer played with safety; Lord Churchill and the Duke of Grafton deserted to the Dutch.

¹ Dalrymple, "Memoirs."

² The rumour is mentioned by Reresby, Burnet, Clarendon, Sir P. Hume, but, in fairness it must be said, was always denied by Marlborough.

Next morning Colonels Trelawny, George Churchill (brother of the famous John) Berkeley, and some twenty privates did likewise. Most cordially, of course, were they received by the Prince. The remark, however, with which Schomberg saluted Lord Churchill must have ruffled that nobleman's serenity: we are told he never forgot it. "You are the first deserter," quoth the old marshal, "of the rank of lieutenant-general I ever saw."¹

Keenly indeed did the loss of Churchill distress James. Churchill, the brave and beautiful, whom to know was to love, who owed everything to his King; who, up to the very last, stood at the royal right hand uttering boundless devotion and advising bloody onslaught—that one so honoured, so trusted, so cherished, should "go over" to the foe, is transgression of a kind peculiarly unpleasant to contemplate. "The inviolate dictates of my conscience, and a necessary concern of my religion" constrained, so this general officer wrote to his benefactor.² To leave all and follow Christ is a glorious act; but to play the hypocrite, to ape Judas—is religion to be promoted by such means? If a private sentinel, charged with flying from his colours in front of the enemy, were to plead "the inviolate dictates of his conscience" forbade him to fight, how would a court-martial receive his excuse? And yet we are expected to accept such an apology for the guilt of a consummate commander, a peer of the realm, a close personal friend!

The Duke of Berwick obtained the troop of Life Guards, so unexpectedly vacated by his uncle, and Lord Arran succeeded Berwick in the Blues.

On James's arrival at Salisbury, Feversham recommended that, in consequence of the disaffection tainting the commissioned ranks, suspected officers should be dismissed, and smart sergeants promoted in their stead. If this suggestion had been carried out promptly and without scruple, the Dutch might have fared ill. But, feebly tried here and there, the

¹ Macpherson, "Stuart Papers."

² Kennet, "History of England."

measure proved futile in a military, and mischievous in a political sense. The troops remained unpurged of the poison, and the few insignificant officers sent to the right-about assumed crowns of martyrdom. The poor gentlemen had been disgraced, it was said, because they were Protestants. The tale was believed, and religious hates received another impetus. In the English army, however (the Irish, it should be recollected, was a separate institution), no Protestant officer was meddled with on account of his creed. Those who suffered were Protestants and something more—even plotting fanatics, or the pestilent busybodies whom soldiers call “bits of lawyers.” In truth, Protestants occupied nearly every important post in the royal army: Feversham and De Roye were Protestants. All who deserted were Protestants, not one of them had ever been disquieted on that account; on the contrary, they had all been highly favoured by James. In the “Mémoires of the Earls of Granard” there is a passage relating to the subject, which amusingly impeaches the military administration of the time. Lord Forbes, on his way to Northampton to join his regiment (18th Royal Irish), met the lieutenant-colonel and major who “had just been dismissed by the King because they were Protestants.” He immediately ordered them back to quarters, and, displacing the newly appointed officers, reinstated them. Being rebuked by the King, he offered to resign his commission, when James bitterly remarked, “he supposed my Lord Forbes meant to go over to the Prince of Orange.” To which that nobleman replied with spirit, that, “having taken an oath to serve his Majesty, he would never serve another King.”

The officers referred to were discharged on suspicion of Dutch proclivities. Unjustly, perhaps, for in difficult times authority is prone to deal roughly with persons of dubious loyalty, and Lord Forbes, chivalrously faithful himself, would scarcely have supported his comrades without a strong persuasion of their innocence. Be this as it may, what a strange state of discipline is revealed. In front of the enemy a colonel quashes the order of the King and the commander-in-chief!

While James tarried at Salisbury a skirmish of advanced

posts took place at Wincanton. At first the Royal Horse, under Sarsefield, had the advantage, but as they retired on the coming up of fresh Dutch, the affair, trivial in itself, swelled by report into serious defeat. And so the *morale* of the English troops, already depressed, sank a peg.¹ Another clash of sabres between Butler's dragoons and some foreign cavalry about a fortnight afterwards, near Reading—and we have all the fighting of this wonderful campaign.

Enfeebled by repeated bleedings at the nose, bewildered by reports of insurrection in different parts of the country, apprehensive of the enemy getting to his rear, and so cutting him off from the capital, distrusting all around, the King left Salisbury for London on the 25th of November, at the same time directing the army to fall back and occupy Reading, Windsor, and the adjacent districts. "Most of the private men," says Dalrymple, "shed tears when they heard of this retreat." Indeed, James's remarks on the subject are not without point—"It is hard to say which was most surprising, to see so general a defection in the officers from a prince that paid them well and cherished them so much, or so much loyalty amongst the common soldiers, when almost all their officers gave them so ill an example; to see such ingratitude amongst men who pretend so much to honour, and so much honour in those who generally seek nothing but their pay; but this change of character and humour ran through all ranks of people; men of the rudest lives talked of nothing but religion."² Just as Montesquieu has it, "Je vois ici des gens qui disputent sans fin sur la religion, mais il semble qu'ils combattent en même temps à qui l'observera le moins."

The King stopped the first night at Andover, and had for guests at supper the sleepy *gastronome*, George of Denmark, and the Duke of Ormond. But their host, no sooner to bed, than his son-in-law and "the foremost volunteer," together with Lord Drumlanrigg, made off for the nearest Dutch post. According to the fashion, Prince George left behind a hypo-

¹ Kennet, "History of England."

² Clarke, "Life of James II."

critical letter, but James seems to have taken this foul blow easily enough. George had been wont to exclaim, "Est-il possible!" on news arriving of each successive desertion; hence, with grim humour, the victim observed, "Is 'Est-il possible' gone too? were it not for the unnaturalness of the thing, the loss of a private trooper had been of greater consequence." A thick head and sound digestion being the salient characteristics of the royal Dane, the comment is telling.

As soon as the Princess Anne heard that her husband had gone over, she made haste to follow him. In the night of the 26th, attended by Lady Churchill and Mrs. Berkeley, the dutiful wife, creeping out of her closet in the cockpit, tripped down the back stairs to the street door, where the Bishop of London waited to hand her and the ladies into a coach-and-six. Then away to Nottingham. No function, it would appear, uneasy to this versatile divine, for, on a volunteer guard forming to protect Anne, he took command of it, "riding at the head of the troop in a purple cloak, martial habit, pistols before him, and his sword drawn."¹ Of the earth, earthy. And yet the churchman defiant in his old dragoon gear is of pleasanter aspect than when, in swelling lawn, he quibbled with the obtuse King, or in plotter's muffling taught ladies how to cut and run. A letter was, of course, concocted in this case; but, by some accident, it did not reach the Queen, to whom it was addressed, for a day or two after the flight. Anne pretended therein, that dread of the King's displeasure at her husband's unexpected departure had caused her to withdraw for a while, until a reconciliation could be effected; and more of the same sort. "Unexpected departure!" when, only a week before (on the 18th), she had written to her brother-in-law as follows:—"You have my wishes for your good success in this so just an undertaking, and I hope the Prince (George) will soon be with you, to let you see his readiness to join with you, and I am sure he will do you all the service that lies in his power. He went yesterday with the King towards Salisbury, intend-

¹ Ellis, "Correspondence."

ing to go from thence to you, as soon as his friends thought proper." ¹

The serving women, seeing their mistress's bed had not been lain in, set a-screaming, which brought upon the scene Lady Clarendon and an old nurse, who inflamed the hubbub by shrieking, "The Papists have murdered the Princess!" In the midst of the "great consternation," the King arrived at Whitehall. This blow struck him to the heart. Nay, according to Sir John Reresby, "disordered him in his understanding."

"Intorno si mira,
Tutto smarrito dalla grande angoscia,
Ch' egli ha sofferta, e guardando sospira." ²

"God help me, my own children have forsaken me!" What bitterer cry than that?

Of unkindness to his children James cannot be accused. Anne he had treated with peculiar affection. He had respected her religious convictions, as she owned distinctly to Lord Clarendon; ³ but, in his misery, she cast him off, with a lie upon her lips:—

"Let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart: is there any cause in nature makes these hard hearts?"

¹ Dalrymple, "Memoirs," &c.

² "Looks round him, all bewildered by the great anguish he has undergone, and looking sighs."—DANTE, *Inferno*.

³ Clarendon, "Diary."



IX.

FLIGHT.

1688.

THE intelligence now crowding upon the King was black indeed : London in ferment, his cherished sailors estranged, Douglas's Scotch horse fraternizing with the Dutchmen, some of the great towns pronouncing for the foreigner. Albeit, the better it may be to mask the flight there is reason to think he was now meditating,¹ the Protestant lords, spiritual and temporal, were summoned to Whitehall, to confer on the exigency. After a "serious and warm debate" in which Lord Clarendon, to the surprise of his peers, spoke in a manner "indecent to his sovereign and inhuman to a relation,"² the council resolved to proclaim a pardon to the Prince's adherents, remove Papists from office, assemble a parliament, and treat with the Hollander.

And most men rejoiced to hear the news; for the Londoners were by no means unanimous in admiration of strangers triumphant on British soil. Clarendon himself testifies "to the infinite satisfaction" with which the prospect of a new house was regarded, and then—characteristic of the man and of the time—proceeds to relate "how he had thought of going to Sarum to see if he could secure his son being chosen for the county, and that he would then go to the Prince of Orange." Only a week before, this nobleman had assured the Princess Anne "he was ashamed to appear

¹ Buckingham, "Revolution."

² Dalrymple, "Memoirs."

anywhere since the villany his son had committed." It takes one's breath away all this: "Good God bless us! nothing but lying and dissimulation in the world!" as the same Clarendon ejaculated on the 3rd of December, after conversing with the Prince of Denmark at the invader's headquarters.

At this moment the Prince of Wales was the King's most pressing anxiety. On leaving town for Salisbury he had sent the child to Portsmouth, where it was thought he might abide in greater safety than at Whitehall, and whence, circumstances requiring it, he might easily pass over to the Continent. On the 29th of November, the King wrote to Lord Dartmouth, "conjuring" him to assist Lord Dover (who had assumed temporary charge of Portsmouth during Berwick's absence in the field) to forward the infant across the water, but the admiral "with the greatest dread and grief of heart imaginable" declined the responsibility; the boy, therefore, returned to London, and arrangements were made for sending him to France.

And events were drifting the King towards a similar resource for himself. The commissioners selected by the council—Lords Halifax, Nottingham, and Godolphin—had started on their errand, "the last being the only man," says the Duke of Buckingham, "that had the cunning or else the good fortune to be at once in some favour both with the King and the Prince of Orange." Avoiding an interview, however, William steadily advanced, receiving the great with grave politeness, and assuring the populace, hat in hand, that he had come to secure the Protestant religion, and to save them from Popery. Now, it happened that many, previously unsuspecting, began to feel uneasy; not a few would have it that the Stadtholder hankered after the throne, but his favourites warmly repelled the charge. With virtuous indignation Bentinck declared to Lord Clarendon, "though there are not ill men wanting who give it out that the Prince aspires to the crown, which is the most wicked insinuation that could be invented; that though three kingdoms would be a great temptation to other men, yet it would appear that the Prince preferred his word before all other things in the world, and

would pursue his declaration in endeavouring to settle all things here upon a true foundation.”¹ This gave Clarendon “great satisfaction,” for, to do him justice, he desired not to dethrone his brother-in-law: he craved place in the administration which he thought external pressure would force upon the King.

At last, on the 8th of December, the commissioners, being admitted to his Highness’s “bed-chamber” at Hungerford, presented to him a letter from James, written in French; whereupon William “with tenderness (as it seemed to Lord Clarendon) remarked, his uncle always used to write to him in English, and in his own hand.” Even for the Clarendon digestion such tenderness was too much. He made bold to reply, “Sir, your highness being here as a foreign prince, and this being a formal credential, which are (*sic*) in Latin or French, it ought to be in the secretary’s hand.” The commissioners now proposed that measures should be taken for securing freedom of election, and the meeting of parliament. William requested the English nobles about him to draw up an answer, and, that he might not be accused of swaying their deliberations, withdrew to Littlecot Hall. It is curious that the point at which the English nation particularly aimed should be the one which vexed William’s English friends beyond measure—the speedy assembling of a new parliament. By a large majority they struck out of the draft the clause providing for the issue of writs; and only at the Prince’s express desire did they ultimately allow the very thing which James had been reproached for hesitating to accord. This difficulty surmounted, agreement was soon arrived at. Papists, it was settled, should be disarmed and dismissed from employment; the City authorities should take over the Tower and Tilbury Fort; Portsmouth be delivered to an officer acceptable to both sides; no more foreign troops to enter the kingdom; both armies to halt at a distance of forty miles from the capital; the King and the Prince to reside

¹ Clarendon, “Diary.”

in London, or at an equal distance from it, and to be attended by the same number of guards.

While negotiations proceeded, a circumstance befell which wrought powerfully on James's enfeebled mind. One Speke forged and circulated a proclamation, in the name of the Prince of Orange, outlawing Papists in office or bearing arms. It warned the magistrates that, if Catholics were not disarmed, the Protestant blood likely to be shed would be on their worships' heads; also, that they would be held responsible for Protestant property destroyed during the conflagration and massacre which popish ruffians, set on by the French and English kings, designed for London.

This document, universally believed to be genuine at the time, fixed the King's resolution. Lord Halifax's private messages¹ led him to regard the Hungerford parley as a sham, and the Speke forgery as the real reflection of his nephew's mind: his friends struck down wholesale, he was to be left naked to the mercy of his enemies. His father's fate might be his. He would fly the country, but first of all his wife and son should depart.

Deeply attached to her unhappy husband, Mary of Modena could be persuaded to quit him only on a promise that he would soon rejoin her. On the 9th of December, she went to bed as usual, but about midnight the eccentric Comte de Lauzun, and Monsieur de Saint-Victor, a gallant gentleman of Avignon, knocked at the door of the King's apartment. The Queen bade sorrowful farewell to James; and then, leaning on Lauzun's arm, Saint-Victor in front to show the way, the sleeping infant and his two nurses following, she quitted Whitehall for ever. It blew a gale, the rain fell in torrents, as the fugitives crossed the Thames in a common wherry. When they landed on the Surrey side the coach which ought to have been ready to receive them was no where to be seen; and so, for an hour, Mary Beatrice and her little son bided the pelting of the storm under the drear shelter of Lambeth Church wall. At length, Saint-Victor discovering

¹ Reresby, "Memoirs."

the coach at a neighbouring inn, they started for Gravesend. There, Lord and Lady Powis, and her steadfast friend, Anna Monticuculi, awaited the Queen. Immediately, they boarded the packet boat; Mary, Dangeau tells us, descending to the fusty cabin with (as it seemed) a bundle of dirty linen tucked under her arm: it was her soundly sleeping babe. Still cause for alarm; the squally Channel teemed with Dutch cruisers, and, likely enough, the captain was a knave! Consequently, Lauzun stood by his side during the voyage, ready to pitch him overboard on faintest symptom of foul-play showing itself.¹ But the worthy skipper, ignorant of his passenger's quality, attended simply to the sailing of his craft. After dreadful tossing, the miserable company found generous welcome at Calais.

Mary gone, the King's despondency increased:—

“Let's choose executors, and talk of wills.”

The arrival of Saint-Victor, with good news of the passage, cheered him for a moment, but his mind, evidently out of gear, was fit for little beyond thought of flight. He wrote to Lord Feversham to announce his intended departure, and desired him to thank the loyal officers and soldiers for their conduct, remarking, “he did not expect them to expose themselves by resisting a foreign army and a poisoned nation.”² He destroyed the writs for the new parliament, and sent warning to be off to persons whose attachment to himself might cost them dear.

At 3 o'clock A.M., on the 11th of December, James quitted Whitehall, attended by Sir Edward Hales and two servants. As he crossed the Thames, he flung the great seal into the water. Taking horse at Vauxhall, he was close to Faversham by 10 o'clock. About the same hour, the Duke of Northumberland informed the courtiers collecting in the palace anti-chambers, of his uncle's exit. And then this faithful lord-in-waiting—

“dog easily won to fawn on any man—”

¹ Madame de Sévigné.

² Reresby, “Memoirs.”

declared for the Prince of Orange, and set about weeding the Papists out of his troop of Life-Guards.¹

From gilded saloon to grimy city shop spread dismay. Tumult resounded in the streets. Shame, nay, grief possessed the troops; for Feversham, on receipt of the royal letter, disbanded the army. Many of the soldiers wept, others shook with rage, while the general order to that effect was being read.² And the mob went to work: here burning Catholic chapels; there, sacking them; even pillaging the house of the Spanish ambassador. The mustered train-bands beheld these outrages with shouldered arms. At length, the bewildered authorities plucked up sufficient courage to order some regular horse to fire with ball upon rioters refusing to disperse. Quite enough, this, to lower rabble enthusiasm: the patriotic iconoclasts vanished, leaving to their more respectable countrymen the duty of paying the ambassadors of Spain and Florence for the damage done to their property.

In the full swing of the outbreak, some roughs lighted upon a burly sailor, skulking at Wapping. Dragged before the mayor, in flapping nor'wester, but bereft of his terrible eyebrows, Lord Chancellor Jeffreys stood confessed. The sight of him so enraged the crowd that, but for the guard, he would have been torn in pieces, and so agitated the worthy magistrate that he fell into a paralytic fit and expired next day. And Lord Jeffreys, of Wem, marched under escort to the Tower, soon to die of the stone, exacerbated by the kicks and buffets of his captors.

The stillness of the following night was suddenly broken by a cry—"Rise! arm! arm! the Irish are cutting throats!" Out of bed in a trice the citizens, and, wild with fright, or mad with fury, hustling in the street; obese aldermen, scantily garbed, handled guns with danger to themselves; yelling 'prentices brandished pokers; dishevelled maids uplifted broomsticks: all uniting in a howl of vengeance against the Papist soldiers, whom Feversham had let loose to murder good Protestants. The inventive Speke was at the bottom of

¹ Ellis, "Correspondence."

² Dalrymple, "Memoirs."

the lie, and had a hand, probably, in the anonymous letter which reached Lord Mount Alexander, in Co. Down, announcing that the 9th of December was fixed for the massacre of Irish Protestants. Mount Alexander circulated the hoax far and wide, and immediately intense panic in Ireland.¹ The "no Popery" trick, stale and dirty, seldom fails to leave a mark on the political rubber, and to bestow notoriety on the knave or fool who may play it.

The King off the scene, the peers and prelates then in London, after consultation with the City municipality, assumed the government of the nation. One of their first acts was to inform the Prince of Orange that they approved of his endeavours to obtain for them a free parliament which might secure the Church of England, and—new-born liberality!—extend indulgence to Protestant Dissenters. The London aldermen followed suit in more obsequious terms, and, itching to "address," invited the Prince to town. William, who had heard of his uncle's flight with undisguised "satisfaction," was "greatly pleased" with the civic effusion; "but not at all so" with the colder production of the nobles. Slowly and steadily, he continued his march upon the metropolis.

But while roughs gambolled, common councilmen rehearsed obeisance, and lords temporal and spiritual halted between two opinions, a hitch occurred—the King still dwelt in the land. The hoy hired to convey him to France needing ballast, her master ran her ashore near Sheerness to supply the want. But in the night, just as the vessel was beginning to float, a party of armed men boarded her from three luggers, plying the lucrative trade of "priest-codding," *i.e.*, fishing for Catholic fugitives. With foulest oaths, the ruffians overhauled the king's pockets; then they took the hoy to Faversham, where James, whom the mob mistook for a priest, on account of his "lantern jaws," was shut up in an inn. On day dawning, however, an old salt recognized the unlucky prince, under whom he had formerly served. A revulsion of feeling set in; sordid truculence gave way to manly pity; even the coarse

¹ Lingard, "History of England."

fellows who had filched the royal guineas offered to restore them. Presently, the King sent for Lord Winchelsea, but, ere that nobleman arrived he had a fit of the violent bleeding from the nose, now so frequent with him ; hence, further physical and mental exhaustion.

Lord Winchelsea gave sensible advice ; he urged his sovereign not to quit the country, but to return to London. The ruling peers were sitting, when intelligence of the arrest reached Westminster. As Lord Mulgrave entered the council-chamber, a peasant delivered to him a letter writ with the royal hand. It merely stated that the writer was prisoner in the hands of the Faversham rabble. Other lords had been previously accosted by the messenger, but, fearful of compromising themselves with the Dutch Prince, they evaded the faithful fellow's importunity—would have nothing to do with the letter, the import of which he tried to explain. And even now, in order to shelve so awkward a topic, Lord Halifax, who presided, endeavoured to adjourn the meeting. But Mulgrave protested that, willing or unwilling, they should consider the humiliating position of the King of England. "And," says Dalrymple, "shame made the council show that respect which pity could not draw from them." Harder of heart, these supple lords, than priest-codding boatmen ! It was finally resolved that Lord Feversham should proceed to Faversham with a troop of Life Guards and a state carriage, and there take his orders from the King ; and straightway the Marquis of Halifax left London and joined William of Orange.

The presence of Feversham backing the opinion of Winchelsea decided James to return home. From Rochester he despatched Feversham to the Prince (now at Windsor), inviting him to a conference in London.

On the 16th of December, the King passed through the City to Whitehall. In front of him rode a glittering cavalcade of gentlemen, all bare-headed. The huge horse grenadiers plunged in the rear. Bells clanged welcome. Everywhere a vast concourse rent the welkin with hurrahs. So widespread the joy that the intelligent foreigner might easily have mis-

taken the doomed Stuart for the best beloved of monarchs. In this boisterous manifestation we have evidence, to a certain extent, of the aristocratic character of the Revolution. As a body, the soldiers were well disposed towards the King. The lower classes were not otherwise; they hated his supposed schemes, not his person. But James, at fifty-five, was unnerved. His public anxieties, his terrible domestic afflictions pressing upon him at a period when the effects of his premature start in active public life were telling on his constitution, broke him down. With failing health, the animal courage which once had distinguished Turenne's pupil waned; the stubborn will relaxed, there was scarcely a robust faculty left,—

“ So faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,”

he was now as unfit to turn to account the rebound in his favour, as he had lately been incapable of coping with the perils, conjured up in the flush of health and pride of apparent triumph.

The day after his arrival he had an interview with the Earl of Balcarres and Viscount Dundee. What passed between them is thus told: “ He said it was a fine day, he would take a walk. None attended him but Colin (Balcarres) and Lord Dundee. When he was in the Mall, he stopped and looked at them, and asked how they came to be with him, when all the world had forsaken him and gone to the Prince of Orange. Colin said their fidelity to so good a master would ever be the same; they had nothing to do with the Prince of Orange. Dundee made the strongest professions of duty. ‘ Will you two, as gentlemen, say you have still attachment to me?’ ‘ Sir, we do.’ ‘ Will you give me your hands upon it as men of honour?’ They did so. ‘ Well, I see you are the men I always took you to be, you shall know all my intentions. I can no longer remain here but as a cipher, or be a prisoner to the Prince of Orange, and you know there is but a small distance between the prisons and the graves of kings; therefore, I go for France immediately; when there, you shall have

my instructions. You, Lord Balcarres, shall have a commission to manage my civil affairs ; and you, Lord Dundee, to command my troops in Scotland.”¹

As bombshell falling plump in besieger's camp causes even veteran hearts to flutter, so did the news of the King being stopped on the coast disquiet the Anglo-Dutch at Windsor. Instantly, William despatched Zulestein to order his uncle to halt at Rochester ; and when Feversham arrived with the royal message he was placed in durance, on pretence that he had come without a pass. A high-handed proceeding which “startled” some who had been trying to persuade themselves that the invasion arose out of abstract love of justice. Their “wonder,” we are told, made Dr. Burnet “laugh,” as well it might.

But at still jubilant Whitehall, not at dingy Rochester did James receive the foreigner's command ; and, about the same time, intelligence of Feversham's mishap. Ill omens both, for Zulestein was an old mischief-maker, and the arrest of his general admonished the indignant but faltering King to beware of the tender mercies of a relation, whose scruples evidently diminished as his chances of success increased.

James's return to London demanded a decisive counter-move on the part of the adversary. He requested the lords collected at Windsor to advise him as to future proceedings ; in other words, to contrive an eviction. After a discussion, in which the imprisonment of their sovereign was suggested by some ardent Reformers, it was decided that the King should be required to quit Whitehall and betake himself to Ham House, the Duchess of Lauderdale's mansion near Richmond, Halifax hinting that a Dutch officer would be the proper person to convey the order. But the shrewd William was determined that English politicians should bear the odium of the transaction. “By your favour, my lords,” quoth he, “it is the advice of the peers here, and some of yourselves shall carry it.”² And he named Halifax, Shrewsbury, and Dela-

¹ “Biographical Notice of Colin, Earl of Balcarres,” by his son.

² Clarendon, “Diary.”

mere for the duty, at the same time giving orders that the Dutch guards should march next morning for London, and occupy the posts of Whitehall and St. James's. A masterly move of the Dutchman's, and humiliating surely to the Briton: the shifty lord whom, but a fortnight before, James had selected to confer with William, was now fixed to do dirty work against his old master. Halifax's dilemma seemed so amusing that his grave Highness could not repress a laugh. In more sensitive minds, however, arose pity for a King so basely used.¹

On the following evening the aghast Londoners beheld the Dutch Blue Guards tramp through their streets. St. James's Palace was occupied by a strong detachment; and presently three battalions led by Count Solms, marched down the Mall, colours flying, drums beating, and—conflict being possible—matches lighted. They deployed opposite Whitehall. Earl Craven commanded the British Foot Guards. Eighty years of age, but still of an ardent temper, the veteran spurned the foreigner's summons, declaring with a round oath he would be cut in pieces ere he quitted his post. The English formed up for fighting; but James, hearing that blood was about to flow, ordered Craven to retire.² Then, with mouths full of cursing, and shame at their hearts, British grenadiers, on their own ground, fell back before stranger steel. The man who cannot sympathize with the distress of those brave soldiers must have a sluggish circulation, or be a fanatic of yellowest complexion.

An outlandish "sentry-go" under his windows, the King was now a prisoner in his own house. Soon after midnight a loud knocking at the outer gate heralded the coming of Halifax, Shrewsbury, and Delamere. Lord Middleton awoke James, and he immediately received the messengers in his bedroom. With downright rudeness Halifax told him he must leave London by ten o'clock A.M., and take up his abode at Ham, for the Prince expected to enter town at midday, and a meeting must be avoided. The King replied that, disliking

¹ Dalrymple, "Memoirs."

² Duke of Buckingham, Kennet, &c.

Ham, "an ill winter place," he preferred returning to Rochester. His wish was eventually complied with, on condition that he proceeded to his destination by the Thames, because, as Halifax brutally explained, "his presence passing through the City would create disturbance and move pity."

At eleven o'clock next morning, James bade farewell to the peers and foreign ministers crowding the state apartments. Shortly after, he stepped on board the royal barge, attended by Lords Arran, Aylesbury, Lichfield, Dumbarton, and Dundee. Despite heavy rain and bitter cold, the banks of the river swarmed with a multitude "all gazing with compassion and many with rage" on the sorry spectacle of a British monarch departing from their midst under escort of twelve boat-loads of Dutchmen. The situation seemed critical. The English army "murmured," and, adds Clarendon, "it was not to be imagined what a damp there was upon all sorts of men throughout the town."

James scarcely out of sight, before his nephew took up quarters at St. James's, and with 6,000 picked troops thereabout, and 1,000 at the Tower, assumed the sovereign authority.¹ He was well received by the mob—

"Whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose love I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air—"

an opportune report of Irish "murtherings" having been set agoing, for the purpose of winning cheers. "Serious people," however, looked very glum.

And the King, weary and wretched, had not gained the shelter of the Gravesend attorney's roof (under which he lay that night) when the Princess Anne of Denmark accompanied by Lady Churchill, and flaunting in orange ribands, rumbled to the play in one of her poor father's coaches.² The moral callousness which 1688 laid bare is probably unmatched in history.

¹ Ellis, "Correspondence."

² Bevil Higgins, "Short View of English History."

Next morning James left Gravesend for Rochester, where he remained four days slackly guarded by the Dutch soldiers, most of whom, oddly enough, were Catholics. On this tender subject the blunt veteran Reresby pointedly remarks, "He (William) came to settle the Protestant religion, and yet brought over 4,000 Papists with him in his army, a number not far short of what the King had in his; but then the former were foreigners, the latter for the most part English."

The rumour of discontent in the English ranks, which now reached him, and Dundee's trumpet voice urging him to make the most of the soldiers' wrath, and strike at the invader while the native iron was hot, quickened for a moment James's flagging spirit. Ignorant of the part Lord Danby had taken against him, he proposed to join that artful politician in the north. Afterwards he offered to place himself in the hands of the bishops if they would answer for his safety; but from the sadly perplexed Bench a frank reply could not be extracted. His hopes crushed, he sank into his old despondency. Just then a letter from the Queen (which, having been intercepted, had been read by the Prince of Orange) was forwarded to him. Reminding her husband of his promise to join her abroad, Mary passionately besought him to fulfil it. Coming in the nick of time, the appeal turned the trembling scale in favour of escape.

We must now revert to the Duke of Berwick, too long neglected. He had not been idle. Military details were his study; nor was the opportunity of acquiring knowledge of human nature, so lavishly afforded by this *annus mirabilis*, let slip by the young soldier.

The day after the Queen's departure from Whitehall, the Duke returned to Portsmouth. He found the place untenable, not because the garrison (consisting of 2,500 foot and 500 dragoons) were ill-affected, but owing to lack of food. The strict blockade maintained by the fleet prevented any vessel running into port; and the old Cromwellian, Colonel Norton, having occupied Portsdown heights with a large body of militia, Portsmouth was shut up on the land side. To explain his necessity Berwick repaired to the flagship, but Dart-

mouth, "with tears in his eyes," protested that, although personally willing to further the royal interests, he was practically powerless—no more commander of the fleet than the Duke himself. The sailors paid him the outward respect due to his rank, but, in fact, he was little better than a prisoner. Indeed, he recommended Berwick not to venture again on board, lest Rear-Admiral Berry, who was really master afloat, should order his arrest. In consequence of this discouraging interview, Berwick assured Norton that the royal troops would undertake no hostilities, provided the peasants were allowed to bring provisions to market. And the garrison lived literally from hand to mouth. James, whose ability as an administrator was considerable, is not to be blamed for this destitution. From Salisbury he had issued orders that a ship laden with rations, then lying off Southampton, should sail for Portsmouth; but, feigning empty lockers, Berry seized the vessel and appropriated the cargo.¹ Such a condition of things could not last. Speedily the Prince of Orange sent Colonel Talmash to summon the place. It surrendered, and Berwick rejoined his father.

James spent the evening of the 22nd of December in composing a note explanatory of the motives which induced him to quit the kingdom. In this paper he forcibly exposes the wrongs which the Dutch prince had heaped upon him. The lies respecting his son's legitimacy especially wound him: "What had I to expect," he writes, "from one who by all arts had taken such pains to make me black as hell to my own subjects, as well as to all the world besides?" He would remain within call of his people, so that, when they recovered from their delusions, he might return to their service. In fine, he appeals "to all who are considering men and have had experience whether anything can make this nation so great and flourishing as liberty of conscience." When he had finished the document, he handed it to Lord Middleton, with orders for its publication, after his departure.

Late that evening the Duke of Berwick reached Rochester.

¹ "Mémoires du Maréchal duc de Berwick."

James went to bed as usual, but at midnight he arose, and dressed himself. About one o'clock A.M., he descended to the garden by a secret stair, attended by Berwick, Biddulph, a gentleman of the bed-chamber, and his faithful French valet, Labadye. The coast was clear: no where, as William had taken care, a sentinel to challenge. Alone on the look-out, Captain Macdonald anxious to show the way to the water-side, where Captain Trevanian was waiting with a boat. Straightway these brave gentlemen rowed the fugitives to a smack which lay near Sheerness ready to receive them. "And farewell King!" "Res est sacra miser." "How pleasant," says old Burton, "is the charm of a discreet and dear friend on such as are depressed: ille regit dictis animos et temperat iras." And so, doubtless, did the cheery presence and buoyant converse of a son, whom he might trust, lighten James's heavy heart. The pair were lodged in a cabin so small that they could scarcely sit down at ease, and yet the King, breathing more freely in the fusty den than under the perjured roof of Whitehall, "saw some cause for mirth when Captain Trevanian went to fry his Majesty some bacon, but, by misfortune the frying-pan having a hole in it, he was forced to stop it with a pitched rag, and to tie an old can round about with a cord to make it hold the drink they put in it; however, the King never eat or drank more heartily in his life."¹ Such is our nature—inextricable tangle of joy and sorrow. A dust heap with a silver spoon in it:

"Le seigneur Jupiter sait dorer la pilule."

After a stormy voyage, the smack made Ambleteuse on Christmas Day. And immediately the Duke of Berwick started for Versailles, to announce to Louis XIV. that James II. sought a refuge in France, and to tell Mary of Modena the glad tidings of her husband's safety. The Duke was received with marked cordiality, and so feelingly did Louis express himself, that it was evident he spoke from the heart and not merely

¹ Clarke, "Life of James II."

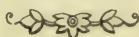
with the tongue.¹ Mary Beatrice was then tarrying at Beaumont, on her way to Saint Germain ; and to Beaumont, fast as the state of the roads permitted, sped Berwick, accompanied by Louis's representative, Monsieur le Grand (Comte d'Armagnac). "Que je suis heureuse !" exclaimed, with rapture, this loving wife, on hearing the good news, and continued her journey rejoicing.² A few days afterwards, James reached the Chateau of Saint Germain. Le Grand Monarque was there to welcome him. A royal embrace accomplished, according to strictest form of court etiquette, the French King, taking his English cousin by the hand, led him to Mary's chamber, and thus pleasantly announced the wayfarer :—"Je vous amene un homme que vous serez bien aise de voir." The delight of this meeting, after so many sorrows, so much peril, the heart may imagine, but no pen can describe. Then, the Dauphin, the Duc de Chartres, Cardinal Bonzi, and other noble personages, were presented to James with as much ceremony as if he wielded the might of Britain. Anon, the two Kings mounted to the nursery of the little Prince of Wales ; and after a while Louis took leave of his guests, with the happy remark :—"Voici votre maison ; quand j'y viendrai, vous m'en ferez les honneurs, et je vous les ferai, quand vous viendrez à Versailles."³

As a king and a politician, Louis XIV. is liable to grave criticism. As a gentleman, befriending a forlorn relation, he is without reproach.

¹ "Mémoires du duc de Berwick."

² "Mémoires de Dangeau."

³ Madame de Sévigné.





X.

SAINT GERMAIN AND ST. JAMES.

1689.

IF it were possible for exiles to be content, James and Mary would have relished their new home. Louis, who could make himself the pleasantest and most amiable of men,¹ was not only sedulous in delicate attention to his guests, but magnificent in providing for their comfort. He made them an immediate present of 50,000 crowns (nominally equal to £12,000, but worth double that sum in our present money), and, notwithstanding the thrifty James's remonstrances, fixed their ordinary allowance at 50,000 francs a month.²

The little court of Saint-Germain soon became the fashion; for did not "le Roi Soleil" specially patronize the fugitives? did he not point out Mary Beatrice to the Duchess of Orleans—"Voilà comme il faut que soit une reine, et du corps et de l'esprit, tenant sa cour avec dignité?"³ Did he not caress the august baby of Wales with more fondness than he had ever vouchsafed to his own children? *Cordons bleus* hurried to the chateau to pay their elaborate respects; and an exasperating point of etiquette—viz., what exalted personages were entitled to arm-chairs (*fauteuils*), who must put up with folding chairs (*siège-pliant*), and who descend to stools (*tabouret*) in the presence of Mary of Modena—no sooner decided by the infallible King himself, than the pride of *princesses du sang*,

¹ "Mémoires d'Elizabeth, Duchesse d'Orléans."

² "Journal de Dangeau."

³ Madame de Sévigné.

and the dignity of *Duchesses de la vieille roche* ceased to trouble. The female mind smoothed its ruffled feathers ; and lately pouting fine ladies pronounced the infant of Wales, crowing, kicking, and slobbering, in a fanciful attire of merry-andrew (*godenot*), to be adorable.

Just then, indeed, society had two prime topics for chat : the doings of distressed royalty up at the old Château, and Racine's "Esther," so charmingly acted by the young ladies of St. Cyr. The tragedy was an amazing success. Louis had declared it "admirable ;" the lovely de Caylus, as the heroine, had drawn tears from M. le Prince, and delighted Racine himself. No wonder the noblesse besieged Madame de Maintenon for invitations to the play. How natural that Madame de Coulanges should sharply rebuke Madame d'Estrées, who seemed rather cold on the enthralling question :—"Il faut que Madame la Maréchale ait renoncer à louer jamais rien, puisqu'elle ne loue pas cette pièce."¹

As might be expected, James did not please the courtiers. He looked old and worn, we are told. He stammered somewhat. He spoke French indifferently.² He had played his cards badly. Nay—so hard is it to pardon want of success—even Le Tellier, Archbishop of Rheims, could not repress a bit of profane wit at the pious Stuart's expense :—"Voilà un fort bon homme, il a quitté trois royaumes pour une messe."

On the contrary, the Queen was admired universally. She had *esprit*. She had good sense. She treated all-powerful Madame de Maintenon with exquisite tact. She conciliated the dauphiness, who, on being denied a *fauteuil*, had taken to her bed in the sulks. Louis evidently enjoyed her society. Hence lord-in-waiting transports without stint. From the incomparable hand of Madame de Sévigné, we have a sketch of "une pauvre reine fugitive, et baignée dans ses larmes"³ taken at this period : "The Queen is thin, her eyes, black and

¹ Madame de Sévigné.

² And yet, Reresby says, "James was a great lover of the French tongue." How little do we know our own deficiencies.

³ Thus Mary wrote of herself to Louis.

very beautiful, bear the signs of many recent tears. Her complexion is clear and pale, her mouth large, but then, her teeth are splendid. Her figure very fine. In a word, 'une personne fort posée, qui plaît fort.'"

Soon lords, ladies, and gentlemen—English, Scotch, and Irish, Protestant as well as Catholic—began to arrive. Nor was the immigration confined to the upper classes. Most of the old servants of Whitehall re-appeared on a foreign stage. Prominent amongst them loomed the orthodox obesity of her Majesty's state coachman, a fellow of various and romantic fortunes. Commencing his elevated function as chief whip to Oliver Cromwell, he was fated to descend from the Queen's hammer-cloth into a French grave.¹

While the exiles were settling down at Saint Germain, the Revolution rolled on apace in England. James's escape made manifest, the House of Peers met. After refusing to read the King's letter explaining the reasons which had impelled him to fly the country, and much perturbed debate, the Lords decided upon requesting William to summon a convention to assemble about the middle of January, and, in the interval, to assume the direction of public affairs. To give this address a national air, William sought counsel from a committee made up of persons who had sat in any parliament during the reign of Charles II., and of the Lord Mayor and aldermen. These gentlemen endorsing the resolutions of the upper house, the Prince issued circular letters to shires, boroughs, and corporations, empowering them to elect a convention.

And the reins had passed into a tight hand. The Stadtholder at once curbed the license of the press—a necessary measure, doubtless, but yet hardly in tune with the noisy cry of "Liberty" raised by the invaders and their partisans. He ordered fat, easy-going Barillon, the French ambassador, to leave the country within twenty-four hours. He marched the English guards and other royal regiments to a distance of twenty miles from London, which he filled (bluff Reresby indignantly exclaims) "with ill-favoured and ill-accounted

¹ "Journal de Dangeau."

Dutchmen." He borrowed £200,000 from the City—a sagacious move, which not only provided cash in hand, but also created a breeches-pocket sympathy.¹

A dead calm while all this was doing ; sullen apathy everywhere.

At the end of January the Convention went to work. The Commons voted that King James, having violated the fundamental laws and withdrawn himself out of the kingdom, had *abdicated* the government, and that thereby the throne was vacant. Strangely enough, this resolution was carried up to the Lords by Mr. Hampden, grandson of the celebrated John. Evil omen for the Stuarts.

Bitter were the dissensions of the perplexed peers. To the Tory majority the "advanced opinions" bandied about in the Lower House brought terror ; nevertheless, a disposition to break with James prevailed, but in such a case how was the government to be settled ? The greater number of the bishops and high church lords desired a compromise in the shape of a regency during the life of the King. Another Conservative section, led by Lord Danby, would cut the knot by crowning the Princess of Orange. The Whigs, manœuvred by Halifax, pronounced for a king in the flesh of the Stadtholder.

Thus the peers would, and they would not. So unfriendly to James that they declined even to read his letters, they yet shrank from the manufacture of a monarch out of a foreign prince who had not only again and again disavowed such an ambition, but whose invasion had been borne by Englishmen mainly on the strength of those repeated disclaimers. And so shuffling conferences with the sturdier Commons. Puerile shilly-shally, ingenious hair-splittings, hours of casuistry as to the meaning and derivation of the word "abdicate." During the dodging hither and thither to evade the mounting tide, William worked out his end with consummate prudence. Possessed of the admirable gift of silence—a gift, like the vice of ingratitude, hereditary in his family—he had, withal, the faculty of saying the right thing at the right time in a very

¹ Dalrymple, "Memoirs," &c.

few words. Seeing, then, that events were in danger of missing the groove so cunningly laid for them, he plainly informed Halifax, Shrewsbury, Danby, and the rest that they need not appoint him Regent during his uncle's life, for no such office would he accept; and if, on the other hand, men imagined to place his wife alone upon the throne, it was right to announce that, with all respect to her, he would never submit "to hold the crown by her apron strings." The hint had the desired effect. The weaker brethren shook, faltering voices were heard, schemers shirked compromising debates. In a word, the lords, casting to the winds the amendments they had wasted no end of sophistry in concocting, agreed by a majority of four to the original resolution of the Commons, and on Danby moving that the Prince and Princess of Orange be declared King and Queen, the motion was carried by twenty votes. On the 13th of February, therefore, William and Mary graciously accepted the crown of "England, France, and Ireland."

Meanwhile, dire commotion in Scotland. In the beginning of the troubles the royal cause seemed firmly fixed. The Anglican (then the Established) Church supported it; a strong body of troops made it respected. But no sooner did the military pressure relax, through the dispatch of regiments to England, than many adroit time-servers, hitherto brimful of verbal loyalty, saw the expediency of being on good terms with the Dutchman. And the Covenanters burst into tumultuous fanaticism; publishing the Prince's declaration in the market-places, they prayed for the success of his enterprise; and, holding in equal abhorrence the Catholic creed and the Anglican communion, they pitched into the same roaring Glasgow bonfire, images of the Pope and the Protestant archbishops.

In the remote Lowlands, *odium theologicum* took up carnal weapons. The poor established and endowed "priests of Baal," driven suddenly from their snug homes, wandered disconsolate, seeking—for shivering wives and numerous hungry bairns—hot porridge and shelter from the winter blast. But, alas! little mercy anywhere to the persecuting church of the

minority in her last throes. Religion in all Scottish mouths, but no notion of charity.

In the midst of this wild work, the Kirk party besought William to exercise the government of Scotland till the meeting of the Estates in March. He acquiesced, and issued writs setting forth that none but Protestants should elect, and Protestants alone be elected. At the appointed time the delegates met; and, on condition that prelacy be abolished in Scotland, and that the new sovereign be Presbyterian to all intents and purposes, the crown was voted to William and Mary. So much for an alien church "established and endowed" in defiance of the national will.

But whatever the Convention might say or do, affairs remained out of joint. A large party of all ranks adhered to King James. In his name the Duke of Gordon still held Edinburgh Castle, and Viscount Dundee, able, brave, and devoted, was astir in the kindred Highlands.

Of Ireland we shall speak presently.

William scarcely enthroned, before the partial popularity which had previously attended him vanished as an exhalation of the morning. "There were most certainly great and violent discontents at this time," says Reresby. Men angrily discussed the contrast between the Prince's profession and practice: he had underhand sought the crown. He evaded inquiry into the birth of the Prince of Wales, whom he had publicly branded as supposititious; he was huddling out of sight the cruel accusations upon which he had founded his action against his uncle; he was shovelling the English troops into Holland. Trade languished, for the frugal foreigners spent little. Diminished receipts and heavier taxation made grumbling tradesmen. In vain puissant nobles besought lucrative places, while Dutch courtiers were promoted to great honour. In such circumstances the necessity of eluding an appeal to the country is obvious: after hot debate in both Houses the Convention was transformed into a Parliament.

Amongst the British soldiers disaffection seethed. The Duke of Grafton's regiment of guards melted away so rapidly on their march to Gravesend, that some companies "had not

above fifteen or twenty men a-piece;" the Guardsmen "declaring openly they would neither go into Holland nor Ireland, nor fight against King James."¹

More serious far the mutinies of the Scotch horse and of Dumbarton's foot (Royal Scots). The former deserted almost to a man, and made for Scotland to join its old colonel, the "Bonny Dundee."² In the latter corps Marshal de Schomberg had just obtained the dignity of its beloved colonel, Lord Dumbarton. The disgust created by the change being increased by the receipt of orders for Rotterdam, the Royal Scots determined to resist the new Government. With the sympathy of the English troops and the approval of most of their officers, they took possession of the military chest, seized four field-pieces, and, colours flying, drums beating, marched out of Ipswich for the north. The news threw the Commons into a panic, but William retained his cold common sense. General de Ginkell started in pursuit with two Dutch regiments of dragoons and one of horse. The militia were ordered to obstruct the progress of "the rebels." The sympathizing English soldiers faltered at the pinch. Finding themselves abandoned, Dumbarton's men began to despair; and, although certain of their officers were for fighting against heavy foreign odds, they were induced to lay down their arms. William behaved with a wise clemency. He dismissed some of the officers, pardoned the rank and file, and shipped the regiment for the Low Countries, where war's alarms might per-adventure supersede political and personal antipathies.

The Mutiny Act was the immediate consequence of this jeopardy. Thus, William III. managed to legalize a standing army—a disposition to maintain such a force being one of the heaviest charges against James II.

And religious discords harassed the new sovereign. For a moment, Protestantism seeming in danger, the Church had

¹ Clarendon's "Diary."

² "Several of the late army . . . have deserted in great numbers, so that of 35,000 men, of which the late army was composed, 'tis said there are not above 10,000 left."—LUTTREL, *Brief Relation of State Affairs*.

courted the Dissenters. But, the storm past, the old Adam revived; and Anglicans noted with disgust William's Calvinistic bias. Moreover, scruples of conscience troubled some of the bishops. They had sworn allegiance to King James: could they, in another breath, call God to witness their loyalty to King William? Thus it was that Archbishop Sancroft and five of the lately imprisoned prelates refused their oaths to the revolutionary dynasty. Four hundred of the parochial clergy did likewise. Palaces and vicarages were cheerfully abandoned. The non-jurors lost income and preserved honour. Noble, indeed, the giving up of temporal advantage for conscience' sake; so noble that, to the minds of many—cleric no less than lay—it seems very foolishness: "In a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth, and some to honour, and some to dishonour."

Difficulties, then, on all sides. Adverse feeling on the increase. Ireland up in arms. The Church cross-grained. Ay, the tide actually setting in favour of James.¹ So hard a time of it had William that a wit styled him, "King of Holland and Stadtholder of England."

In such a strait the revolutionary leader must distract attention from domestic politics; and what easier method of effecting this than by rousing the warlike passion of the people. William certainly understood the grim game. At issue with him on most points, the excited Parliament swallowed the bait; and, greedy for blood and glory, promised to stand by him in a war with France. We may imagine the chuckle with which, it is said, he pronounced the 27th of April (when England joined the league against Louis XIV.) "the first day of his reign."²

To return to Saint Germain. The court had just been remodelled: English gentlemen relieving the French nobles provisionally in attendance on the King, and British domestics supplanting the French *valetaille* below stairs. In the latter case the change may not have been altogether for the better:

¹ See opinions of Halifax and Danby, cited in Reresby's "Memoirs."

² Dalrymple, "Memoirs of Great Britain."

the Marquis de Dangeau ruefully describing "une table très médiocre." Had the chivalrous coachman persuaded "a good plain" English cook to emigrate with him?

But if culinary skill was below par, military prospects were brightening. Stout soldiers arrived in such numbers that Louis sanctioned their formation into a regiment of forty companies, each company to consist of 100 rank and file. The organization of this corps (nominally Irish, but open to English and Scotch recruits) was confided to the Duke of Berwick, appointed its colonel:

"*Bastard*. St. George, that swindg'd the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence."





XI.

"NOW THRIVE THE ARMOURERS."

1689.

IN the beginning of February the courtiers remarked that the two Kings had frequently long private interviews, at which "*la vieille Maintenon*," as the Duchess of Orleans irreverently calls that supreme counsellor, was present. Quidnuncs snuffed something in the wind, and ere long the truth oozed out. Encouraging accounts of Irish feeling had reached Saint Germain; intelligence all the more satisfactory, inasmuch as the Lord Deputy, the Earl of Tyrconnel, had for a moment appeared favourably inclined towards the new order of things. Some writers have supposed that he really meditated submission to William, but, more probably, his outward "wavering" was a cloak donned for the purpose of gaining time to raise and equip troops in the Jacobite interest. If Mr. Hallam be correct, Tyrconnel's aspirations soared far beyond Williamite friendship. He says: "It is now ascertained that, doubtful of the King's success in the struggle for restoring Popery in England, he (Tyrconnel) had made secret overtures to some of the French agents for casting off all connection with that kingdom in case of James's death, and, with the aid of Louis, placing the crown of Ireland on his own head. M. Mazure has brought this remarkable fact to light. Bonrepos, a French emissary in England, was authorized by his court to proceed in a negotiation with Tyrconnel for the separation of the two islands in case that a Protestant should succeed to the crown of England. He had accordingly a private interview with a confidential

agent of the Lord-Lieutenant at Chester in 1687.”¹ Dick Talbot must have been in a mad mood when he so aspired. He was wise enough, however, to hide the monarchical illusion from his countrymen, with whom it would certainly not have found acceptance. It was a random whim, probably, born in a twinkling, and as suddenly defunct.

Now to Louis, scarcely less than to James, the state of Ireland was of moment. With it openly hostile—in addition to the rickety aspect of the English and Scottish thrones—William, of course, could do little in aid of the coalition against France. His hands were full. Apart, then, from sentimental promptings, national policy urged the French King to keep the ball going in Erin. In a letter to Louvois, Vauban tersely expresses this view. James, he thinks, should at once proceed to Ireland. By so doing, he might possibly preserve an important portion of his dominions—“ou du moins faire une diversion assez considérable pour empêcher ces messieurs-là de nous tomber tout-à-coup, et tous ensemble sur les bras.”² Talking the matter over with Madame de Sévigné, Monsieur de Pomponne gave a similar opinion: “Il trouve que toutes ces grandes montagnes s’applanissent. L’affaire d’Irlande est admirable, et occupe tellement le Prince d’Orange qu’il n’y a rien à craindre sur nos côtes.”

Hence it was determined that James should join his Irish adherents.

But while the two Kings discussed *haute politique*, played at billiards, and hunted an occasional wolf, the sudden death of the young Queen of Spain threw heavy gloom over gay Versailles, and put Louis and James into violet doublets.³ Daughter of the charming Henriette, Duchess of Orleans, the ill-fated lady was James’s niece. From the sway she had acquired over the feeble mind of her husband, her end was a

¹ “Constitutional History of England.”

² Rousset, “Histoire de Louvois.”

³ Violet was the mourning colour of the *ancien régime*; and, according to Dangeau, James assumed it on pretence of being “King of France.” Under the peculiar circumstances of his residence in France, it is wonderful that James should cherish the absurd conceit.

calamity to the Stuart cause; indeed, the gossips surmised that a departure so strange, so untimely, was due to a suspicion at Vienna that she intended to exert her influence in opposition to the Empire, in the war just commencing. Be that as it may, Comte Mansfeld, the Austrian ambassador at Madrid, and the notorious Comtesse de Soissons¹ had the credit of poisoning, in a cup of iced milk, the winning daughter of a poisoned and fascinating mother.

No longer a secret, then, James's start for Ireland. In the middle of February, the Duke of Berwick and several British officers, accompanied by M. de Maumont (*Maréchal de Camp* and captain in the Guards) whom Louvois had selected to serve in Ireland as a lieutenant-general, proceeded to Orleans to make arrangements for the expedition. In a day or two young Anthony Hamilton, Berwick's familiar friend, and, in the words of Sainte-Beuve, destined to be "*un des écrivains les plus attique de notre littérature*," joined the rendezvous with a large draught of Irish soldiers. The dépôt was then removed to Brest.

Although James—never deficient in national spirit—declined the aid of French troops, he asked for a few experienced French officers to assist in organizing the Irish levies. Accordingly, the following were placed under the orders of De Maumont: Boisseleau, captain in the Guards, to exercise the staff functions of major-general; Pusignan, colonel of the regiment of Languedoc, as brigadier of infantry; Léry, as brigadier of cavalry; and D'Estrades, ensign of the Guards, to be *Maréchal de logis* (quartermaster-general) of cavalry, specially charged with the formation of a Guard corps *à la Française*. Twenty captains, twenty lieutenants, and as many cadets would join the Irish regiments. Arms and equipments for 10,000 men were forwarded to Brest.²

The King had wished to take De Lauzun with him in the

¹ The countess was a Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin, and mother of Prince Eugene of Savoy. Saint Simon tells us that she was strongly suspected of poisoning her husband (Comte de Soissons-Savoie) in 1673.

² "Journal de Dangeau."

capacity of captain-general, but the wayward old dandy raised so many difficulties about accepting the office (for which, indeed, he had no qualifications), that Lieutenant-General de Rosen was appointed to command under James.

Nor was the diplomatic service neglected. The active and sagacious D'Avaux, lately ambassador to the Hague, would go to Ireland as envoy extraordinary, and distributor of the 500,000 crowns¹ furnished by the French treasury; while M. de Pointis, an officer of marine bombardiers, would have charge of the artillery and *matériel*.

On the 25th of February James went to Paris, and, in Notre Dame, dubbed De Lauzun, still in favour notwithstanding his perverseness, a Knight of the Garter, vice the Duke of Albemarle, just deceased: the same Garter being bestowed about the same time by William on his lieutenant, Marshal de Schomberg—an odd conflict of *de jure* and *de facto*. Then commenced a series of ceremonious *adieux*. Having finished his devotions in the Cathedral, his Majesty drove to the convent of English nuns, where, “as King of France,” he touched for the evil.² Afterwards, he dined with M. de Lauzun, in company with the Archbishop of Paris. Then off to the Luxembourg, to see Lauzun’s quondam *innamorata* (wife?) but present foe, *la grande Mademoiselle*.³ Next to the convent of Chaillot, where the heart of his mother was enshrined. The day’s work ended at Versailles. Here the Kings, after being closeted awhile, proceeded to the apartment of the Dauphiness, when Louis wished his cousin “Bon soir,” with this remarkable addition: “Je souhaite, Monsieur, de vous ne revoir jamais, cependant si la fortune veut que nous nous revoyions, vous me trouverez toujours tel que vous m’avez trouvé.”⁴ But this was not the final farewell. Two days

¹ Equivalent to £240,000 in our present money.

² Madame de la Fayette.

³ Anne Marie Louise d’Orléans, Duchesse de Montpensier, daughter of Gaston d’Orléans, brother of Louis XIII., and of Marie de Bourbon, heiress of the house of Montpensier. At the mature age of forty-two she became desperately enamoured of De Lauzun.

⁴ “Journal de Dangeau.”

afterwards, "le grand Monarque" again embraced the knight errant, and, observing with a laugh that one article of war had been forgotten, unbuckled his sword and presented it to him, an act of grace which enchanted the Court, and made Madame de Sévigné exclaim: "Que ne fera point ce roi brave et malheureux avec les armes toujours victorieuses!" Certainly, the eloquent lady had not the gift of prophecy.

In the early morning of the 28th, after a sad parting with Mary Beatrice, whose agony of sorrow—

"Tanto è amara, che poco è piu morte"—

went even to the hearts of ladies of fashion,¹ James II. quitted Saint Germain, accompanied by the Duke of Powis, Lords Dumbarton, Melfort, and Thomas Howard. Like Niobe, all tears, the Queen immediately afterwards hastened, with her little boy, to the convent of Poissy, that she might enjoy the consolations of religion in quietness. Very touching, surely, the devotion of this beautiful Italian to a husband much older than herself, and of a nature ill-fitted to inspire ardent affection. But of the deep mystery of woman's love there is no reasoning.

Evil auguries attended James's journey to Brest. His favourite French valet, Labadye, was sailing down the Loire in a boat laden with the presents which Louis had selected to promote his cousin's comfort during the Irish campaign; driven against the bridge of Cé, the boat capsized, the faithful servant was drowned, and the costly baggage lost. Again, the King was himself detained a whole day at Orleans by the breaking down of his carriage, and when he reached Brest strong winds blew dead against his setting sail. Albeit, much to Madame de Sévigné's surprise, His Majesty's appetite continued unimpaired. He thoroughly appreciated a fish dinner which the Duc de Chaulnes, "aided by the fairies," so hot and delicious was it, had made ready at the château de la Roche-Bernard: "Ce roi mange," cries Madame, "comme s'il n'y avait point de Prince d'Orange dans le monde." And when

¹ Madame de Sévigné.

at last the wind changed, and he went on board the *Saint-Michel*, a ship ran foul of her as she cleared the port. Her bowsprit being carried away, she must return to harbour.¹

And so, not before the 7th of March did the expedition put to sea. Many a heart beat high, many a God-speed rang out as Admiral de Gabaret's fleet weighed. Away to old Ireland a King unfortunate in every undertaking, escorted by a gallant company of some 300 gentlemen, amongst whom we see Berwick, his brother, Henry Fitz-James, and the heroic Sarsefield. Away to old Ireland 1,500 brave British soldiers—horse, foot, and dragoons—every man of them ready to pour forth his blood like water in, as he thought at any rate, a righteous cause—

“Honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.”

When James went forth to the encounter, military matters were in this posture on the Continent. At the end of September, 1688, war had broken out between France and the League, in the trenches before Philipsbourg. After a month's siege, conducted by Vauban with wonderful skill and resource, the place surrendered to the Dauphin. No mighty man-of-war, Louis le Hardi (as the soldiers called him), but still a brave, modest, and humane Prince.² In a letter to his father, he pithily tells “how he got on” with his illustrious tutor—“*Nous sommes fort bien, Vauban et moi, parceque je fais tout ce qu'il veut.*”³ Prince commanders-in-chief are often equally sensible, but seldom so generous.

Two months after the commencement of hostilities, nearly the whole of the left bank of the Rhine lay at the mercy of

¹ Madame de la Fayette.

² After the capture, the Duc de Montausier, who had been his governor, wrote the Dauphin this admirable letter: “*Monseigneur, Vous aviez une bonne armée, des bombes, des canons, et Vauban; Je ne vous en fais pas aussi sur ce que vous avez été brave, c'est une vertu héréditaire dans votre maison. Mais je me réjouis avec vous de ce que vous êtes libéral, généreux, humain, faisant valoir les services de ceux qui font bien.*”

³ “*Journal de Dangeau.*”

the French, thanks to their native rapidity of movement, and to constitutional German sluggishness.

Unhappily, military occupation did not satisfy the French Government. The Marquis de Chamlay, the very capable and scientific chief of the staff (*Maréchal Général des Logis*),¹ "had persuaded the King," says Villars, "that the safety of the state could be best insured by placing deserts between our frontier and the enemy's armies." Hence the ravage of the Palatinate, and the burning of the castle of Heidelberg: every horror being done in the name of policy. But, as events proved, grosser impolicy could not have been. Spasmodic strokes of sensational statecraft usually terminate in the confusion of those who affect them.

In the early spring corps, gathering from all parts, fell into line. Militia, supported by a few regulars, guarded the northern coast of France. In the south the Duc de Noailles, also with a mixed body of militia and regulars, watched the restless Protestants, and the still inert Spaniards. Maréchal d'Humières commanded the army of Flanders; but as the chief events were sure to come off on the Rhine, where Charles of Lorraine was expected, the most numerous and best appointed force was "the army of Germany," under Maréchal de Duras, assisted, or rather prompted, by the clever and ruthless Chamlay.

To await the development of the League's designs, and to stand everywhere on the defensive, constituted in brief the plan of operations decided upon by Louis XIV.

No juncture could arise without pregnant counsel from Vauban. He now pressed upon Louvois the expediency of husbanding unseasoned infantry at the commencement of a war. In his judgment the foot should be gradually wrought up to campaigning efficiency, not forced thereunto with a jerk.

¹ "The Duc de Luxembourg called Chamlay a living map; Turenne pronounced him his right arm. He was, in fact, the geographer and secretary of that great work, the arrangement of the frontier fortifications, which remains the glory of the three persons who achieved it—Louis XIV., Louvois, and Vauban."—LAVALLÉE, *Les Frontiers de la France*. A great accomplishment, which Bonapartist madness has obliterated.

In other words, he distrusted the modern theory of rapid manufacture of soldiers. It smells of the hospital. Battalions thus formed may stand the shock of a seven weeks' campaign, but would ill bear the strain of a Peninsular war. While the infantry was being inured to suffering, he recommended that the mass of the cavalry, the dragoons, and some picked batteries of light artillery should be organized into a flying camp (*camp volant*), ready to anticipate the enemy everywhere, to harass him on the march, to swoop upon his convoys, and to eat up the forage in his front.¹

Behold Europe! a workshop of stupendous ordnance, and rifles of curious precision. Go where we may we hear prophecies how victories shall be henceforth won at long range. "Admirable leading articles" argue how obsolete is the notion that hardened veterans are beyond price, and we wonder at Aldershot. But with all this amazing handicraft, and infinite small talk on military things, where are "the mighty valiant men, and prudent in matters"—men who thoroughly master their tools, instead of being "a little o'erparted" by them? If the family of Vauban be extinct in France, the stern common sense of Wellington has grown rare in England:

"Bonus dux bonum reddit militem."

¹ Rousset, "Histoire de Louvois."





XII.

"THE BLEEDING IPHIGENIA."



HE pages of Irish history have been stained with tears and blood."¹

Oppression and hatred followed in the wake of Strongbow's invasion, but Ireland's peculiar faculty of assimilating foreigners—a faculty which no statute of Kilkenny could stifle—was doing healing work. By marriage with the blue-eyed daughters of native chiefs, and perchance through the mysterious influence of balmy Irish air, most of the great Norman families had grown Hibernian in taste and sympathy:

"These Geraldines, these Geraldines, not long our air they breath'd,
Not long they fed on venison in Irish water seeth'd—
Not often had their children been by Irish mothers nurs'd,
When from their full and genial hearts an Irish feeling burst."

There was a fair prospect of good will between man and man, when the Reformation intervened to rend afresh the closing wounds of society.

"Lamentations, and mourning, and woe." Needy soldiers and spendthrift younger sons now thronged across the channel. Determined to be rich, "the new English" deliberately inflamed the Celtic chiefs, turbulent and quick to quarrel, into insurrection. Then came forth the English power of the Pale to crush "the rebels." Carnage, devastation, and confiscation followed—the Crown generally granting the lands of the insurgents to the very men who had contrived the outbreak.

¹ Mr. John Bright, M. P., March 19th, 1869.

Again, while it was the interest of the Dublin functionaries to keep "the mere Irish" in a state of chronic ferment, almost any means to that end might be employed with impunity, for the English kings, engrossed with weighty concerns, domestic and foreign, cared little for, or knew nothing of Ireland; and the Irish character being systematically blackened by persons in authority, Englishmen were educated, so to speak, in the doctrine that the innately noxious "Irishry" should be exterminated in the handiest fashion. "Some hold opinion that it were good with the sword to destroy all the inhabitants of that realm for their wickedness, and to inhabit the land with new."¹ The last sentence is the key to the "opinion."

But the more we get the more we covet. Flushed with the success attending their machinations, stimulated by the immense transfer of property which the Reformation had effected in England, the immigrants soon found the territory of the "wild Irish" too narrow for them, and, therefore, turned with whetted appetite toward the domains of the Anglo-Irish, or old English settlers.

Henry VIII. launched the Reformation in England, not out of hatred to Catholicism, or because the mass of the people inclined to new ways; but because, by breaking with the Pope, and assuming the headship of a national church, he might indulge his passions and caprices without hindrance. The abuses which had crept into the ecclesiastical administration, the—in some instances—licentious manners of an over rich clergy favoured his designs; and Catholic doctrine or ritual being little meddled with, the English were induced, by an artful mixture of force, coaxing, and bribery, to accept the revolution promoted by the Defender of the Faith.

In Ireland the case was different. There the priesthood, poorer and more virtuous than their English brethren, were revered. Then, as ever, an eminently religious people, the Irish detested the Anglican innovation, and at the voice of the Geraldines, rose in arms. But Henry's cannon pounded the

¹ "Calendar of the Carew MSS."

rising into dust at Maynooth, and "silken Thomas" ("allured to yield" by his relative, Lord Deputy Leonard Grey) presently swung at Tyburn, having been previously disembowelled alive, along with his five uncles.

But Tudor artillery did not accomplish tranquillity. The people continued to be violently agitated. O'Neil drew the sword. Worst of length, but not disabled, the Ulster chieftain submitted; and, on invitation from Henry—who, if cruel and despotic, was an astute politician—repaired to London. Flattered to the skies, the great tanist returned home, "*le très haut et puissant seigneur Con, comte de Tyrone en la royaume d'Irlande;*"¹ and, moreover, seemingly won over to the dogma of a Royal Supremacy. So cleverly, indeed, did Henry apply the soothing system, that the Earl of Desmond likewise abjured the authority of the Pope, and allowed his favourite son to be educated in the English fashion. Other powerful nobles also listened to the voice of the lusty charmer, and not only did peace prevail during the rest of this reign, but, when the King landed at Calais in 1544, a body of Irish soldiers, "distinguished by their undaunted spirit," marched in his ranks.²

The glimmering chance which the Reformation in Ireland derived from Henry's subtle management was dispelled by the folly of his successor's council. O'Connor and O'Moore, chiefs of Leix and Offally, having proceeded to the English Court to seek redress of certain grievances, were thrown into prison, and their lands parcelled amongst the intriguers who had suggested the journey. The disquiet thus introduced was fanned into flame by the indecency with which the Reformers fastened upon the wealth of the Catholic churches. The new Earl of Tyrone, incensed by the sacrilege, and alarmed by the seizure of Leix and Offally, reverted to Rome, not much against the grain, perhaps, for—

"He that complies against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

Other Irish and Anglo-Irish nobles, who had swallowed the

¹ "Carew MSS."

² Leland, "History of Ireland."

Supremacy, followed his example. Expecting a storm, the Lord Deputy arrested the Ulster chieftain. But, O'Neil in durance, his power passed into the stronger hands of his son, Shane, who broke into open war. And, with half England cursing the Reformers, with every evil thing rank in Ireland, the sickly boy, Edward VI., drooped into the grave.

The accession of Mary changed the scene. Yesterday the Puritans smashed the painted windows, and broke up for private use the plate of Clonmacnoise Abbey. To-day, "the Lord Deputy comes to Christ Church nobly accompanied, and is received at the church door by the Archbishop of Dublin, with the clergy kneeling. Then he is censed, and afterwards kisses the cross, being blessed by the Archbishop."¹ A glorious peculiarity marked the Catholic revival in Ireland. No persecution attended it. The Protestants continued to worship God as they pleased, without hindrance or insult. It is, indeed, remarkable that, in the two periods subsequent to the Reformation when the Irish Catholics had the upper hand, viz., throughout this reign, and for a while during that of James II., religious toleration existed without a break; and in our day, notwithstanding the vehement Catholicism of the Irish, no Protestant is harmed on account of his Protestantism.² Surrounded by a dense "Popish" population, he lives in security; and if so disposed, may indulge freely in sectarian bill-posting and abuse.

A singular spectacle now diverted Irishmen. The officials so busy under Edward in pulling down Catholicism, were now eager, under Mary, to rebuild it. Ostentatiously recanting their former "errors," they hastened to repeal all Acts of Henry and his son injurious to Holy Church. Still, on the land question, the views of Mary's advisers differed not from

¹ "Calendar, Carew MSS."

² "It is worth remarking, that although many Roman Catholic prelates were tortured and hanged, or slain in battle since the year 1558, yet not a single Anglican prelate was either tortured or put to death by the Roman Catholics when they obtained power in the reign of Mary, of James, or even during the Civil Wars of Charles I."—REV. MAZIERE BRADY, *Irish Reformation*.

those of preceding Governments. The districts of Leix and Offally were cruelly "settled" into two counties, called King's and Queen's counties. The unhappy clansmen of O'Connor and O'Moore were brutally driven from their holdings. Elizabeth on the throne, oppression reached a point it had never before attained. Great men her ministers; they knew their countrymen; they comprehended foreign politics. But the Irish nature they did not understand. Intent upon securing the power and material interests of England, the happiness of Irishmen was beside their consideration, and the prosperity of Ireland *per se*, they did not even desire.

"Our rights and blessings, Ireland's wrongs and woes."

The barbarity with which the Catholic re-action had been conducted in England led to a rebound in the Protestant direction. The rivalry between Spain and France also facilitated Elizabeth's attack on the Catholic Church: but the circumstances which seconded the Queen's views in England by no means ministered to them in Ireland. The Irish mind was not the English mind. Hence, every attempt to uproot their religion rendered it dearer to Celtic hearts; the blows aimed at the Papal Supremacy not only fell wide of the mark, but made Catholics intensely Roman.

The mode of its establishment sufficed to ensure the collapse of Anglicanism in Erin. The majority of the reformed clergy were Englishmen, ignorant of the Celtic tongue, then spoken everywhere; many of them, too, lived loosely, careless of the spiritual welfare of their flocks, but marvellous greedy of the pence. Acts, then, like that for forcing the Irish to attend the new worship might be passed easily enough, but how did they work? They made the English name hateful, and turned the English ritual into an outrage.

More; to obliterate the Irish faith was not work enough for British statesmen; they would also dispossess the Irish landlords. In 1650 we have the Earl of Sussex suggesting the pacification of the country in this way: "This man (Earl of Kildare) taken away, some noblemen and gentlemen of England should be planted in places convenient, who upon all

occasions might and would bring over force to defend their own."¹

Now such a policy must break down unless it be executed with a pitiless will, backed by sufficient power, and at that time England had the will without the power. Not only, then, did her propagandism come to worse than nought, but the designs of the new English upon the land impelled the chiefs and nobles to look towards Spain: the very contingency Elizabeth most dreaded. Plot breeds counterplot. The intrigues of Irish gentlemen at Paris, Rome, and Madrid were a natural response to the manœuvres of London speculators.

One Piers, a jobber, having instigated the assassination of the O'Neil, half Ulster was confiscated to the Crown. The turn of Munster came next. On the pretext that the Earl of Desmond had encouraged an invasion from Spain (in which his brothers were certainly concerned), the Government carried fire and sword into the territory of that great peer. Butchery ensued of a sort thus hinted at by no friend to the Irish race: "The English nation was shuddering over the atrocities of the Duke of Alva. The children in the nurseries were being inflamed to patriotic rage and madness by tales of Spanish tyranny. Yet Alva's bloody sword never touched the young, the defenceless, or those whose sex even dogs recognize and respect."² The murder of the chief of the Anglo-Irish was the appropriate *coup de grace* to the Desmond war.

The Elizabethan statesmen now congratulated themselves on the accomplishment of the Ulster and Munster confiscations. But they were soon to discover that, having broken up the rude old ways, they had nothing effectual to put in their place. Even as regarded English interests, the last state of Ireland was worse than the first.

Spain was daily assuming a more offensive attitude; the "planting" of Ulster had failed; Elizabeth hesitated. Indeed, so grave seemed the emergency that the appointment of a chief whom the northern Irish would accept, and on whom

¹ "Calendar, Carew MSS."

² Froude, "History of England."

the sovereign might rely, was recommended. Hugh O'Neil, son of the illegitimate Matthew, Baron Dungannon, and nephew of the murdered Shane, became tanist. Hugh had served in the English army; he was a politician no less than a soldier. Equal to every exigence of peace or war, he played the man of the world so gracefully at Court that the heart of the maiden Queen, seldom inaccessible to masculine attractions, warmed toward the comely Celt, and he went home Earl of Tyrone, and grantee of the O'Neil country.

A main principle of Lord Deputy Perrot's administration being to protect "the old native Irish," to employ their talents, and to preserve their property, O'Neil for a while was safe; but Perrot no sooner departed, amid the lamentations of the Irish, high and low, and the joy of the new English, whose schemes he had sometimes thwarted, than the air teemed with insinuations adverse to Tyrone's good faith. The new Lord Deputy, Fitzwilliam, speedily undid all the good Sir John Perrot had effected. The Irish hailed O'Neil their champion; but, aware of the peril of his position, he hurried incognito to England, and again professed his fidelity. This act only exasperated the hatred of the Dublin functionaries, who, in their despatches, constantly represented him as deep in the concoction of rebellion. It is probable O'Neil was more sinned against than sinning. There is no satisfactory proof that at this juncture he desired conflict with England, but there are substantial reasons for believing that the Irish Government were bent on forcing, so to speak, revolt upon him.

Fitzwilliam, beloved of "the adventurers," being recalled, was succeeded by Russell, to whom Tyrone immediately presented himself; but his arch foe and brother-in-law, Bagnall, had already gained the deputy's ear. There arose debate in the council whether or no the Earl should be sent to prison. This coming to his knowledge, O'Neil quitted Dublin, and then—war to the knife: war waged with singular ability by Tyrone and his lieutenants, O'Donnel and O'Sullivan Beare. In truth, an uprising of the Celtic race, which for five years

not only strained England's resources, but in pitched battles worsted her trained soldiery. War which ended, after profuse bloodshed and havoc, mainly through the incapacity or treachery—perhaps both—of the Spanish general sent to reinforce the insurgents. Hard smitten indeed, but not prostrate, O'Neil accepted the terms offered him by Lord Mountjoy, and retained his honours. Now Elizabeth died. Glorious to England, the virgin's rule was calamity to Ireland. It destroyed her trade with Spain, and confiscated her acres. It strove to uproot her creed, and it attempted the extermination of her children.

Unnerved by years of carnage and ravage, Ireland offered a golden opportunity to an able and benevolent prince; but, a grovelling pedant, James I. could not conceive a generous policy. Any good he did he carefully neutralized with evil. If he extended the jurisdiction of British law, beyond the narrow limits of the Pale, through the length and breadth of the island, he ceaselessly persecuted the Catholics. His grand feat was the Plantation of Ulster, which many writers pronounce wise and statesmanlike, and was so perhaps, if native rights and happiness be deemed of no account. It was brought about in this wise: the Gunpowder Plot having provoked Englishmen into believing any charge, however absurd, aimed at the unhappy Papists, the land speculators used the opportunity to forge a plot in Ireland. One morning a letter is found in the Castle council-chamber, warning the Government against a Catholic conspiracy. At the same time the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel receive information that suborned witnesses would swear them to be the wire-pullers of the project. Now, Tyrone knew that, owing to the exhaustion of the country, he had no chance of facing his foes. He could not maintain an army. Hence the flight of the earls. Accompanied by O'Donnel of Tyrconnel, Hugh O'Neil escaped to Rome, where he died in 1616, a pensioner of the Pope. Depriving these chiefs of their lands by royal proclamation, James "planted" six counties with English and Scottish "undertakers," conspicuous amongst whom was the Corpora-

tion of London.¹ By the original plan all the native Irish would have been evicted. But the idea was too grand to be quite practicable. Besides, "as hewers of wood and drawers of water," some of them might be useful. Having filled the country with moral dynamite, the "British Solomon" slept with his fathers.

James had an unscrupulous servant in Chichester, Charles was advised by one as unscrupulous and more dangerous. The merciless Strafford ulcerated the grievances of previous reigns. At length the "inquisitions" into titles, the persecutions for recusancy, together with many lesser vexations, led to the "Charter of Graces." A soberer petition has rarely been addressed to the Crown. In it the Catholic nobility and gentry prayed for relief from religious persecution, and sought to secure the tenure of property, now threatened by the "Defective Titles" Commission. Neither were the interests of commerce forgotten; the petitioners proposed that "several commodities might be transported from Ireland into any of the King's dominions, or other countries in amity with him, that live cattle might be shipped to any of his dominions without restraint, and wool transported into England, only paying the ordinary custom and duties." And yet, 200 years ago, Britons deemed those claims exorbitant! It is worth notice, too, that "the new settlers" in Ulster were to be confirmed in their estates, and that there should be a general pardon for all past offences. Such, in faint outline, were the excessive "graces" which the Catholics offered to buy of the Crown for £120,000. The King, indeed, inclined to a bargain, but Strafford was inexorable, and Baby Charles shuffled.

¹ "Manors of 1,000, 1,500, and 3,000 acres, offered to such English and Scottish as should undertake to plant their lots with British Protestants, and engage to allow no Irish to dwell upon them."—PRENDERGAST, *Cromwellian Settlement*. In such a state of things, the amenities described by Leland naturally arise: "The reformed looked with abhorrence on the partizans of idolatry and the imps of Antichrist; the Romanists, with equal rancour, inveighed against heresy and apostasy, the blind ministers of Satan, and children of perdition." A happy Christian land!

Royal faithlessness, the harsh rule of the Lord-Deputy, the truculence of the Puritans, excited among the exiled Irish hope of retrieving their fortunes. Presently—Strafford gone to the block, and Borlase and Parsons, schemers of a bad sort, the Lords Justices—the O'Moore, who had just returned from the Continent, found the occasion ready to his hand. Ulster, as the scene of the last confiscation, afforded an appropriate stage for the conflagration. An attempt to seize Dublin Castle failed; but in the winter of 1641 the native Irish recently "cleared" from their hearths, broke like a thunderstorm out of the mountains and bogs, whither they had taken shelter, cast adrift the new-comers, and re-occupied their bits of land. That blood smeared the rising is certain, but that it was the monstrous horror declaimers have pretended is untrue.¹ For example, however infuriate the mere Irish, they could hardly have murdered more Protestants than actually abode in Ulster; nevertheless, fervid authors have so written. Righteous indignation often runs away with arithmetic.

As yet the Anglo-Irish aristocracy had stood aloof, but into the *mêlée* Borlase and Parsons resolved they should go; were they not Catholics possessing goodly estates? and did not Irish perils provide the English Parliament, whose disputes with the King verged on blows, with a specious excuse for raising men and money? Persecution, then, of the gentry was redoubled,² arbitrary arrests multiplied, false witness purchased. The ruse succeeded. The lords of the Pale reluctantly joined in the northern insurrection, not against the British monarchy, as they emphatically avouched, but against

¹ Mr. Prendergast says, "Contemporaneous accounts, especially those that give results against the bias of the writers, are mostly the true ones. All these prove there was no massacre."—*Cromwellian Settlement*.

² "The most rigorous execution of the penal laws was extended to every part of the kingdom, and the King gave in to the advice of the Lords Justices that the army should be provided for out of the weekly fines to be imposed upon the Catholics for absenting themselves from the established worship."—PLOWDEN, *Historical Review of the Irish Nation*.

the English parliamentarians, whose instruments Borlase and Parsons were.

Three parties then were in the field ; the confederates, composed of the old Irish (some of whom sought separation from England), and the Anglo-Irish, who merely required the "graces;" a King's party, containing intriguers like Ormond, and honest partisans like Clanricarde ; lastly, the Puritans. Now, the confederates had little in common beyond identity of creed ; the King's party, consisting both of Catholics and Protestants, were neither so united nor so disinterested as romance leads us to imagine ; in fact, the Puritans, smallest in numbers, alone worked steadily shoulder to shoulder. Everywhere, therefore, the elements of chaos.

The opening of the confederate war called to the front a gifted commander of a rare stock : Owen Roe O'Neil, an officer in the Spanish army, who with eminent skill and courage had lately defended Arras against the French.

On the 10th of May, 1642, the clergy met in synod at Kilkenny. "War was necessary," they declared, "for the defence of the Catholic religion, the prerogative of the King, and the conservation of the laws and liberties of Ireland." Out of their deliberations issued the famous Convention of Kilkenny, which directed the war, and framed a polity. It would be well if writers, who diligently upbraid the Irish with disloyalty, studied the acts of this assembly. They inculcated allegiance to Charles, while they denounced the administration carried on at Dublin "by a malignant party to his Highness's great disservice, in compliance with their confederates the malignants of England."

At first fortune favoured the "rebels." In Ulster O'Neil manœuvred with success. Elsewhere Catholic officers obtained advantages. Hard pressed by the Parliament, the King sought agreement with the Irish. "A cessation" of hostilities took place, and immediately the Convention voted Charles a supply of money, and aided him with troops who served gallantly under Montrose in Scotland.

The truce was fatal. The clashing interests and fierce jealousies which the excitement of fight had kept in check,

now caught fire. The Anglo-Irish dreaded a marked success, lest the old Irish obtained the mastery. O'Neil inveighed against the armistice, and—Monro, the parliamentary general, persisting in cattle-liftings—remained under arms in the north. Ormond, an ambitious egotist, confused the situation. Led by the savage Coote, the Irish Puritans grew daily more intolerant.

In the spring of 1644, commissioners from the Convention laid before the King, at Oxford, divers propositions for the settlement of Ireland. The principal of these stipulated for repeal of all penal statutes affecting "freedom of worship," for "the establishment of inns of court and seminaries of education for the use of Catholic subjects, a free and indifferent appointment of all natives of Ireland, without exception, to places of trust and honour—that no chief governor be continued above three years, and that during his government he should be disqualified to purchase or acquire any lands in Ireland." The last clause is easy of interpretation. It aimed at the extinction of constant misery and disquiet by destroying the cause of them—the land-jobbing of the Lord Deputy. Such were the proposals of men who had gained ground in the field. Not a claim of theirs savours of revolution. Religion and land, as ever, alpha and omega of the matter.

The King paltered, spoke "gracious words" to the deputation, and referred them to Ormond, his Lord Lieutenant. That cunning politician, now coquetting with the Parliament, struck out the clause for repeal of the penal laws; and then, without much intention of coming to a satisfactory conclusion, proposed to discuss the other conditions.

But the royal cause waxing desperate, Irish aid became a vital necessity: Charles, therefore, sent Lord Glamorgan, a Roman Catholic friend, to Ireland, to procure peace at any price. After an interview with Ormond at Dublin, the envoy disclosed to the supreme council at Kilkenny the terms which his Majesty would grant. Accordingly, a treaty was arranged. It proclaimed religious equality: Catholics should pay their own clergy; Protestants doing likewise by theirs. Both communions should continue to use the churches then

severally occupied by them. In return for these indulgences, the confederate Catholics engaged to furnish the King with 10,000 soldiers. But to prevent an inconvenient explosion of Puritan fury, Glamorgan insisted upon the compact being, for the present, kept secret. Crooked courses are perilous expedients. The Papal Nuncio, Rinuccini, pronounced the business "hole and corner," nay, beneath the dignity of the Church. And a copy of the secret articles having been found on the corpse of the Archbishop of Tuam, murdered by the Scots at Sligo, Coote disclosed them to the English Parliament. Thereupon, an uplifting of raving voices against Charles Stuart; savage refusal of toleration to Catholics. Ormond affected to have been kept in the dark. Charles repudiated the negotiation, protested that Glamorgan had exceeded his instructions; and, for a little while, the ambassador was a prisoner.

And now we find the confederates, soured by suspicions and torn by hates, carefully fomented by Ormond. At length, the more timid Catholics prevailing, a colourless treaty, shirking nearly every cardinal point, was signed in March, 1646.

Meantime, the royal cause in England had gone to wrack. In Ireland, the confederate military operations hung fire: generals not acting cordially together, Monro insulted Ulster, Coote slaughtered *ad libitum* in Connaught, Murrough O'Brien earned everlasting curses in Tipperary.

One Irishman, however, still struck full and straight. Early in June, 1646, O'Neil marched from Leinster toward Armagh, in quest of Monro. They met at Benburb. The Scots had the advantage of numbers; but the Irish, excellently handled by Owen Roe, won a signal victory, and divided a rich booty. And yet, by inflaming the jealousy with which the Norman-Irish regarded the native Irish, the achievement weakened, rather than strengthened, the national cause.

On the 1st of August, the peace cooked between Ormond and the nervous aristocratic majority was officially trumpeted through Dublin. From Rinuccini and O'Neil down to the rabble of Waterford, sturdy patriots cried out upon it. Defiance breathed from every nostril. "Prave 'ords," but military

means—where? Thus Ormond reasoned; and caring not to stick to a sinking ship, opened a parley with the ascendant Parliament. Presently, he proceeded to England, but disliking the aspect of affairs there, betook himself to France, and the Roundhead Colonel Jones reigned in his place at the Castle.

And when, beset on all sides, Irishmen should have sternly closed their ranks, was the time of their fiercest variance. The confederates frittered away opportunities in domestic strife, and in heaping affronts on the only leader worthy of confidence. Indeed, so cordially did they detest O'Neil, that, to crush him outright, they entered into a bargain with Inchiquin, who had lately fallen out with his crop-eared friends. Rinuccini inveighed against the transaction, but it was clenched; and its first-fruits were seen in the march of Preston and Inchiquin against the northern chief.

On the other hand, O'Neil, despairing of his country in the shaking confederate hands, made a truce with the Scots, and set forth to suppress the supreme council at Kilkenny. Internecine conflict meaning, of course, Parliamentary triumph, Jones stood by with grounded arms. The expedition failed. Preston and Inchiquin being too strong for him, Owen Roe, prudent as he was brave, fell back on his old Ulster quarters.

And while the Irish tangle grew inextricable, ill blood appeared amongst the parliamentarians:· Monro and his Presbyterians growling over the turn events were taking in England, Monk was sent to supersede him; and Monro returned a prisoner to England.

In the whirl of the hurly-burly, Ormond arrived at Cork as the King's Lord Lieutenant. Taught by experience, he was now ready to concede to the Irish their most essential demands. On the 17th of January, 1649, therefore, a peace was ratified. Too late; on the 30th of the same month, Charles died saint-like on the scaffold.

“On devient innocent quand on est malheureux.”

Shortly afterwards, the inflexible Rinuccini, foiled in all his

plans by the irresolute partisans of Ormond, quitted the country ; and Oliver was at hand.

That Dublin should be in Royalist keeping before Cromwell's arrival was obviously most important ; Ormond and Preston, therefore, pushed thitherward ; but, with all his craft, the Duke was no general, and Preston a mere dragoon ; and so Jones, the Republican governor, defeated them heavily at Rathmines.





XIII.

THE CURSE OF CROMWELL, AND THE SETTLEMENT OF CHARLES.

NOW, Lord Lieutenant Cromwell lands with more than 12,000 veterans, a strong artillery, and much hard cash. He pressed quickly on to Drogheda, where Sir Arthur Aston, an intrepid English officer, awaited him with 3,000 seasoned troops. Down crashed the town walls before Puritan big guns. Then, desperate breast-to-breast fighting in breach, street, and house. The mighty Ironside prevailed, and stained his renown for ever. "No quarter." The undaunted garrison were slaughtered, with the exception of a miserable thirty set aside for slavery in Barbadoes. Blood enough had not yet flowed. The Christian warriors went to work massacring men, women, children. For five days, horror indescribable. Drawling texts of Holy Writ, fiends, calling themselves "Saints," spitted little innocents, brained imploring virgins, hewed down priests standing before the altar—

"Religion is my name;
An angel once, but now a fury grown."

Expecting to extract national submission from national havoc, Oliver treated Wexford as he had treated Drogheda. "God would have it so," he blasphemously wrote. But no peace. Cruelty has never brought peace to Ireland; and yet phlebotomy has always been eagerly prescribed in her case. "Some furious spirits," quoth the shrewd Sir William Petty, "have wished the Irish would rebel again, that they might be put to the sword. But I declare that notion to be not only

impious and inhuman, but withal frivolous and pernicious even to those who have rashly wished for those occasions."¹ What a pity there were so few Pettys to instruct "furious spirits."

Anxious to keep up discord among the factions, Cromwell would have beguiled the affronted O'Neil, but that high-hearted chief, forgetting his quarrel with the confederates, resolved to try a fall with the foe now scourging the land. He had already despatched a reinforcement to Ormond, when he was seized with illness (poisoned, some think), and on the 6th of November, 1649, the greatest Irishman of the age, adept in war, wise in counsel, and, rare in those days, humane to the vanquished, expired at the moment his life was priceless to his country.

Although the confederates continued in harness, the O'Neil's death virtually laid Ireland at the Leveller's feet. No matter individual acts of daring, military operations conducted by officers at odds amongst themselves surely come to naught. But before Cromwell returned to England, Irishmen taught him at Clonmel what formidable enemies they are when fitly commanded. The mighty Roundhead compassed that place, defended by some good troops under Henry O'Neil. There was a hard task before him: his stratagems foiled, his assaults beaten back, his best battalions decimated. And when, after nearly two months' wrestling with the Philistines, he entered the torn and riven town—the garrison nowhere. Having fired their last cartridge, the native soldiers had deftly flitted.

Cromwell now quitted Ireland; and, although desultory combats occasionally took place, regular campaigning was over. It could not be otherwise. Few in numbers certainly were the Roundheads, but united in purpose, strongly disciplined, armed at all points. Bereft of a leader they might have trusted, poorly armed, in penury, rancorously divided amongst themselves—behold the confederates. In despair, 40,000 Irish soldiers laid down their arms; and, according to terms made with the Parliament, were shipped to France and Spain, where not a few won high honours and founded great

¹ "Political Anatomy of Ireland."

families. They prospered everywhere except on the old soil. The wives and children of many of these exiles were left behind, and the godly dealt decisively with such impedimenta; even by transporting them to the "tobacco islands," where—thanks to fever—they gave little further trouble.

Then—sure as death—confiscation with a vengeance. "On the 26th of September, 1653," writes Mr. Prendergast, "all the ancient estates and farms of the people of Ireland were declared to belong to the adventurers and army of England; and it was announced that the Parliament had assigned Connaught (America was not then accessible) for the habitation of the Irish nation, whither they must transplant with their wives and children before the 1st of May following, under penalty of death if found on this side of the Shannon after that day."¹

As Ulster had been already appropriated by English and Scottish Protestants, as Connaught was partly reserved for "Irish and Popish persons innocent of rebellion," the two fertile provinces, Leinster and Munster, lately the property of the Anglo-Irish gentry, passed "by beat of drum" into the hands of Anabaptist and Independent soldiers, in satisfaction of their arrears of pay, and to London jobbers who had advanced money to the Government.²

Of course, the Commissioners sitting in Dublin did not neglect religion. They republished the 27th of Elizabeth, by which, and subsequent edicts, any Catholic priest found in Ireland twenty days after date of proclamation was liable to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; persons harbouring a priest

¹ "Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland."

² "It is remarkable that among those seeking to be dispensed from transplantation to Connaught, was William Spenser, 'whose grandfather was that Edmond Spenser who, by his writings touching the reduction of the Irish to civility, brought upon him the odium of that nation' (thus wrote 'Oliver P.'). That very estate near Fermoy, which was confiscated from the Fitzgeralds, and conferred on him about seventy years before, is now confiscated anew, and set out among the soldiers of the Commonwealth army, and his grandson is ordered to transplant to Connaught as an Irishman."—PRENDERGAST, *Cromwellian Settlement*.

were subject to loss of life, goods, and chattels; persons not revealing the whereabouts of a priest might lose their ears and be publicly whipped; magistrates might tear children from Catholic parents and send them to England for education; the oath of abjuration might be tendered to persons of twenty-one years of age, who, if they refused it, laid themselves open to imprisonment during pleasure, and deprivation of two-thirds of their real and personal estates.¹

Henry Cromwell, a wise and humane governor, moderated, as far as he dared, the swing of these atrocious laws. Oliver himself bent to the necessity of abandoning the ghastly policy inaugurated at Drogheda. Still, after giving the authorities credit for executing their terrible powers as tenderly as British fanaticism would permit, it remains a marvel how the Catholic religion was kept alive in the land, and how the Celtic race contrived to survive the tribulations encompassing it.

The Restoration refreshed the spirits of the dispossessed Anglo-Irish. Having lost all in striving against the Parliament, they fondly imagined that, royalty revived, their patrimony would return to them. But gratitude was a virtue languid in the Stuart temperament. The difficulties which beset Charles II. made a deeper mark on his unprincipled mind than did the weighty claims of those who, with blood and treasure, had supported his family in the evil time. Every kind of chicane was resorted to for the purpose of keeping the land in *statu quo*; and although a few great families of old English origin (specially befriended at Whitehall) managed to recover their estates, although the Court of Claims (to "the motley adventurers'" dismay) declared many loyal gentlemen "innocent," yet, as the Independents, Anabaptists, Seceders, and Socinians in possession could not be dislodged without being "reprised" (*i. e.*, obtaining in exchange lands of equal value), the number of confederate and native Irish royalists who actually regained their old domains was insignificant. Hence, numbers of Irish gentlemen rushed to the Continent, capital recruits for an Irish brigade soon to be

¹ Haverty, "History of Ireland."

terrible to England; while other inflammable spirits, "running out into the bogs, woods, and other fastnesses and desert places of the land," joined the Tories¹ in warfare on the Puritan intruders.

Besides the land ulcer, there was the commercial sore. "From the commencement of the sixteenth century," says Lord Dufferin, "English statesmen persisted in strangling at its birth, or handing over gagged and bound to the jealous custody of the rival interest in England, each nascent industry of Ireland." Nor was this sufficient. Irish flocks and herds were rigidly tabooed, as the following incident shows: In 1666 certain Irish proprietors, ill furnished with cash, and yet full of compassion, proposed to contribute 15,000 bullocks to the relief of the London poor, then in grievous distress, owing to the Great Fire. The boon was rejected. Detecting a sugared snare, the Commons refurbished the prohibition (20th of Elizabeth) against the importation of Irish cattle. They pronounced such trade "a nuisance." Excited debates followed in both Houses of Parliament. To the peers the Duke of Buckingham shouted, "none could oppose the Bill but such as had Irish estates or Irish understandings." Lord Ossory, son of the Duke of Ormond, retorted with a challenge; whereupon the gallant youth went, under arrest, to the Tower, for Buckingham, quick to scoff, disrelished Irish steel. Affecting sobriety of expression, the Lords would have termed the coming-in of the cattle "a detriment and a mischief" rather than "a nuisance;" but the Lower House sticking to the "nuisance," the bill thus garnished became law. And exceeding wrath grew the Cromwellian landlords when they discovered that, once settled in the west, the saints had little to expect at the hands of their English brethren.

¹ "Bands of desperate men formed themselves into bodies under the leadership of some dispossessed gentleman who had retired into the wilds when the rest of the army he belonged to laid down arms, or had 'run out' and resumed them, rather than transplant to Connaught. These were the Tories."—PRENDERGAST, *Cromwellian Settlement*. Dr. O'Connor derives this celebrated sobriquet from the Irish word *toirighim*—to pursue for plunder.

This disreputable reign closed not without further affliction to Irishmen. Titus Oates's abominable fraud—the Popish plot—ramified, it was pretended, through their country. Accordingly every penal statute went to work at high pressure. To bear a Celtic name was a crime. The Government cast about for “swearers.” Jones, the Protestant Bishop of Meath, formerly scout-master-general under Cromwell, plunged *con amore* into the foul search. Bigotry yelled for blood. No mean victim would satisfy. Thus the virtuous Archbishop Plunket of Armagh, dragged from “his little thatched house,” was carried over to England to be tried—and falsely convicted. This illustrious martyr to the most execrable madness that ever perverted a great nation, was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn in July, 1681.

“Persecution,” wrote Hallam, “is the deadly original sin of the reformed Churches; that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause, in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive.”¹

¹ “Constitutional History of England.”





XIV.

THE "REMODELLING."

JAMES II. an anointed King, the Catholic exulted, the Protestant quaked in Ireland. The Cavaliers, whom attachment to the Stuarts had ruined, dreamed of restitution; the Cromwellians feared for vineyards they had not planted, and houses they had not built.

The Earl of Clarendon, an ardent Anglican, who succeeded the Duke of Ormond as Lord Lieutenant, announced on arrival at Dublin that "his Majesty had no intention of altering the Acts of Settlement." But as some of the King's proceedings showed that the country would not be governed with an eye to the exclusive benefit of the Protestant interest, official declarations failed to calm Puritan misgivings.

It being believed at Whitehall that Irish Protestants had sympathized with Monmouth's rebellion, and the English militia having shown themselves, in that juncture; frigid loyalists as well as contemptible soldiers, the Court apprehended that, in a similar emergency, the Irish militia, "entirely formed of Protestants," might turn out unfaithful. Orders were, therefore, issued that they should deposit their arms in the royal stores.¹ Thereupon, "from men trained to an habitual horror of the popish Irish," arose prophecy of a general throat-cutting. The new English, however, were agreeably disappointed; their windpipes remained intact; their sheep and oxen alone suffered from occasional Tory raids.

Ill-organized, badly armed, irregularly, nay, dishonestly

¹ Leland, "History of Ireland."

paid, the army was a sham in shabby buckram ; James, therefore, resolved that such sorry array should be licked into military shape.¹ But he did not select the fittest man for the work. Richard Talbot, an Irish gentleman of the Anglo-Norman stock, recently created Earl of Tyrconnel, was appointed to the command. His powers, large and ill-defined, jarred with the prerogatives of the Lord Lieutenant ; hence—what we are acquainted with in our day—a dual military administration. Moreover, not only a Catholic, but a noisy and injudicious one, was Tyrconnel. He had been charged, in his impulsive youth, with offering to assassinate Oliver Cromwell, and with itching "to turn his poniard upon the Duke of Ormond." Such accusations, however, are too recklessly made, and too easily credited, in troublous times, to carry with them much historical weight ; we may fairly, then, dismiss the dagger scene, and pronounce Dick Talbot a handsome, ruffling spark, hot of blood as the fiery Tybalt :²

"My naked weapon is out ; quarrel, I will back thee."

That the army needed drastic "purging" of old and worn-out officers and men is certain. But the commander-in-chief was too zealous by half. Despite the King's instructions that "there should be no distinction made between his subjects" in this matter ; despite his own sensible exclamation : "God's wounds ! to ask a soldier, if he comes well mounted and be a likely fellow, what religion he is of, is a ridiculous thing ;"³—it

¹ "He (Tyrconnel) said that the army had never been useful by reason of their never having been regimented till of late, and because the troops and companies have been quartered a dozen years and more upon the estates of their captains, without having been once exercised, which was the ruin of an army ; that the King was resolved to have his army well disciplined, that they might be useful to him."—*State Letters of Henry, Earl of Clarendon*.

² He married, in 1679, the beautiful widow of George, Count Hamilton (son of the fourth Earl of Abercorn). Her maiden name, Frances Jennings, she was the eldest daughter of Richard Jennings, of Sandridge, in Hertfordshire, and sister of the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

³ "The practice in the army of Ireland was, that no man was admitted to be a trooper but who came well mounted, armed, and at his own charges."—CLARENDON, *State Letters*.

is plain that Tyrconnel preferred Catholic to Protestant recruits. His partiality begat wild exaggeration. At the time the adventurers were asserting the wholesale discharge of Protestants, we have "some of the great officers averring that when all the changes are made, there will not be a seventh part natives" (in the ranks). Even Clarendon, always at variance with Tyrconnel, and evidently anxious to make the worst of the "remodelling," has nothing more damaging to impart to James, than that "there are already (August 14th, 1686) 2,000 Irish, which is a fourth part of the army." Men's sense of right and wrong often assumes the character of the weather-cock. The heaviest charge against James II., preferred by the Protestant interest, amounted to this:—that he treated Protestants somewhat in the fashion they were accustomed to treat Catholics.¹

Naturally enough, the military remodelling, the appointment of three Catholic judges, and the King's desire that men of the old race should find employment in their own land, alarmed, as well as enraged, the settlers; so wild, indeed, became the excitement that many of them rushed open-mouthed to England. Amazing spectacle for Europe! On one hand might be seen Irish Catholics marching under foreign colours, and fiercely telling their new comrades how grievously they had been wronged. On the other, Irish Protestants filled London coffee-houses, ante-rooms, and churches, with lamentation over the tribulation which Popish Irish and Popish majesty were bringing upon the just.

It hailed pamphlets too. The adventurers drove the quill to bolster the Acts of Settlement and Explanation,² which Lord

¹ How Catholic soldiers fared at the hands of the Williamite government is told by Luttrell (April 24th, 1689): "The Irish soldiers, about 2,000, who came from that kingdom to assist King James, and upon his going away were secured and confined to the isle of Weight, are shipped of there in two of his Majesties men of war, who are to carry them to Hamborough, as a present from our King to the Emperour, to be employed against the Turks."—*Brief Relation of State Affairs*.

² In his speech on the Union, Lord Clare pithily described the Act of Settlement: "I wish gentlemen, who call themselves the dignified and

Clare assured our fathers "it is impossible to defend;" while Nagle and other Catholic writers, with equal vigour and better wit, exposed the rotten foundation on which the huge superstructure of abuse had been reared.

In the midst of the commotion Clarendon was recalled, and the survivor of bloody Drogheda—Cromwellian hater, and Cromwellian hated—Tyrconnel, became Viceroy. Oil upon flame. Immediately, more scared flight across the Channel, more Catholic appointments, louder outcry and bitterer sermonizing in England: sham plots and false rumours flying thicker than ever about Ireland—Papist peasant dreading a burst of Puritan rage, and Puritan suspicion fancying Popish dirks in every reed shaken by the wind. If, for a moment, the dispossessed landlords congratulated themselves, their hopes were soon blighted; for James's council promptly rejected a bill which provided that "a new commission should issue for hearing and deciding upon such claims as had not yet been heard, for want of time or other cause, without fault of the parties." When the fate of the bill was known, Chief Baron Rice and his colleagues returned to their lodging followed by a yelling mob, certain roughs of whom bore aloft potatoes stuck on poles, and with brazen lungs bawled—"Room for the Irish Ambassadors!" All this to the infinite diversion of cockneydom, ever ready for a fling at Paddy.

Events multiplied apace. When the dull eyes of James at last opened to Dutch designs, Tyrconnel despatched to England a few picked Irish regiments, whose landing gave the signal for fresh panic anent Popish "murtherings."¹

independent Irish nation, to know that seven million eight hundred thousand acres of land were set out, under the authority of this act, to a motley crew of English adventurers, civil and military, nearly to the total exclusion of the old inhabitants of the island. Many of the latter class, who were innocent of the rebellion, lost their inheritance, as well from the difficulties imposed upon them by the Court of Claims in the proofs required of their innocence, as from a deficiency in the fund for reprisals to English adventurers."

¹ Butler's dragoons, first battalion foot guards, Lord Forbes' foot, Anthony Hamilton's foot. Total, 2,818 men.

Useless to the King in England, the absence of these troops from Ireland was disastrous to him. The northern and southern Protestants had not simply declaimed. Long before the Williamite landing at Torbay they had been arming, drilling, and keeping up their courage with horrifying tales of the slaughter, arson, and rape which the Celtic mind was supposed to be revolving.¹

To make up the contingent for English service, Tyrconnel had withdrawn the garrison from Derry; but, perturbation increasing through Ulster, Lord Antrim's foot, 1,200 strong, were ordered to occupy that important position. Now, Antrim's was what we should call "a very fine corps"—"six-foot" to a man. Yet more, Irishmen being constitutionally gallant, a bevy of merry brown-haired wenches accompanied the lusty warriors. As the soldiers marched along, hideous stories about their stature, their ferocity, and their women, startled the country side. Anon came to hand the anonymous letter, "warning of a general massacre intended by the Irish," which, diligently circulated by Lord Mount Alexander, had just thrown Dublin into confusion and uproar unparalleled. Fear, passion, and the mob, got the upper hand in Derry. The graver citizens preached prudence to the winds. On the 7th of December, 1688—a fortnight before James quitted Whitehall—up went the town drawbridge in front of the royal Anakim. Few acts of popular effervescence have produced greater results than this rough work of nine 'prentice youths. Its success made it glorious.

Such examples are catching. Enniskillen followed suit. The north is a-fire. Everywhere making ready for a fight; everywhere pressing invocation to William of Orange.

Tyrconnel did not doze. He called upon loyal men to enrol; and then, with more forbearance than might be expected from him, informed the northern associations that, if they laid down their arms, an amnesty should be granted.

The Prince of Orange being too busy to afford his Irish friends the military assistance they craved, northern fervour

¹ Plowden, "History of Ireland."

flagged, and, through the mediation of Lord Mountjoy, a Protestant nobleman who adhered to James, the Derry men admitted within their walls a garrison, partly Protestant, partly Catholic, consisting of six companies of Mountjoy's regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Lundy.

But if unprepared to take Ireland by the throat, William had not forgotten her. At this time lived in London as "a sort of prisoner," Colonel Richard Hamilton, a brother of the afterwards famous Anthony Hamilton and the Comtesse de Grammont. He had served in the French army, but having dared to fall in love with the Princesse de Conti, Louis's illegitimate daughter, had been obliged to quit Versailles. Now this adroit gentleman, of whose wit and *bonnes fortunes* Saint Simon speaks approvingly, was mentioned to William by Mr. Secretary Temple, as just the person to serve his turn in the perplexing posture of Irish affairs.¹ Accordingly, Hamilton proceeded to Dublin with instructions to urge Tyrconnel, supposed to be wavering, to submit to the new *régime*. But, impressed with the instability of the revolution, the agreeable colonel advised Tyrconnel to stand by James. The Lord Lieutenant having, by this time, discarded the flighty notion of a crown for himself—which is said to have flashed across his brain—was easily persuaded. However, as the country lacked arms, money, every military appliance indeed, save men, it was necessary to gain time; he therefore kept up a show of negotiation; and, under pretence of obtaining James's consent to the submission of the sister kingdom through a *vivâ voce* explanation of its impuissance, Lord Mountjoy and Chief Baron Rice were despatched to Saint Germain. On their arrival the truth transpired. Mountjoy, whom Tyrconnel distrusted, was lodged in the Bastille, and James prepared to join his army in the field.

Meanwhile, having received favourable tidings from England, the Ulster Protestants rose. The Catholic soldiers were hunted out of Derry, and the Dutch prince proclaimed king in the

¹ Son of Sir William Temple. He committed suicide on hearing the upshot of his *protégé's* mission.

neighbouring market-places. Except Charlemont and Carrickfergus, the whole province was speedily in Orange hands.

Straightway the Lord Lieutenant sent Richard Hamilton with 2,500 troops against the insurgents. While he was marching on Dromore, King James landed at Kinsale.





XV.

DROMORE AND CLADYFORD.

1689.

FOR three hundred years an English King had not set foot in Ireland ; and how opposite the circumstances under which Richard II. and James II. appeared ! The Plantagenet came to subdue, the Stuart to rally a nation. Both failed, for both were feeble.

The character of James at this period is well drawn by Comte d'Avaux : " La seule chose, Sire," writes the sagacious ambassador to Louis XIV., " qui pourra nous faire de la peine est l'irresolution du roy d'Angleterre, qui change souvent d'aris, et ne se détermine pas toujours au meilleur. Il s'arreste aussy beaucoup à de petites choses, où il employe tout son temps, et passe legerement sur les plus essentielles."¹ The King's old business habits, then, had sunk into a passion for petty details. Mindfulness of this sort, however proper in the captain of a company, is fatal to a prince in arms. D'Avaux foreboded.

Tyrconnel awaited the King at Cork, and received a dukedom for his pains. Those acquainted with the Irish nature can picture to themselves the rapture which blazed throughout the South. As the *cortège* travelled to Dublin—sometimes cheered by a smiling landscape, but too often grieved by blackened vestiges of Cromwellian devastation—the intense

¹ "Negociations de M. le Comte d'Avaux en Irlande." For access to this very rare book I am indebted to the courtesy of the late Earl of Clarendon and Earl Granville, when Ministers of Foreign Affairs.

affection of the Celt occasionally assumed a form more tender than agreeable ; at Carlow, we are told, women not always seductive, wrinkled crones, no less than buxom maidens, actually imposed kisses on their reluctant Prince.

Into Dublin James rode in gallant guise ; Tyrconnel, bearing the sword of state, preceded him. Comte d'Avaux, the Dukes of Powis and Berwick, the Earls of Melfort and Granard were on his right and left. Irish, Scotch, and English gentlemen followed. To welcome him came forth the old nobility in coaches and six. The aldermen, newly robed for the nonce, might be seen, panting for an imperial glance ; and with the Host aloft in their front, the Catholic clergy, regular and secular, advanced in august procession. Forty beautiful damsels scattered flowers upon the royal path, tapestry waved across the streets, every window glowed with loveliness, and a countless multitude vociferated, "Cread mille failthe!"

"Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's schemes,
The air-built castle, and the golden dreams."

The King was soon busy. Addresses poured in from all quarters. That of the Anglican clergy "touched gently on the distraction of the times, and the grievances they had experienced."¹ James assured the reverend gentlemen of protection and redress. He promised to defend, nay, even to enlarge, the privileges of the University. But, as Protestants were removed from the Privy Council to make way for Catholics like Powis and Berwick, Protestant feeling was generally irreconcilable.

Five proclamations were now issued. The first commanded Protestants who had lately quitted the kingdom to return, and accept the royal protection, under penalties for refusal. The second, directed against marauding, ordered all Catholics not belonging to the army to lay up their arms in their houses. A third called on the peasantry to bring in provisions to the troops. A fourth raised the value of money—a feat often attempted, but never achieved. The last summoned a

¹ Leland, "History of Ireland."

parliament to meet in Dublin on the 7th of May. While all this was doing, the Duke of Berwick, accompanied by several officers, both French and Irish, left the castle for the north. He had just been appointed *Maréchal de Camp* (Major-General) in the force acting there under Lieutenant-General Richard Hamilton.

The military condition of the country caused James's advisers grave anxiety. It is true that, by the exertions and at the cost of the nobility and gentry, numerous regiments of cavalry and infantry either had been, or were in course of being raised.¹ The recruits were of excellent quality. D'Avaux reports them to his master: "des plus beaux hommes qu'on puisse voir, il n'y en a presque point au dessous de 5 pieds 5 à 6 pouces" (nearly 6 feet English measure). "Les piquiers et les grenadiers sont presque tous de 5 pieds 6 pouces et demie" (*i. e.* above 6 feet English). "Je parle des nouvelles levées, comme des anciennes." Of rank and file, then, no stint; but over and above thew and sinew, little, and that of the worst. The ambassador describes the levies as being armed mostly with shillelaghs (*petits bastons*) sometimes tipped with iron; and James asserts that the 20,000 stand of arms, which Tyrconnel had to distribute, were "so old and unserviceable that only a thousand of the firearms proved afterwards to be of any use." Here the King is borne out, not only by D'Avaux, but by Lord Clarendon, who, when Viceroy, informed Lord Sunderland how constantly the officers complained "of the defects of their arms, and alleged that many of them may be bought here (in Dublin) for half what they cost out of England."² No doubt; but at this time, and for long afterwards,

¹ It appears from "L'Etat present de l'armée d'Irlande," sent by D'Avaux to Louis XIV., that shortly after James's arrival the army consisted of "the guards (22 companies of 90 rank and file each company), thirty-five regiments of infantry (each regiment having 13 companies of 62 rank and file), three regiments of cavalry (of 9 companies each), four other regiments of 6 companies each. Three regiments of dragoons, 12 companies each. Four others of 10 companies. In all about 35,000 men."

² "State Letters of the Earl of Clarendon."

England preferred buying dear at home to buying cheap elsewhere.

The only corps tolerably armed were the "old regiments"—the Guards (Dorrington's), Macarthy's, Clancath's, and Newcomen's infantry; also, seven companies of Mountjoy's (the remaining six being in Derry). Three regiments of horse, and one of dragoons, were likewise fairly equipped. Of artillery, only eight small field-guns could parade, "the rest not being mounted." Moreover, "no stores in the magazines, little powder and ball, many of the officers gone to England, and no money in cash."¹ Against this penury there is a set-off in the arms and ammunition brought from France, but after making allowance for these, the supply remains inadequate to the demand.

On the strength, perhaps, of an ambiguous expression in James's "*Mémoires*" that the officers were "*gens du pais peu differents des soldats*," Lord Macaulay has picturesquely described them as "cobblers, tailors, butchers, or footmen." But Mr. Dalton—a satisfactory authority on the subject—is of a contrary opinion: "A more noble host," he says, "has seldom been submitted to review. Six of the colonels were peers, as were five of the captains. The other officers were sons of peers, baronets, or heirs of the oldest families as long as they had anything to inherit."² How doctors differ!

Dismal prospect. The old corps alone fit to fight, the rest of good stuff certainly, but, as yet, awkwardest unkempt squads. What a mistake, the despatch of nearly 3,000 disciplined soldiers to England! At home, besides their value in the field, they would have done excellent service by imparting *morale* to the raw recruits, always unsteady, always prone to panic. The siege of Sebastopol proved how poorly the youngster, taken green from the loom or the plough, endures the miseries of war, even when the resources of the richest nation under heaven are lavished to make a soldier of him.

And now to blows. On the 14th of March, Lieutenant-

¹ Clarke, "Life of James II."

² "Illustrations of King James's Army List."

General Richard Hamilton came up with the insurgents at Dromore, co. Down. Of the 2,500 men at his back, many were raparees,¹ a species of the bashi-bazouk, useful when a general knows how to turn them to account, worse than useless under a routine commander. More numerous, and even more undisciplined were the Protestants. They scattered at the first shock. After this "break of Dromore," the mass of the fugitives entered Hillsborough; but, on receiving "protections" from Hamilton, slunk gladly to their homes. However, by the exertions of Sir Arthur Rawdon, Colonel Upton, and other gentlemen, a considerable body held together and made for Coleraine, to stop the Catholics on the Bann; another band sought shelter in Enniskillen.

Soon after the Duke of Berwick's appearance in their camp the Irish reached Coleraine. Here, the northerners were found so strongly intrenched that Hamilton, seeing no chance of carrying the position with the force under his orders, skirmished languidly and demanded reinforcements. Exultation, great but shortlived, on the other side. Five regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and two guns, quickly arriving under the Marquis de Pusignan,² that active officer crossed the river with a detachment a little above the town, upon which the enemy, fearing to be cut off from Derry, evacuated the place and pushed for the Foyle.

Leaving Charles Moore's men to garrison Coleraine, the Irish passed the Bann in boats and marched through a difficult country to Strabane. While they reposed there, news arrived that 10,000 Williamites under Colonel Lundy, the Governor of Derry, had occupied Cladyford and Lifford, with the object of securing the passes of the Finn water. This stirred Hamilton. On the 15th of April a light corps of 600 horse and 350 foot, led by himself, with Pusignan and Berwick for his seconds,

¹ Story's "Impartial History of Affairs in Ireland."

² Viz., Gormans town's, Bellew's, Louth's, Nugent's, Charles Moore's foot, and Tyrconnel's horse. Pusignan, writing to D'Avaux from Dunganannon, says, "I have seen the regiments of Bellew, Gormanstown, and Louth, which do not possess a sword, and but very few muskets. In short, I cannot exaggerate the necessities of this country."

was at Clady. On reconnoitring the bridge the general found the first arch broken and a stout breastwork at the further extremity, the greater body of the enemy being in column somewhat to the rear.

Sending his grenadiers to the front, Hamilton made a fatigue party repair the damaged arch under the cover of their fire. While this was being done with planks and boughs of trees, confusion within the breastwork became evident. The cavalry, therefore, were ordered to cross the river. Berwick at their head, Tyrconnel's horse dashed at the stream and gained the opposite bank, with the loss of Major Nangle and two troopers. The cavalry still swam, when the infantry, rushing over the now practicable bridge, seized the *tête de pont*. This smart action so daunted the foe that they broke and ran for Derry. Hotly pursued for more than five miles they left 400 men killed and wounded behind. Had the bogs not proved friends in need, their loss would have been far heavier. The Catholic casualties were insignificant.¹

During Hamilton's course through Ulster there was anxious discussion in Dublin about Derry. How was the centre of rebellion to be treated? It was agreed at last, that the general-in-chief, de Rosen, should proceed with a few squadrons to the north; whither, contrary to the opinion both of D'Avaux and Tyrconnel, the King resolved to follow. The French Ambassador and the Irish duke judged aright. On every ground, political and military, James ought to have stayed in Dublin, but Lord Melfort, the unpopular Scotch favourite—"n'y bon français, n'y bon Irlandais, qui songe uniquement à l'Ecosse"²—had persuaded him that, being sincerely beloved by his subjects, his appearance before Derry would suffice to unlock its gates. And, to do him justice, James was desirous of preventing, by his presence, any unnecessary bleeding of yielding Derryites.³

It chanced that Rosen and his comrades, Maumont and

¹ L'Abbé MacGeoghegan, "History of Ireland." Harris, "Life of King William III."

² "D'Avaux au Roi (Negociations)."

³ Ibid.

Léry, entered Strabane, while Protestant and Papist were contending at Clady. With the horse they had brought from Dublin, and eighty men of the foot guards, then garrisoning the town, the French officers crossed the river at Lifford ; and, sweeping aside some straggling bands in their front, marched for St. Johnstown ; thus forming an advanced guard to Hamilton, who was now *en route* for Raphoe. By this time the King had reached Charlemont. Wrought, perplexed in the extreme, ought he to proceed to Derry ? Would it not be more prudent to return to Dublin ? But the news from Clady, and a letter from the Duke of Berwick announcing that the superior officers were convinced Derryite obduracy would melt away under the sun of York, dispelled his hesitation. Attended by a single valet, even leaving behind his camp bed, James remounted his weary horse and rode thirty miles across country to Newtown Stewart in quest of Rosen.¹

While these events occurred outside, Derry was in convulsion. Two English regiments (now the 9th and 17th) under Colonels Richards and Cunningham having arrived in Lough Foyle, a council of war met, and, at the instance of Governor Lundy, decided that, the place being untenable, the troops should not land, and that the citizens ought to capitulate. Desiring nothing better, the wealthy burgesses promised, in reply to a summons from General Hamilton to send deputies to treat, provided the King's forces did not advance beyond St. Johnstown. But to the masses this half-heartedness seemed abomination. They cried aloud for war ; and indeed their utter ignorance of war suited the emergency better than the scant science boasted of by Lundy (lukewarm Williamite at best) and his comrades, Richards and Cunningham, doubtless, mere rule-of-thumb commanders.

To heighten the effervescence, befell one of those blunders which, in a crisis, James had a knack of committing. Without directly communicating with Hamilton, and only vaguely cognizant of that officer's *pour-parlers* with the civic authorities, the King, joining Rosen on the 18th of April, hurried to Derry.

¹ Macpherson, "Original Papers."

But no sooner did the dragoons escorting him loom on Windmill-hill, south-west of the town, than, not unnaturally, arose the cry—"Treachery!" "These d— Papists," bawled the popular leaders, "would butcher us unawares. The halt at St. Johnstown was a feint. Lo! they come. Have at 'em in God's name!" Straightway, divers of the rabble flew to the walls, and, to the summoning blast of the royal trumpeter, replied with a cannon shot, killing, according to some accounts, an officer who rode beside the astonished monarch.¹ Dutiful constituted authority stood aghast, and would have apologized; but the roughs, in full swing of sectarian intoxication, made a clean sweep of timorous respectability. Robert Lundy stole away in disguise—to share with the Pope horriblest cursings over Orange punch-bowls for evermore; Richards and Cunningham sailed right glad for England—to be broke on arrival for excessive prudence. Lynch law, however, prevailed not. New rulers turned up, cut and dry for the occasion: the Rev. George Walker, rector of Donaghmore, County Tyrone, an active parson with a strong military turn, and a Mr. Baker assumed sway. Still, Protestant wrath burns fiercely, and every working man, stirred to his heart's core, thirsts for the blood of "Popish murtherers." And yet, in a crisis when one might expect all anti-Catholic energies concentrated on a single object, strife broke out amongst "the different religious parties;"—one Dissenting teacher pronouncing none worthy to fight the good fight who refused to take the covenant. The peril, however, grew too pressing for the indulgence even of theological rancour. The pious had to bide a more convenient season for controversial pastime, and to betake themselves to the less congenial pushing of pikes.²

Derry men, unexpectedly stubborn, and the royalist soldiers, worn out with continual marching in incessant rain—James retired to St. Johnstown, where it was at once decided at a council of war that the King should return to Dublin for the purpose of organizing succour and meeting Parliament. Taking

¹ Dalrymple "Memoirs."

² Leland, "History of Ireland."

with him Generals de Rosen and de Léry, James went his way. The lead against Derry, therefore, devolved on Lieutenant-General de Maumont, Richard Hamilton being second in command, the Duke of Berwick and Marquis de Pusignan serving as major-generals.





XVI.

AGAINST DERRY.

1689.

WHAT of Derry? It clusters upon an oblong ridge, about five miles south of Lough Foyle. The river of that name, winding pleasantly through a charming country, surrounds the town on three sides. Rampart walls, 24 ft. high and 8 or 9 ft. thick, girt it. A ditch lay outside. On nine bastions and two half-bastions were distributed, according to the Rev. George Walker, "twenty serviceable guns" (the Duke of Berwick says "thirty pieces"). There were four gates, north, south, east, and west. In advance of Bishop's Gate, facing south, Lundy had constructed a ravelin. At 260 paces beyond this, a trench had been opened, extending from the south-west bastion to the water-side on the south-east.

On the 25th of March a vast store of arms and ammunition had been introduced; ¹ 7,341 fighting men (officers inclusive) paraded in eight lately formed regiments. "Besides these," says the Rev. John Mackenzie, a presbyterian chaplain, "there were several volunteers who did good service." The weak points in the defence were the numerous ineffectives—old men, women, and children, who had taken refuge in the town—and a scanty supply of provisions.

How the Jacobites were prepared for offensive operations against a walled town strongly garrisoned, and comparatively well armed, will appear as we proceed.

¹ Rev. Andrew Hamilton, "Actions of the Inniskillen men."

The day after the King's departure, General de Maumont, accompanied by Hamilton, Pusignan, and Berwick, left St. Johnstown with 400 foot, Tyrconnel's horse, and Dungan's dragoons (about 700 sabres in all). Passing Derry on the right, they proceeded to Culmore Fort, which, jutting boldly into the estuary, defends the entrance to the Foyle. It luckily surrendered without demur, for the royalists had no means of capturing it by force. At the same time, the troops were distributed thus:—three battalions and nine squadrons remained at St. Johnstown; head-quarters were fixed at Brook-hall; a corps watched the place from the eastern side of the water. The entire force may be estimated at about 10,000,¹ including several detachments.

It was intended not only to blockade the city, until the arrival of *matériel* might render a living siege possible, but also to repress the armed malcontents swarming in Enniskillen.

Brigadier Ramsay had thrown 200 infantry, under Anthony Hamilton, into Pennyburn, a village about a mile south of Derry, on the road to Culmore. On the 21st of April the besieged "sallied out as many as pleased and what officers were at leisure, not in any commendable order,"² on this post. Disposing his men in barricaded houses, and behind hedges, Hamilton sent for assistance. The cavalry being out foraging when the messenger reached Brook-hall, some forty troopers only could on the instant be collected. Galloping at the head of them went Maumont, Berwick, Henry Fitz-James, and other superior officers. Joined on the road by foragers, they entered Pennyburn about eighty sabres. Down, then, upon the foe; break them up, hunt them to the very gates!

Seeing their horse routed, the Derry foot retired with little loss. Having in their charge borne the fire of infantry, the

¹ With the addition of Lord Galmoy's corps acting independently, "the total force in the north consisted of 11,975 foot, 735 horse, 750 dragoons." MACPHERSON, *Original Papers*.

² Rev. George Walker, "Account of the Siege of Londonderry." The Duke of Berwick asserts the reverend colonel's hazy field state to signify 1,500 foot and 300 horse.

Catholic cavalry suffered heavily: the general-in-chief de Maumont, Major Taafe, brother of Lord Carlingford and of Count Taafe (Berwick's "governor"), together with six or seven soldiers were killed. Almost every man and horse engaged were hit more or less; Berwick and Pusignan had horses shot under them.

Mr. Walker speaks with awe of the Irish artillery, and immensely overrates its abundance—as a country clergyman transformed into a sabreur would naturally enough do. At the commencement of the investment the Jacobites had only two small mortars, three field pieces, and two 12-pounders with which to batter walls mounting, at least, twenty cannon.

On the 23rd the Irish opened fire with a heavy gun from the opposite (north-east) side of the river on Ship-quay-gate, but the gunners being very unskilful, small damage ensued.¹ The besieged replied from the bastions (fronting north), and, besides a trifling amount of mischief, slew "two friars in their habits." Rare fun for Derry!

In the early morning of the 25th a considerable force sallied upon the Pennyburn detachment, now raised to 500 men. The combat lasted long; and the Irish, forced out of the hedgerows, were reduced to a few loop-holed houses, when Brigadier Ramsay, advancing from the south of the place, took the sortie in rear, and sent it in confusion whence it came. As usual, no great loss of life, but the French officers suffered badly, Pusignan being so severely wounded that he died soon afterwards. The Duke of Berwick received a contusion of the spine—his sole wound (he tells us) until the death-blow.

Writing to Louis XIV., D'Avaux sketches the situation in colours different from those in which Walker paints "the well-appointed" Irish army: "*Les affaires,*" he says, "*ne vont pas trop bien au nord. M. de Pusignan y a reçu un coup de mousquet au travers du corps, dont il pourrait guerir, s'il y avait un bon chirurgien dans toute l'armée. Mais je n'espere*

¹ "*Les canonniers étaient si mal adroit, qu'ils ne pouvaient donner dans aucune maison.*"—D'AVAUX À LOUVOIS.

rien de sa vie, et il meurt presque autant de chagrin de s'être vu abandonné dans l'occasion, et dans sa maladie, que de sa propre blessure." Then he goes on to tell how, after losing two French generals, to say nothing of three or four French officers, the Irish must convert the siege into a blockade, and intrench themselves against sorties.¹ In fact, this quasi-siege appears to have been the result of a compromise. Aware of the depletion of the magazines, Rosen always objected to a siege. Melfort, with an eye to Scottish concerns alone, desired a blockade, in order that Irish troops might reinforce Dundee. Other counsellors suggested a middle course—a kind of siege-blockade—to serve as a school for the recruits and untrained officers. Wishing to please everybody, and hoping that somehow something might turn up, James embraced the idea.

Richard Hamilton, who now assumed command, reported to Dublin that the infantry immediately in front of the place only amounted to six feeble battalions, and that out of every ten muskets about one might be counted on to shoot.² He pressed, therefore, for soldiers, cannon, a heavy mortar, and siege *matériel*.

The notion entertained by Leland, Harris, and others that Derry was invested by "20,000 well-appointed troops" is a stretch of imagination. It is scarcely possible that at this period 20,000 *recruits* could have been massed upon any particular point in Ireland. But we have it on James's authority that when the Royalists appeared before the city their entire force throughout the north amounted to 13,463 horse, foot, and dragoons.³ How these troops were employed a Protestant writer shall explain: "It is well known," says the Rev. Andrew Hamilton, an eye-witness of and actor in the events he describes, "that during the whole time of that long siege, the men of Inniskillen kept at least half of the Irish

¹ D'Avaux au Roi, "Negociations," &c.

² "Comme les bons (bataillons) ne sont que de six cents hommes. Je juge que ceux-là n'en ont pas quatre cents."—D'AVAUX AU ROI.

³ Macpherson, "Original Papers."

army from coming before Derry, and kept them in so great fear of their coming to relieve the town, that they durst never make a regular attack upon the place, but were forced to divide their men, keeping strong guards at Strabane, Lifford, Castle-Fin, Cladybridge, Newtown-Stewart, Castle Derrig, and Omagh, lest Inniskillen men should come upon them. By so doing they made the siege a great deal easier to the besieged, and therefore (as those who were best acquainted with the affairs of Derry during the siege do confess) Inniskillen does deserve no small part of the honour of that place's preservation.¹" This homely good sense disposes of much of Mr. Walker's hyperbole, so eagerly patronized by Leland.

It follows, then, that inverting the proper order of such things, [the defenders were throughout more numerous than the assailants,² that the former possessed more than double the guns the latter could, at any period, place in battery ; moreover, there is reason to believe that the Derry men were better armed than their opponents.

To resume, information coming from Dublin that battering cannon might soon be expected, Hamilton determined to secure positions close to the walls, so that real work might commence, when the artillery arrived. On the 6th of May, therefore, Ramsay attacked the intrenched windmill, crowning an eminence about half a cannon shot south of the town ; but (the Duke of Berwick writes) it being defended "*avec une grande bravoure*," and the garrison opportunely sallying, the Irish were beaten back ; Brigadier Ramsay, a valiant soldier, and 200 men killed ; several officers of note taken prisoners. From their position we can conceive that the Derryites suffered less severely. Still, it is difficult to imagine so much fighting, attended by a Protestant loss of only three men killed and twenty wounded. In addition to other endowments, the Rev. George Walker seems to have possessed a lively fancy.

Wauchope took command of Ramsay's corps, and two heavy

¹ "Actions of the Inniskillen men."

² Napoleon laid it down that a besieging army should be four times the strength of the garrison. But this calculation assumes the troops, inside and outside, to be equal as regards discipline and armament.

guns, one large mortar with ten companies of Eustace's regiment having joined, again attempted to carry the mill ; but alive to its importance, the enemy had strengthened it so effectually, that despite the daring of Captain Butler¹ and the stormers, the Irish had to retire, leaving behind, says Walker, 400 fighting men slain, besides the gallant Butler and other officers captured. A less impulsive authority, the Duke of Berwick, puts the Jacobite casualties at "several officers, and at least 100 men."

Was there ever a funnier *ruse de guerre* than that practised by the retreating Irish, according to Walker. "We wondered," says he, "the foot did not run faster till we took notice that in their retreat they took the dead on their backs, and so preserved their own bodies from the remainder of our shot, which was more service than they did when alive."² Some might suppose the beaten soldiers to have done bravely in carrying off the dead : in our day the Victoria Cross peculiarly glorifies the achievement. By no means. It was simply to save their own hides ! Such is history written on the spot, passion guiding the pen, and prejudice clotting the ink.

Some change in the disposition of the Jacobites now took place. The battalions on the east side of the river remained undisturbed, but the main body of the troops was massed behind a wood a little west of the town.

On the 15th of June cheerful intelligence greeted the garrison, who were becoming straightened for food. An English fleet of thirty sail was reported in the lough. But the savoury mirage of bread and beef speedily vanished, for the winds were contrary, and the Irish transported their big guns to Charles Fort, just above Brook-hall, where the Foyle makes its first great bend to the eastward. Here, too, they stretched across the water a mighty boom, made of huge beams, braced together with a stupendous cable, fortified with chains. They sprinkled musketeers along the banks. So effectual the obstruction, that Commodore Rooke, commanding the frigates

¹ Second son of Viscount Mountgarret.

² Walker, "Siege of Londonderry."

which conveyed the expedition, agreed with Major-General Kirke that there was nothing for it at present but watching events and praying for change of wind.¹ Communication with the ships cut off, signalling from mast-head and steeple availed not; and when a hardy seaman contrived to creep, dodge, even swim, away into the town, and told how Kirke, lamb of Tangiers, wolf of Sedgemoor, Protestant hero now, lay comfortably in the lough with two veteran regiments, arms, ammunition, and provisions in plenty, his tidings profited the hungry citizens about as much as the sight of a richly furnished butcher's stall regales the starving outcast.

General de Rosen joined the Irish headquarters on the 17th of June with a few French engineers and gunners, three regiments of infantry, five troops of horse, and one of dragoons. The investing corps now seems to have reached its maximum strength—viz. twelve battalions and fifteen squadrons, numbering from five to six thousand men.² How the reinforcements were prepared for war D'Avaux shall explain. Writing to M. de Louvois, he says, "J'ay vu la lettre d'un colonel d'un des regimens, qu'on vient d'envoyer à Derry, qui mandoit que dans tout son regiment, il n'avoit que sept mousquets, les autres n'ont que de petits bastons long de trois pieds, qu'ils portent sur l'épaule, et quelques uns ont des piques qui ne sont pas ferrées." Then he proceeds to inform the minister that the luckless army possesses neither hospitals, medicines, provisions, nor munitions,—“n'y rien de tout ce qui est necessaire à la subsistance aussi bien qu'à la defence des troupes, qui ont beaucoup d'ennemis sur les bras, et qui assiegent une place bien gardée et bien munie.”³ And Mr. Walker imagined he was striving with a “well-appointed” foe.

We will turn for a moment to the general-in-chief. A big German of coarse aspect, Conrad de Rosen's manners were of the roughest, save when eating; then, stimulated by good cheer, he grew jovial, and would converse with noisy pleasantries of his campaigns. A good cavalry officer, shrewd and bold,

¹ Campbell, “Lives of British Admirals.”

² “Mémoires du Duc de Berwick.”

³ “Negociations,” &c.

he was capable of leading the wing of an army; but a dread of responsibility—frequent infirmity of the military mind—ill-fitted him for a separate command. Somehow, he managed to obtain the marshal's baton in 1703, and subsided into private life, *gourmand* and *gouty*.¹

Although—confining himself to watching Kirke and the Inniskillen men—Rosen left to Hamilton the conduct of the siege, his coming instilled vigour into the attack, which, owing to the removal of guns to oppose the ships, and to lack of trenching tools, had been for some time suspended. On making his first reconnaissance of the place, he flew, after his wont, into a violent rage, cursing and swearing—spluttering in Franco-Dutch terriblest damnation against the obstinate city. But blasphemy did not engross his energies. By his advice trenches were opened south and west within a few perches of the walls. Such of the guns as could be spared from the river side, and two “large mortars” were placed in battery. Still, means to the end remained sadly inadequate—only thirty shovels for digging, fearful disease among the troops and no surgeons to deal with it, tents and medicine wanting, no money for pay, and, a natural consequence, desertion by shoals.²

¹ “Mémoires du Duc de Saint Simon.” “Memoires du Duc de Berwick.”

² D'Avaux au Roi.





XVII.

BERWICK AND THE INNISKILLEN MEN.

1689.

IT is necessary to fall back a little in order to explain the duty which now devolved on the Duke of Berwick. Towards the end of 1688, many inhabitants of Inniskillen and the neighbourhood, alarmed at Tyrconnel's recruiting and his attempts to disarm the Protestants, determined to resist the royal authority. They therefore refused to admit two companies of Newcomen's regiment, sent by the Viceroy to garrison their town, and choosing for their governor Gustavus Hamilton, an influential squire who had formerly served in Lord Glenawly's regiment, beat up for volunteers both horse and foot. Nor did they omit to solicit from the Prince of Orange arms, ammunition, and money. Although the association spread through the counties of Armagh, Cavan, Monaghan, Tyrone, and Donegal, its troops passed generally under the name of "Inniskillen-men." Having a thorough knowledge of the country, being comparatively well armed and mounted, these partisans harassed the Irish very considerably—cutting their communications, lifting their cattle, and hampering the investment of Derry by compelling the Jacobites to push numerous detachments from flanks and rear. At length, their activity so seriously interfered with the blockade, that it was decided General de Rosen should take the field in person against the obnoxious irregulars. But the arrival of the English fleet and the low ebb to which the corps before Derry had fallen altered the intention; the commander-in-chief must

hasten to the Foyle with all the soldiers that could be scraped together.

The army of the south being numerous enough (on paper), it might be supposed that operations on a large scale should have been undertaken. But we must remember that effective action was precluded by the indiscipline, want of arms, and absence of transport which rendered the majority of the troops little better than nominal soldiers. It was as much as "the Castle" could do to restrain the band of armed Protestants whom Lord Inchiquin in Munster, and Lord Kingston in Connaught, were teaching to be troublesome. And thus it was that the blows now and again aimed at Inniskillen and her volunteers by Lord Galmoy and other officers, being perforce feeble and desultory, had meagre influence on the war: when successful, they were checks not disasters to the Williamites.

As time progressed the Inniskilleners waxed bolder, the wary Kirke more threatening. On the other hand, the Irish soldiers were perishing. The exigency demanded action. James's council settled upon converging operations against the northern insurgents. They should be attacked by Sarsefield and his Connaught men from the west, by a Munster corps from the south, by Berwick from the north. This sounds well enough, like many plans of campaign. What came of it we shall soon see.

But before the scheme could be taken in hand it was necessary to disperse the condottieri annoying the besiegers' rear. The service was sought, and not in vain—king's sons know little of refusals—by the Duke of Berwick, who wearied of the monotonous duty before the place, and disliked the rude *bon-vivant* in command. On the 21st of June he left Brookhall with 400 troopers and took up quarters at Cavan,¹ near Castle Finn. Soon afterwards, informed that the enemy were creating a dépôt of provisions at Donegal, he went thither by night and, entering the little town at dawn, surprised 300 Inniskillen men. Many were cut down, but the rest flying to

¹ The Duke writes "Cavan-park."

the castle found protection, thanks to the Duke's want of artillery. After burning the town and magazine the Irish dragoons returned to the Finn with 1,500 head of cattle, most welcome spoil.

The rebel power continually increasing, Berwick was re-inforced by a regiment of horse, one of dragoons, and Bellew's foot. With this force he occupied Trillick, a village ten miles north of Inniskillen, and on the 13th of July proceeded at the head of a strong body of cavalry to reconnoitre the insurrectionary headquarters. Warned by his scouts, Gustavus Hamilton sent 200 foot and 100 horse to secure a narrow pass between lough and bog, which the Duke, if bent on reaching the town, could not avoid, and which, owing to the nature of the ground, surmounted by the mill of Cornacrea, "might be easily defended by a few men"—at least until Hamilton could come up with fresh troops. Gaining the mill, and perceiving no foe, the Inniskillen advanced guard pushed heedlessly on. Barely, however, had they cleared the pass, before Berwick was upon them. Rout followed; without an attempt to support the infantry the cavalry rode away. The pursuit continued up to the sod-fort and intrenchments, thrown up to shield Inniskillen from a *coup-de-main*. Many were ridden down as they ran, many prisoners captured, the greater part of the arms belonging to the infantry taken. Amid the dismay, a Protestant private emulated the fame of stout Witherington. One John Wilson, we are assured, stood the shock of divers troopers fiercely hewing at him, some he stabbed with his bayonet, some he brained with his firelock butt, others he tore bodily from their saddles,—

"I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have strength to stand."

And when at length "in doleful dumps" he fell, bleeding from twelve wounds, and considered done for, this doughty Wilson, being prodded by a passing sergeant, sprang up and wrenching the halberd out of the fellow's hand, drove it through his pestilent heart. Fortune sometimes favours the brave, and for thirty years John Wilson lived the pride of Fer-

managh.¹ So sharp the affair, that Hamilton had not time to collect his men ; the Duke, therefore, retired without molestation with his prisoners to Trilleck, and next day fell back to Derry. This was one of the heaviest blows dealt the Inniskilleners during the war, for besides the loss of men and arms, Captain Corry's mansion and several houses in the outskirts had been burnt by Hamilton's order, lest they might afford shelter to the Irish soldiers. Considering that James Fitz-James was only in his nineteenth year, this dash was very promising.

Early in July the Inniskillen men obtained valuable assistance. Kirke despatched a frigate from Lough Foyle to Ballyshannon with thirty barrels of powder and some muskets, at the same time requesting that competent persons might be sent to give him information respecting the military situation. The Rev. Andrew Hamilton, who was one of the deputation, tells us that at this period the Inniskillen force consisted of seventeen troops of horse, a few troops of dragoons, and thirty foot companies, *i. e.* about 3,000 men. The infantry was "indifferently well armed," the cavalry "not so well." Kirke received the notables with anxious expression of religious devotion, and handed over to them "600 firelocks for dragoons, 1,000 muskets for infantry, 20 more barrels of powder, with match in proportion, 8 small cannon and some hand grenades." He also issued officers' commissions for a new regiment of horse, to consist of 16 troops (50 rank and file to the troop), a regiment of dragoons of 12 troops, and 3 regiments of infantry (such regiment to consist of 18 companies).¹ With an eye to flying movements, it was arranged that an independent troop of horse should be attached to every infantry regiment. An excellent idea, especially befitting partisan warfare.² The

¹ Harris, "Life of King William III." Hamilton, "Actions of Inniskillen men."

² It is noteworthy that, in his interesting work, "L'Armée Française en 1867," General Trochu puts forth a similar recommendation : "Il faut qu'en entrant à campagne, un corps de cavalerie dont la force numérique variable ne doit jamais être moindre d'un escadron, soit attaché à chaque division d'infanterie. Il fait les reconnaissances les escorts, certains ser-

major-general declined to detach any of his veterans, but he lent some "choice officers," and promoted Gustavus Hamilton to be colonel of foot. After this largess (if not before it) the Inniskillen irregulars were better fitted out than the Irish regulars. They had also more field-guns at their disposal than any Jacobite force in array.

Not relishing an attempt to succour Derry by forcing his way up the Foyle, Kirke essayed a diversion. Proceeding with some ships round Ennishowen into Lough Swilly, he landed troops in the Isle of Inch and at Rathmelton, whence he might threaten the Irish before Derry, and open communications with Inniskillen. To baulk these intentions, Berwick (just promoted to be lieutenant-general and again on detachment) got orders from Rosen to beat up the Williamites at Rathmelton. Thither he went with 1,200 horse and dragoons. Feeling the enemy with the latter, he found 800 infantry too firmly posted under cover of fire from the ships to be dislodged. After skirmishing with their outposts, he returned the next day to his quarters on the Finn water, whence "he might have the best information of the motions of the enemy, and take the most proper measures to oppose them."¹

Meanwhile the cannon roared at sea. On the 10th of May a gallant fight between Chateau Renaud and Admiral Herbert ruffled the waters of Bantry Bay. Although the fleets were pretty equal in strength, the Frenchman held his own; and, on the British retiring, landed stores despatched by Louis "to his dearly beloved brother."² It is said that when D'Avaux, with sparkling eyes, reported to James how Chateau Renaud had defeated the English, the sailor King, "instead

vices de correspondance, &c. C'est un compliment absolument indispensable en vue duquel au debut des operations, la cavalerie doit faire une fois pour toutes, les sacrifices d'effectif necessaires."

¹ Lieut.-General Richard Hamilton. Macpherson, "Original Papers."

² "The French, who had the advantage of the wind, kept it all day, and showed by their workings, to the astonishment of the English, and perhaps to their own, that their vessels were equal in agility, and their seamen in dexterity, to their antagonists."—SIR JOHN DALRYMPLE, *Memoirs of Great Britain*.

of being pleased, let fall the air of his countenance," and coldly answered, "It's the first time, then." This may be true or not ; but it is like the man. James had patriotic feeling of a high pitch. By this naval success, the Irish obtained aid to a certain extent ; but, owing to insufficiency of transport, the frightful condition of the roads, and the peculiar inclemency of the season, it took so long to convey the *matériel* to Dublin that on the siege of Derry the effect was trifling. A few French gunners, however, joined Rosen on his march thither, and a French contractor, or "munitioner," as he was called, undertook to supply the army with rations of bread—the first step, apparently, towards organized victualling.





XVIII.

THE SIEGE RAISED.

1689.

ALTHOUGH the commander-in-chief's arrival had enlivened operations, they soon flagged again, mainly because the battering-guns—too few at best—had been for the most part removed from before the place to Charles Fort and other points, to resist the passage of the Foyle by Rooke's frigates.

However, the Irish continued to push toward the walls, and on the night of the 28th of June, young Lord Clancarty¹ (known to fame through his romantic marriage with Lady Elizabeth Spencer) made a rush with his regiment at the out-works west of the place, mastered them, and even established some miners in a cellar under the half-bastion. But ere they could make safe, the besieged sallied in two bodies from Bishop's Gate on the south, and Butcher's Gate on the west. Thus attacked on both flanks, the guns of the place at the same time opening, musketry blazing from the walls, the assailants were beaten with loss out of the trenches they had won. The proverb, "A Clancarty shall knock at the gates of Derry," was fulfilled, but those who derived hope from the old saw, forgot that to knock and to enter are very different things.

A day or two afterwards, Richard Hamilton, learning from deserters how grievous was the misery of Derry, offered terms

¹ D'Avaux represents Clancarty to Louvois as "un jeune fou, et petit debauché."

of surrender. An answer was not immediately returned : the city chiefs, says Walker, " seeming to listen to the conditions till they had used that opportunity to search for (secreted ?) provisions to support the great necessities of the garrison." In his anger at the delay, Rosen wrote a memorable letter to the King, the animus of which appears in the following extract :—

" My little hopes of success in the siege of Derry, from the impossibility of continuing in the trenches, which are filled both by the tide and the continual rains—which must entirely destroy your Majesty's troops before this place—have induced me to-day to determine to exterminate all the rebels throughout the country."¹

He meant what he said. He informed the authorities that, unless the place was given up on the 1st of July, he would "gather together all the rebels of this country, and afterwards drive them under the walls of the town that they might starve."

Though reduced to eating horse-flesh (no great hardship), dogs, rats (out of both, we are assured, a Parisian *chef* can compose most savoury ragout), and starch (discovered to be a specific for the dysentery so prevalent), the burghers scouted the brutal Teuton's summons.

He was a worker, however, of the kind of "verity" which philosophers, German and Germanized, love to see tormenting their neighbours. On the 2nd of July this ruffian caused throngs of men, women, and children, gathered far and wide, to be driven, cattle-like, under the ramparts. Imagine the horror of the besieged gazing on the spectacle ! At first they hardly believed their senses ; but the veracity revealed, its devilry steeled, instead of softened, the Derryite heart. Up went a huge gallows on a towering bastion, and to the foreign trooper it was declared that, unless he sent priests quickly, the Jacobite prisoners would swing unshriven.

And a touching letter did these prisoners write to Richard Hamilton. After the intelligence, " We are all condemned to die, unless the poor people be withdrawn," they proceed :—

¹ Macpherson, "Original Papers."

"We make it our request to you (as knowing you are a person that does not delight in shedding innocent blood) that you will represent our condition to the martial general. The lives of twenty prisoners lie at stake, and therefore require your diligence and care. We are all willing to die with our swords in our hands for his Majesty, but to suffer like malefactors is hard, nor can we lay our blood to the charge of the garrison, the governor and the rest having used and treated us with all civility imaginable.

"We remain, your most dutiful and dying friends,

"NETERVELL (writ by another hand, he himself has lost the fingers of his right hand).

"(Hon.) E. BUTLER, (Sir) G. AYLMER, MAC-DONNEL, &c.

"To L. G. Hamilton."

Quoth Hamilton—"If you suffer in this it cannot be helped, but you shall be revenged." Cold comfort to gallant gentlemen expecting the rope!

On receipt of Rosen's letter, James instantly commanded him to desist from his project. More; in a strongly expressed circular, the Irish officers at out-stations were instructed to "positively refuse obedience to any order from our field-marshal-general" in furtherance of his design.¹ Thus a hideous crime was stayed. The intended victims were allowed to return home. Before they went the city authorities not only contrived to pick some "effectual men" out of them, but also to slip into the tag-rag "500 of their useless people;" so Derry gained arms and lost mouths—a cunning arrangement which, luckily, Rosen did not discover.

King James is one of those personages to whom authors give no quarter. He never gets credit for a good quality, or a humane act; and yet he was a more conscientious and honourable man than many a popular hero. For instance, his behaviour with respect to Rosen's cruel ruse, has been described as culpably careless, if not absolutely callous. A perusal of

¹ Macpherson, "Original Papers."

his letter to the general-in-chief should remove any such suspicion. But over and above the letter is the evidence of D'Avaux. That shrewd minister, whose business and interest it was to tell the truth to his master, writes to Louis—"Le roy d'Angleterre s'est extrêmement fâché de cette declaration (de Rosen) et n'a pas voulu qu'elle fût exécutée." Also to M. de Louvois: "Mylord Melfort dit que l'honneur du roy et l'exécution de sa parole devait être préféré à la conservation des tous ses royaumes, et que si M. Roze était sujet du roy d'Angleterre, on le ferait pendre—le roy envoya ordre à M. de Roze de ne pas mettre à exécution sa declaration, et defense aux gouverneurs de luy obéir en cela."¹

Whatever we may think of Rosen's heart, his professional judgment being clear enough, "the condition of the troops" caused him deep anxiety. A letter of his to James at this period shows how military affairs were conducted, and revives recollection of mismanagement of a modern date. The general reports that he had just "received a convoy of eighty waggons, five of them were loaded with swords without belts, and (so) the soldiers would have to carry them constantly in their hands." The other waggons brought ammunition and £20,000 in silver. Nevertheless, these important supplies travelled from Dublin to Derry under the escort of twelve troopers, and "lay three nights within sight of Inniskillen." What could the ubiquitous Inniskilleners have been about? How completely James, once an assiduous man of business, must have rusted!

As to the discipline of his army, the general affords an inkling: "Upon the death of a captain in O'Neil's regiment," he writes, "twenty-five dragoons of his company deserted with their horses, and those who remained refused to serve, alleging that they were not engaged but to their captain; they were forced to cast lots, and one of them was shot; but (here we get the kernel of the story) the regiment was obliged to borrow arms for that purpose from Lord Mayse's (Slane's?) regiment."²

¹ "Negociations en Irlande."

² Macpherson, "Original Papers."

Information reaching the castle that vast preparation for the invasion of Ireland was being made in England, James ordered Rosen to hurry the siege. In consequence, a council of war assembled: all the general officers spoke the same mind. The depositions of two commanders may serve as samples of the rest. Brigadier Wauchope says: "My opinion is, since our army is reduced by sickness, fatigues, and desertion, not to the number of 3,000 men able for service, (I) judge that number's not in a condition to force the town in a certain time; but believe these (*sic*) in the town are far inferior to our number."¹

The Duke of Berwick follows: "It is my opinion that it is impossible to take the town of Derry by storm with the little number of foot that is here, or without a considerable number of battering guns, much less to guess when it shall be taken. And I do certainly believe that unless they want provisions, they will never surrender."

The King received the judgment of the council on the 22nd of July, and at once forwarded to the generals permission to raise the siege, unless they had reason to think that famine would very shortly extort submission.

Verily starvation threatened the city. Suspicion of the governor's good faith passed to and fro. Many of the soldiers insisted that he had a store of provisions in his house on the sly. "There was great danger of a mutiny." How the reverend commander met the difficulty is so curious that he must tell it in his own way: "by his (Walker's) instructions to a souldier that was to pretend he himself had the same suspicion, it was contrived that the house was *privately* searched, and their (the soldiers') curiosity being satisfied, they returned to their good opinion of their governor."²

Presently Derry, reduced to the last cow, sends forth a sally for the purpose of seizing some of the Irish kine. It fails.

¹ Not so. Mr. Walker owns that on the 22nd of July, two days after the meeting of the council, "the army of Derry amounted to 4,973."—*Siege of Londonderry*.

² Walker, "Siege of Londonderry."

And then—how oddly does the absurd tincture the woes of life—the officers “were advised to a more easy experiment.” They tied the forlorn cow to a stake, and set fire to her ; for, says Walker, “we had hopes given us that by the cry and noise she would make, the enemies’ cattle would be disturbed, and come to her relief, and they began to move and set up their tails, so that we hoped to have gained our point, but the cow got loose, and turned to no account, only the danger of losing her.”

Horror and well-nigh despair were rife. Horseflesh had risen to 1*s.* 8*d.* a pound, and “a quarter of dog fattened by eating the bodies of the slain Irish” (so at least the governor affirmed) cost 5*s.* 6*d.* Nay, “a certain fat gentleman” fancied his comely corpulence might evoke ideas of dainty dining in the public mind : and, consequently, hid himself perspiring. Notwithstanding Kirke and the ships, the garrison—

“ Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes,”

saw death approaching. But deliverance was at hand. On the 30th of July, three ships are descried in the Lough, evidently making for the river. In the eleventh hour Kirke had roused himself. From his quarters at Inch he directed that a rescue should be vigorously attempted. Abreast of Culmore Fort the ships receive its clumsy shot. But they hold their course. Fire, anon, from the river banks. Onward. The “Mountjoy” of Derry strikes the boom. Dreadful crashing. The shock brings recoil ; the “Mountjoy” is aground ! Shouts from the Irish. Delirious firing from the banks ; eager making ready boats for boarding. But the “Dartmouth” frigate coming up, blazes away ; the stranded vessel shaking herself clear with a broadside, runs the shattered boom. The three ships lie alongside the quay.

Joy unutterable in Derry. Meat and drink plenteous. The fat gentleman emerges smiling from his hiding-place. By enchantment, as it were, the garrison, which disease, short commons, and, in a lesser degree, war, had reduced from 7,500 fighting men to 4,300 lean wolves—seems forgetful of suffering,

and cuts into hunches of British pork and drains jorums of British beer with a merry air, as though boiled rat and Munster-fed dog had been hideous dreams of Walkerian indigestion.

Next day Rosen raised a siege, or rather investment, which, undertaken against his will, had lasted 105 days, and is justly famous in history. The victory was due to Protestant tenacity of purpose and to Catholic poverty of shot. The feats of Walker, a brave but somewhat egotistical old gentleman, seem to be overrated, while the intrepidity and good sense of Colonel Murray and Captain Noble, who really directed the sallies, are well-nigh forgotten. The British public rather likes to hear a man blowing his own trumpet.¹

Rosen's reasons for retiring are unmistakable. The place, being revictualled, could not be taken with the means at his disposal; and, invasion from England being imminent, all available troops must be drawn towards Dublin, whence they might be recruited, refreshed, and, after a manner, supplied.²

¹ It is singular that, in his notice of the siege, Bishop Burnet should make no mention of the Rev. Colonel Walker. Was the amiable prelate jealous of a brother whose weapon was a sword, not an acrid pen?

² Walker affirms "the enemy lost between 8,000 and 9,000 men before our walls, and 100 of their best officers. Most of these fell by the sword, the rest by fevers and flux."—*Siege of Londonderry*. These figures seem random. The Irish could hardly have lost more men than they ever paraded at any one time before the place, and that the sword killed more of them than did disease is even less likely than that the Derryite obituary of the slain amounted only to "80 soldiers."





XIX.

NEWTOWN BUTLER, AND KILLIECRANKIE.

1689.

THE Irish halted the first night at Strabane; and there met them tidings of a great disaster. It will be remembered that combined operations against Inniskillen had been concocted at Dublin. The scheme fell through. The state of things before Derry prevented Rosen furnishing the Duke of Berwick with troops for outside adventure. Sarsefield began work by pushing a reconnoissance toward Bundroes, where he received a check; and how Lord Mountcashel, to whom the chief rôle in the enterprise had been confided, acquitted himself, we will now consider.

Lieutenant-General Justin Macarthy, Viscount Mountcashel,¹ having assembled about 3,600 men at Belturbet, marched on the 27th of July to Crom Castle, on Lough Erne; but before he could master it, he was informed that the Inniskilleners were gathering in his front. He therefore withdrew to Newtown Butler; and, on the 31st, sent Colonel Anthony Hamilton to occupy Lisnaskea, if its castle appeared to be tenable. But before Hamilton got sight of the place he fell in with Lieutenant-Colonel Berry, whom Colonel Wolseley (the

¹ Son of Donagh Macarthy, Viscount Muskerry, and uncle of the Earl of Clancarty. He married a daughter of the famous Earl of Strafford. He had just succeeded Lord Mountjoy as Grand Master of the Irish Artillery.

officer sent by Kirke to command the Inniskillen forces)¹ had likewise hurried to Lisnaskea with orders to hold it or to destroy it, as seemed best. Berry, however, deeming the tower of no consequence, left it alone and moved toward the Irish. But on discovering Hamilton, his advanced guard (or "forlorn," as it was called) fell back on its main body, which also faced about and retreated through Lisnaskea, followed by Anthony Hamilton. Now, about a mile beyond the village, the new road to Inniskillen crossed a bog by a narrow causeway a few hundred yards in length. Resolved to make a stand here till reinforcements, for which he had sent, arrived, Berry placed his foot and dismounted dragoons in a covert fringing the northern extremity of the pass, his horse being kept in reserve a little to the rear. All this no sooner done than Hamilton came up. Ordering Lord Clare's dragoons to dismount, Anthony—as daring a soldier as he was a clever writer—put himself at their head, and at the double went the yellow dragoons in file along the causeway. They approached the thicket; instantly a flash and rattling musketry. Hamilton was wounded and had to fall to the rear. Lieutenant-Colonel Phillips of Clare's, who succeeded him, was shot dead while cheering on his men; and many a tall fellow sprawled in the dust. Bereft of their leader, galled by a hidden fire, the red thread snapped. Then the Inniskillen foot emerged with hurrahs; and, knowing their ground every inch, took the bog right and left of the pathway. Along it the horse advanced. The Irish retreat through Lisnaskea became disastrous. However, Berry halted, for Mountcashel was nigh.

Nor was Wolseley far off. He joined Berry at noon. Their united strength amounting (by their own account) to 2,000 horse and foot, they marched on. At Donagh they felt the Jacobite "forlorn," which retired skirmishing. In this fashion, passing through Newtown Butler, now in flames, the Inniskillen men reached a great bog, traversed for about half a mile by a raised causeway (as in the former instance). At

¹ Major William Wolseley, of Hanmer's foot (now 11th), had been promoted to the colonelcy of the Inniskillen horse.

the southern extremity, drawn up in battalia on a hill-side, appeared the Irish corps, a battery of six guns so disposed along its front as to sweep the approach. Here we have another example of the immense advantage accruing from an intimate acquaintance with the country operated in. The Irish took it for granted that the slough was of despond—impassable—that by the defile alone could the foe get at them. But many of the Inniskilleners had cherished that bog from childhood, knew to a turn its devious soundness. Accordingly, Wolseley ordered Colonels Tiffin and Lloyd to thread the morass with the infantry on both sides of the road, the dismounted dragoons in support; the horse, under Berry, to push along the pass, occasion offering. But the Irish guns scouring it, Berry could not stir. However, the Inniskillener foot trotted the bog nimbly.

Mountcashel is said to have been “a man of parts and courage, wanting no quality fit for a compleat captain, if he were not somewhat short-sighted.”¹ Mayhap, then, owing to his infirmity, the manœuvre escaped his notice, and Anthony Hamilton *hors de combat*, he had no staff-officer beside him capable of appreciating its scope. Whatever the cause, nothing was done to thwart the bog-trotters. Spreading widely for a time, these well-led partisans gradually drew in upon the flanks and rear of the covering battery. Then, a dash at the gunners. Seeing his opportunity, Berry charged down the road. A panic seized the Irish cavalry, and they scampered for Watling Bridge. For a while, the infantry stood firm; but, disheartened by the desertion of the horse, the line broke at last, and, making for Lough Erne, large numbers perished in the river, in bog-pits, and by the sword. Little quarter seems to have been given, for Harris confesses that, “in this battle, the Inniskillen men possibly carried their resentment beyond just bounds.” We know what that means.

Some of the foot, indeed, escaped into Monaghan, but the rout was utter. The chivalrous Mountcashel, admitted on all

¹ Colonel O’Kelly. *Excidium Macariæ*.

sides to have borne him as became a valiant soldier, was badly wounded and taken prisoner while trying to rally the fugitives. For several months he lay sick in Inniskillen. Eventually he made his escape, by the help of the sergeant of the guard. Accused, of course, of breaking his pledge, a Court of Honour acquitted him. When in charge of sentinels, not on parole, he bade farewell to Lough Erne.

At a loss, then, to the Williamites (if we may believe the Rev. Andrew Hamilton) of two officers and twenty privates killed and "forty or fifty men ill wounded," the project against Inniskillen failed entirely. The calamity compelled Sarsefield—awaiting near Bundroes the development of Mountcashel's enterprise—to retire on Sligo. Such the news which, at Strabane, staggered the Irish army, dispirited and in retreat.

Story, who "at first" considered the usual account of this defeat "very incredible," heard that it was "partly" brought about in this wise: the Irish right being sharply assailed, Macarthy ordered up a part of the left wing to their assistance. But the officer in command made a *mistake*. Instead of giving his men the words "Right face," he bawled "Right about face;" the consequence being that the second line (in rear), alarmed by the repulse (as they imagined) of the front line, turned and fled; while the front remarking how cleverly their supports showed their heels, followed suit. The old story—panic amongst raw recruits.

Although this error of judgment is not recorded by other contemporary writers, something of the sort may easily have happened. The infantry certainly stood their ground for a time; and, it is likely enough, Mountcashel may have ordered up succour to the wing most seriously attacked. Nor is it incredible that some flurried boy of an officer should have shouted an improper command to his feverish novices. Hence, the devil take the hindmost! Remembering how a hasty cry, "Retire," was within an ace of breeding panic among veterans on the Alma, I can conceive the stampede such an order might create amid levies green as those led by

Macarthy. Truly observes the Rev. George Story, "So unhappy may a small thing prove to a great body of men."

A last word about Bonnie Dundee. Inspired "by the spirit of Montrose," as he expressed it, Viscount Dundee had been upholding with marked ability the Jacobite cause in Scotland. Hearing, on the 27th of July, that General Mackay was approaching the pass of Killiecrankie, in Perthshire, with 4,500 regular infantry and two troops of cavalry, Claverhouse marched to encounter an officer whom Bishop Burnet informs us was not only a commander of "great reputation," but the "piouslest man he ever knew in a military way." The Scots mustered 2,500 foot, chiefly clansmen, and one troop of horse. The advanced guards began to skirmish about 5 p.m. Meanwhile Claverhouse drew up his little corps in three divisions; the centre division, or "main battle," consisting of the clans Lochiel, Glengarry, Clanronald, and the Irish contingent. The English left was soon beaten, but owing to the disciplined valour of Hastings' regiment (now 13th), the Scottish left gave way. Perceiving this, *Ian Dhu nan Cath* (Dark John of the battles) charged the British guns and horse, captured the first and dispersed the last. Now, the Scottish main battle advanced with a rush. Reserving fire till within a pike's reach, the Gael delivered it point blank. Then—

"Rose the slogan of Macdonald,
Flash'd the broadside of Lochiel."

Like a hurricane into the midst of the disordered regulars dash Highlanders and Irish. The extended English line breaks; the discomfiture is complete. Night alone put a stop to the carnage; 1,500 of Mackay's men fell, including several officers, 500 prisoners were taken. All the baggage and camp equipage became the spoil of the Highland army. On the Stuart side, the loss of privates was small, but many officers of note succumbed; and Dundee, while encouraging

¹ The account of the battle of Newtown Butler has been gathered from the works of Andrew Hamilton, Harris, Story, Macpherson's "Original Papers," and O'Callaghan's "History of the Irish Brigade in the service of France."

onslaught upon Hastings' and Leven's, who were retreating unbroken, was mortally wounded.¹

At Blair Castle, on the same night, he either wrote or dictated a letter to James describing the combat, and telling with pride how "both officers and common men, Highlands, Lowlands, and Irish behaved themselves with equal gallantry to whatever I saw in the hottest battles fought abroad by disciplined armies, and this Mackay's old soldiers felt on the occasion." He then prays the King for God's sake to "send another detachment of your Irish forces, as you sent before, especially of horse and dragoons."² Next morning "the spirit of the Græme" departed, and, says Lord Balcarres, "His Majesty's affairs were undone by the irreparable loss."

"Sleep !—and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee."

¹ "Memoirs of Colin, Earl of Balcarres."

² Lord Macaulay disputes the genuineness of this letter, but Mr. Mark Napier, the learned author of "The Life and Times of Viscount Dundee," gives elaborate proofs of its authenticity. The Irish who fought so fiercely at Killiecrankie belonged to Lord Bophin's foot, one of the regiments which fled at Newtown Butler three days afterwards.—DALTON, *Irish Army List*. Raw troops are always astonishing us at one moment by their headlong valour, at another by their unaccountable pusillanimity.






XX.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

1689.

N the King's return from Derry, Dublin prepared for the sitting of Parliament. With few exceptions, the Commons were Catholic. The Lords gained Catholic strength by the reversal of the attainders with which the Cromwellians had smitten the ancient nobility, and by the creation of fresh peerages which were bestowed on gentlemen of birth and character. The Protestant bishops actually attended the house; but, it is remarkable, no Catholic prelates were summoned.¹

Crowned, and in royal robes, James opened the session on the 7th of May. In his speech, he eulogized "the exemplary loyalty of the Irish nation." Reiterating his attachment to liberty of conscience, he declared "he would have no other test or distinction but that of loyalty."

The houses immediately voted £20,000 per month to the King. A few days afterwards, the famous bill for repealing the Acts of Settlement and Explanation was brought before the Commons. As the members were immediate descendants of the gentry evicted by Oliver's troopers or the undertakers, the bill passed unanimously. In the Lords, however, the Protestant minority strove manfully to defeat it. Dopping, bishop of Meath, skilfully exposed the hardships it would in-

¹ One duke, ten earls, sixteen viscounts, twenty-one barons, with six Protestant bishops, formed the upper house. The Commons numbered 224 M.P.'s.

flict, and an address to the King, drawn up by the excellent Chief Justice Keating, "in behalf of the purchasers under the Act of Settlement," was presented by Lord Granard. Unfortunately, poor human nature has little of the saint in its composition; Catholics had too recently experienced the land hunger of their enemies to be inclined towards self-denial. "Hell and Connaught" could not be forgotten. Although there is reason to believe that James regarded the measure with aversion, the excitement on the subject rose to a pitch beyond his control; as he confessed to Lord Granard, "he had fallen into the hands of a people who rammed that and many other things down his throat."¹ His position was most embarrassing. Cavaliers ruined through their devotion to his family claimed his sympathy; still, he failed not to perceive how damaging to legitimacy in England would be the resolution of Irishmen to re-occupy their ancient homes. But there was no help for it. In vain the dissent of Protestant peers and prelates, in vain royal nausea, Lord Chancellor Fitton's *argumentum ad hominem* carried all before it, and the bill passed.² An Act for the "Attainder of divers rebels" likewise received the royal assent. Both to be regretted, and yet both the inevitable consequence of previous persecution.

In estimating the conduct of James's government at this period, the circumstances under which it came into being should be kept in sight. The Protestant minority had imbibed the doctrine that they formed a peculiar people chosen of God to grind the Philistines, to extirpate their superstitions, and to possess their lands. Any means tending to so desirable an end they held to be righteous, while they denounced as the climax of sin the retaliation of despoiled Catholics—"Ces animaux sont si furieux qu'ils se défendent

¹ Dr. Leslie, "Answer to Archbishop King."

² The reputation of Alexander Fitton, Lord Gawsworth, has been bitterly assailed by Hume and Macaulay, on the authority, doubtless, of the malevolent Archbishop King. This calls him "a pettifogger," that, "one Fitton." They accuse him of forgery. Those who care to hear something in his behalf should read Mr. O'Flanagan's memoir of him in the "Lives of the Lord Chancellors of Ireland."

contre ceux qui les attaquent." And what was Irish Protestantism? That it had originally breathed little of the Christian spirit, we know; but by this time its once lurid religious fanaticism had lapsed into an intense political fanaticism, claiming ascendancy over the Irish people, and everything that was theirs. One who knew them well used to say that an Irish Protestant was a man who never went to church, and hated a Papist.¹

Considering the provocations they had received, the Catholics must be acquitted of displaying any peculiar rancour in their hour of sway. They sought to get back that of which they had been stripped; they attained "rebels" and obstinate absentees; they did, in these respects, as they had been done by. But they did not persecute for religion's sake; they shed no blood on account of doctrine. In the acts passed by James's Parliament there is not a word levelled at Protestants *pures et simples*.

And if the Papists made free with certain empty chapels and school-houses, the Anglican owners had chiefly themselves to blame for it; they had not won congregations, and had been careless of scholars. If years of persecution could not proselytize the Irish, it was scarcely reasonable in the adventurers to upbraid them for fastening, in their little hour of luck, on places where they might worship God and learn their letters after the manner of their fathers.

The Parliament of '89 abolished the supremacy of the English law-courts, and of the English legislature—objects for which the Confederates struggled in 1641, and Grattan and the Protestant volunteers shouldered arms in 1782. A fair enactment was also introduced, enabling Catholics to pay tithe to their own priests, and entitling the established clergy to demand it only from members of their own communion.

But, in this age of money-worship, an enlightened Act for "the Advancement and Improvement of Trade, and for the Encouragement and Increase of Shipping and Navigation"

¹ Prendergast, "Cromwellian Settlement."

would alone be deemed worthy of the approval of the Reform Club. By it Ireland obtained a short-lived free trade.

On the 20th of July, Parliament was prorogued to the 12th of February following.

It is not surprising that James should be driven to his wit's end to attract—

“Money! the dumb god

That canst do nought, and yet mak'st men do all things.”

Unlike William of Orange, who had cunning Dutchmen at his elbow to contrive a mortgage on the income of the nation, the poor Prince, advised by gentlemen ignorant of finance, however up to spending cash, could think of no other way of raising the wind beyond the scraping together of all sorts of brass, copper, tin odds and ends; then, coining the *omnium gatherum* into tokens, and proclaiming them shillings and half-crowns. At first this “Brummagen” ware was restricted to commercial dealings and revenue payments, sums due on mortgage, bills, bonds, and trust money being specially excluded.¹ But increasing necessities soon forced the King to abolish all exceptions, with the promise, however, of taking back the “copper tickets,” at their official value, as soon as circumstances would permit. The inevitable result followed—gold and silver slunk affright into old stockings, slipped into buried pots; the “King’s coin,” fell to its intrinsic worth, merchandize disappeared, and distress ensued. A scrape of the pen “proclaims” a stamped nail convertible into a four-pound loaf, but let the hungry citizen tender his mint-marked screw at a baker’s shop, and quickly will he discover the difference between “declared” and *real* value.

At the same time, attempts were made to improve the organization of the army. At first, the new regiments were maintained at the cost of the noblemen and gentlemen who had raised them. Such a system could not last. A scale of pay for all ranks was, therefore, drawn up. It is enough to mention that by it the private of foot would receive 4*d.* a day,

¹ Harris, “Life of King William III.”

the trooper $6\frac{1}{2}d$. Considering the depreciated form in which the money found its way into the soldier's pocket, Pat cannot be said to have joined a lucrative trade.

Comte d'Avaux, inspired no doubt by Louvois, seems to have given James good advice on military matters. He urged the regular payment of the troops, and insisted on a rigid discipline being imposed. Perhaps the weak point of Irish soldiers is that which in feeble hands impairs the efficiency of French troops—a tendency to restiveness. In the very intelligence of the French and Irish lies this danger. For example, unless the French soldier has confidence in his officer he criticises and despises him. Moreover, the French and Irish imagination being peculiarly vivid must never be disregarded by generals. Properly directed, this mental activity impels to great things; otherwise, it runs riot and engenders disorder.¹ To both gallant peoples the saying of Napoleon fully applies: “Il faut mener les hommes avec une main de fer dans un gant de velours.”

In a *mémoire* transmitted through D'Avaux, the French King recommended his English brother to form the army in three corps. The first, consisting of half the effective troops, to be stationed in the north; the second to be encamped near Dublin; the third to take post between Waterford and Limerick. The forage growing along the eastern coast to be eaten up; crops which could not be disposed of thus, or removed, to be burnt; every care to be taken of corn, fodder, and cattle in the interior, and westward of the great rivers, behind which it might be desirable to retire, on the enemy landing. In consequence of the want of training of the troops, their sorry equipment, the deficiencies of transport and commissariat, it would be wise to avoid general actions with the more practised

¹ “Le Duc de Bouillé écrit dans ses Mémoires, ‘il n’y a jamais eu plus de discipline militaire, et une discipline plus rigoureuse que chez les peuples libres; témoin la République Romaine, et la République française.’”—*Mémoires de Carnot, par son fils*. The laxity which Napoleon III. latterly permitted to creep into his fine army, and the vigorous measures of the Government of National Defence to restore discipline in 1870, go far to prove the truth of De Bouillé's assertion.

Williamites ; and for the present, at least, to be content with harassing them in all imaginable ways.¹

James was also advised to alter the disposition of many scattered detachments, to withdraw garrisons from places not absolutely requiring them ; in a word, he was told to concentrate, to strengthen with field-works points of real importance ; and to establish a transport service, which, in a grazing country like Ireland, might, it was supposed, be organized without much difficulty. "Mais, monsieur," writes D'Avaux to the sagacious Louvois, "tout cela a été en vain, car on s'est amusé à discourir de cent autres choses, et nous sommes séparés sans rien resoudre."

Alas ! with James all was *ad referendum*. He staved off every project ; he demurred to every suggestion. But he proposed no alternatives. As the Irish officers, naturally enough, were rather jealous of their French comrades—considered they took too much on themselves, so did the King by no means relish D'Avaux ; he chafed under the ambassador's expostulation, not proffered, perhaps, in the 'bated breath congenial to royal feelings. He did not fancy General de Rosen ; his brutality shocked him. And so, Lord Dover was sent to Versailles, to explain from "the castle" stand-point the King's straits and need of arms. He must endeavour also to procure "6,000 of the old troops of our dearest brother," whose drill and discipline would present a wholesome example to the recruits now being fused into regiments. He was further instructed to solicit, "with all imaginable softness, the recall of the Marquis de Rosen as one, after having done what he did at Londonderry, incapable to serve us usefully."²

Tyrconnel did not encourage opposition to D'Avaux's views. "Un homme sans deguisement qui a fort à cœur les intérêts de son Roy et de son pays," as the vigorous Frenchman describes him, he perceived their soundness. But for the moment, ill-health had got the better of Dick Talbot. A disease of the spleen lowered his once buoyant spirit, and made business

¹ D'Avaux, "Negociations," &c.

² "Instruction to Lord Dover."—MACPHERSON, *Original Papers*.

irksome.¹ Hence Melfort, busy, shallow, and presumptuous, got the upper hand :

“What ? that thing of silk
Sporus ! that mere white curd of asses’ milk ?”

With discordant counsels, then, with soldiers of fiery valour, but for the most part untrained and without cohesion, the Irish nation ventured upon another act of the war.

¹ D’Avaux, “Negociations.”





XXI.

THE ANGLO-GALLO-DUTCH IN ULSTER.

1689.

HAVING raised the siege of Derry, the Jacobites left some garrisons in Ulster. Sir Charles Carny watched the Bann with two regiments. Major-General Buchan quartered at Charlemont with an infantry regiment and some dragoons. Brigadier Maxwell, with two regiments of foot "in bad condition," one troop of horse, and a few "ill-armed dragoons," had charge of the district lying between Belfast, Carrickfergus, and Newry. The bulk of the late army of the north were now recruiting and reorganizing, as best they could, around Dublin.¹

During the investment of Derry, William prepared for the invasion of Ireland. He laboured with a heavy heart, and under fire of reproaches for neglecting that portion of the empire. He was no longer an idol. People, lately noisy in admiration, now derided his leanness and small stature, made mirth of his asthma, and dubbed him "Hook-nose." Military difficulties of various kinds confronted him. The English troops, raised by James, could not be relied upon: orders were therefore issued for the formation of twelve new regiments of infantry, and five of horse or dragoons. These were speedily in the flesh, for, as Dalrymple shrewdly observes, "England by a long peace was filled with men impatient for

¹ Clarke, "Life of James II."

war, because they loved its glories and knew not its miseries." As soon as the recruits were clothed they were sent to Chester, where they tasted drill and discipline, but the officers being mostly ignorant younger sons, whose commissions constituted sops to reconcile the squires, their fathers, to the foreign dynasty,¹ the levies made poor progress. Of such crude stuff, indeed, the expedition did not wholly consist : three admirable French, and two veteran Dutch battalions paraded by the side of five old English regiments, from whose ranks Catholics had been rigorously extruded.

At the very outset, jobbery cropped up. Shoes, tents, provisions, turned out of the worst. Mr. Harbord, paymaster of the forces, was also purveyor. He came in for serious accusations. Shales, who succeeded him in the latter department, was not purer. Incomprehensible orders respecting the routes of regiments unnecessarily fatigued the soldiers, and imposed needless expense on the public. A sufficient number of transports had not been collected. The artillery-train was still dispersed. Such the *concordia discors* that greeted the famous Schomberg when he assumed command. Hale, despite his eighty years, and of vast experience, for he had fought everywhere, changing friends into foes and foes into friends with the easy conscience of a good-humoured man of the world, the old soldier was not unfitted to the task before him ; a task difficult but richly gilded : William of Orange presenting a dukedom garnished with the garter, and the Commons voting £100,000.

When the condition of Ireland first began to excite British murmurs, Schomberg proposed to march an army to Port Patrick in Scotland, whence it might be transferred to the north of Ireland in the course of a few hours. He expected two results from this plan—first, the crushing of Dundee ; second, the speedy abandonment of the siege of Derry. But official differences of opinion provoked so much loquacity, such administrative inertness interposed, that nothing was done ; and, at length, to use William's own words, " Killie-

¹ "Memoirs of Great Britain."

crankie rendered a Scottish expedition needless, the war ended with Dundee's life."

After a fortnight spent at Chester in shaping the awkward squads, the ex-Marshal of France bundled some 14,000 men, chiefly infantry, into ninety ships, and then, with Count Solms as second in command, set sail from High-gate on the 12th of August. The gross of the cavalry and the main portion of the artillery would follow as soon as transports were forthcoming.

Next day the fleet cast anchor in Bangor Bay, and some troops landed. They bivouacked in the fields that night, and, says Chaplain Story of Gower's, "if the adjacent garrisons had then attacked the Duke, it might have bred him no small disturbance."¹ No doubt. The Jacobite officers, however, must not be severely blamed for want of energy. Their garrisons were wide asunder, the prestige of Schomberg was immense, and his power exaggerated.

The Duke rested some days at Bangor, reconnoitring the Irish. On the 15th, Belfast being reported clear, was occupied by Wharton's regiment; for Brigadier Maxwell, too weak to oppose the English, had retired to Newry, after throwing 500 men of the regiment, Charles Mac-carthy More and Cormac O'Neil, into Carrickfergus, with instructions to delay the enemy as long as possible.

On the 17th Schomberg entered Belfast, and two days afterwards five regiments of foot left for Carrickfergus. Next morning they were joined by seven other regiments, some guns and mortars, under the General-in-chief himself. The fleet was ordered up. The town was now completely blockaded.

Crowning a rock on the northern shore of Carrickfergus Bay, the place, if tolerably armed and fortified, might have been of importance, but its works on the land side were contemptible, and the citadel looking on the sea, old and mouldering.

Refusing to parley with Mac-carthy More, Schomberg opened

¹ Rev. George Story, "Impartial History of the Affairs of Ireland."

fire. Wanting ammunition, and only supplied with lead by stripping the roof of the castle, the Irish, nevertheless, replied to the rain of shot and "bombs which soon smothered the town with dust and smoke," and damaged not a little the Protestant burghers. On Sunday, the 25th, breaches yawned, but the besieged repaired them during the night, and when, despite all their exertions, the main aperture became practicable in the course of the following day, they hit (we are told) upon an ingenious device for closing it. Collecting a herd of cattle, they drove it as far up the jagged gap as possible, and then, a number of the poor brutes being killed by the hostile fire, their carcasses were covered with earth, stones, and planks—thus arose a fresh rampart.

But four Williamite batteries now playing with violence, and the men-o'-war blazing hot upon the crumbling castle, Mac-carthy More hung out the white flag. Glad to be rid of the business, for he was losing men, uneasy concerning James's movements, and perhaps honouring the intrepid defence—made by an officer not only inexperienced himself, but without an engineer to advise, gunners to work the pieces, or a surgeon to tend the smitten¹—Schomberg granted better terms than he had previously intimated: the garrison should march out with all the honours of war, the Catholic clergy and country folk, who had sought shelter within the walls, should receive safe-conducts, debts owing to Protestants were to be paid, the sick and wounded Irish would be cared for.

Having stood a siege of seven days with open trenches, lost 150 men, inflicted (as Williamite writers confess) equal damage on the English, being reduced to their last powder-barrel, and a single shot, the garrison, "lusty strong fellows, but ill clad," quitted Carrickfergus, and went for Newry. Soon did the poor townspeople discover that the capitulation was honourable only on paper. Almost every clause of it was violated.²

¹ D'Avaux à Louvois.

² "Without regard to age, or sex, or quality, the English disarmed and stripped the townspeople, forcing even women to run the gauntlet stark naked."—MACPHERSON, *Original Papers*.

The commander who, when in difficulties, strikes out of the beaten track of regulation, is pretty sure to be a man of mark. The commonplace Horse Guards *protégé* sticks stolidly to routine, and falls a martyr to rule of thumb. At Carrickfergus, Schomberg showed that he was not too old to conceive an idea. It was necessary to discover the enemy's doings in his neighbourhood. Cavalry alone could perform this service; but the horse had not arrived. What then? He mounted a number of French officers belonging to the three Huguenot regiments—Cambon, la Melonnière, and la Caillemotte. These gentlemen, being practised soldiers, formed an excellent corps of *éclaireurs*, which, striking terror at Lurgan, Portadown, and the parts adjacent, collected the requisite information.¹

It is interesting to note what so distinguished a general as Schomberg thought of his men. His letters to William III. apply no flattering unction to national pride. Writing at Carrickfergus on the 27th of August, he complains that he has been obliged to assume "the burden" of the provisions, transports, cavalry, and so forth. He describes the artillery officers as being not only "ignorant and lazy," but withal "timorous." The ordnance department teems with "roguery," to which he suspects Mr. Henry Shales has contributed much. And how un-English this: "even the miners could not be got to fix themselves to the walls; an officer and four French miners did it, and succeeded; three of them were wounded by our own people."²

The renowned foreigner's strictures teach us that a combative nature is of itself insufficient to ensure military efficiency, and that sanctimonious up-turning of eyes may mask vile unrighteousness.

"Le scandale du monde est ce qui fait l'offence,
Et ce n'est pas pécher, que pécher en silence."

Leaving a battalion at Carrickfergus, the General-in-chief returned to Belfast, where his own regiment of French horse,

¹ "Mémoires de Dumont de Bostaquet."

² Dalrymple, "Memoirs of Great Britain" (Appendix).

500 strong, and some infantry, joined him from England. On the last day of August the army mustered; and four regiments of horse, one of dragoons, eighteen of foot, at least 15,000 men in all, twenty pieces of artillery and six mortars, paraded more or less brilliantly.

But we must not neglect the weaker side. The news of the invasion created consternation in Dublin, where wrangling talk instead of rapid action had been engrossing the energies of the Government. The peril, however, stirred James's blood. With the concurrence of Tyrconnel and several of the French officers, he decided to face the foe. To this end, Carny was ordered to quit Coleraine and hasten southward. The Duke of Berwick pushed to Newry with 1,000 foot and 600 dragoons. Escorted by 100 Horse Guards and 200 of Parker's dragoons, the King rode into Drogheda on the 26th of August. Tyrconnel remained at Dublin to assemble the dispersed forces, and forward them to the front. Unpopular Melfort would be got rid of, by sending him to Versailles to look after Lord Dover. "God speed him!" was the universal but equivocal comment on his diplomatic exile.

It is Berwick's opinion that Schomberg conferred a favour on the Jacobites by tarrying before Carrickfergus. Had he marched forward "*sans s'amuser*," he might have entered Dublin without hindrance; such, at first, was the wild confusion at headquarters.¹

Most of the artillery horses being still at Chester, the Marshal sent the greater number of his guns to Carlingford by sea, and proceeded southward with a few light pieces only. On the night of the 3rd of September his army encamped at Dromore, where, a few months before, Hamilton had routed the northerners. The soldiers now discovered what war meant. The autumnal rains had set in; the transport service being ill done, provisions often ran short; and then, to hungry, weary lads plodding through slush and floundering often in bogs, what a spectacle did the country present! Sheer and ghastly desolation. As Protestant had fled from the face of

¹ "*Mémoires du Duc de Berwick.*"

Hamilton, so did Catholic hurry off before the Anglo-Gallo-Dutch advance. "Flee, flee, for your lives!" twice-told cry of misery. Instead of browsing herds, the festering carcasses of slaughtered beasts poisoned the air; cut corn rotted in the fields; potato gardens ravaged, cabins gutted, and still smoking. Thus did Irishmen make ready for the English epicures. What they could not carry away, they destroyed.

At Loughbrickland three regiments of Inniskillen horse came in. Their mien displeased the sensitive eye of the old French captain; but he made use of them. He sent them to the front as scouts, a duty they could well perform. Like the conscientious "Special" of to-day, the Rev. George Story immediately "interviewed" the reinforcement. He marvelled to behold the terrible yeomen very roughly mounted and accoutred *ad libitum*—*garrons* their chargers, swords and pistols of the rustiest, hanging anyhow. "Multitudes of their women" accompanied the uxorious champions of the faith. Pointing to the Irish videttes, the pugnacious divine advised his new friends "to go and beat them off." But they answered ruefully: "We are under orders to go no further; we shall never thrive so long as we are under orders." Strange doctrine, and yet we can conceive the curb of discipline being mighty vexatious to amateur warriors, glowing with Puritan fervour and itching for Catholic loot. Captain de Bostaquet tersely describes these fellows as serving well, "*s'ils n'étaient point si picoreurs* (freebooters) *sur lesquels on pourrait faire fonds.*"¹

Now, as we are aware, Berwick lay at Newry with a small force. He could not hold the town; his duty was to detain the English as long as his means permitted. Accordingly, he caused a report to spread that Newry would fight to the last gasp. The *canard* perplexed cautious Schomberg. He thought the Duke must be strong, or else that the place was tenable. Hence, strict injunctions to the Inniskilleners not to advance, and careful reconnaissance of the position. But Berwick, keeping only a small reserve in hand, had studded the hills in his front thickly with videttes and pickets, causing all his

¹ Memoirs.

trumpeters to blow incessant fanfares. The dodge told. Concluding that the post was strongly occupied, Schomberg detailed 1,200 picked infantry, a mass of cavalry, and some field-guns under Colonel Wharton to attack the Jacobites posted (as it was supposed) in a church and some defensible houses in the suburbs. Wharton was to march at 3 A.M. next day; the rest of the army to follow three hours later; that night Berwick evacuated Newry. Carrying off much that might profit the foe, setting fire to the buildings likely to shelter them, he hastened to Dundalk, and from thence to Drogheda. The flames evoked threats of dreadful vengeance from the English general, to which replied a pungent reference to the violated capitulation of Carrickfergus.

Placing a detachment of seventy men in the tower of Newry, Schomberg passed on through the wild district called "O'Hanlon's Country" to Dundalk.¹

Here the Williamites encamped "on the moist ground" about a mile north of the town and river, thus obtaining easy communication with England by sea. Slow as their progress had been, the young soldiers suffered so severely from the rain, bad roads, and scant victuals that, on the day of their arrival, fatigue parties from every regiment, Brigadier Kane tells us, had to be sent to the rear to hunt up the stragglers, who by hundreds had fallen out of the ranks.

Next day Kirke's, Hanmer's, and Stewart's marched in, which made the army fully 16,000 strong.

¹ "Chief among the Tories of Down, Tyrone, and Armagh, was Redmond O'Hanlon. His principal haunt was the Fews mountains, overhanging Newry; for more than ten years he kept the three counties in subjection, so that none dare travel without convoy or his pass. This man was a scholar and a gentleman, the son of an estated gentleman, who had lost his property through the Court of Claims."—PRENDERCAST, *Tory War of Ulster*.



XXII.

THE GRIEFS OF SCHOMBERG.

1689.

THE Jacobites were astir. Gathering soldiers from all points, Tyrconnel hurried them to Drogheda. Still—such is the force of prestige—Rosen did not fancy an encounter with his ancient comrade. Underrating the military worth of the Irish, he over-estimated the efficiency and numbers of the British. On the other hand, Schomberg, out of humour with the English levies, supposed his opponents to be not only numerous, but into the bargain fairly disciplined troops.

On both sides, then, extreme circumspection. The octogenarian grew wary to a fault. De Rosen—despairing to defend the Boyne with the force at his command, croaking indeed of a Williamite landing in his rear at Dublin—again urged the King to abandon offensive operations; and, by withdrawing to Athlone, be content with holding the line of the Shannon. But the flash of courage was still alive in the royal breast: James declared he would not uncover the capital. He considered that a retreat to the west would dishearten the whole country, and cause the newly raised rank and file to dwindle away to nothing. Admitting, for argument's sake, the cogency of his general's reasoning, he doubted the resources of Connaught being adequate to the maintenance of a large force for a period of two months. Consequently, he adhered to his intention of facing the English; and, Tyrconnel having joined, the army, now about 20,000 strong, advanced to Ardee, a town on the Dee between Drogheda

and Dundalk: the infantry, with few exceptions, raw and ill-supplied, the artillery only ten field-guns badly equipped, a portion of the cavalry, however, in excellent condition.¹

Finding the enemy halted, Rosen felt considerably relieved. "Schomberg wants something," he knew for certain. Therefore the royal headquarters moved on to Tallanstown, and the Irish host, formed in two lines, occupied the hilly ground overlooking the Fane near Knockbridge, and within three miles of Dundalk. In a wretched hut at Tallanstown lodged James. He could not stand upright in his chamber, the Duke of Tyrconnel and Comte d'Avaux being worse housed still.

Even so, Schomberg "wanted" much; so much, that instead of challenging to battle he intrenched his camp on the front, and on the right flank, posted the French and Dutch in the most exposed places, and thrust his pickets within 500 yards of the Jacobite outposts.

With the Newry mountains closing the rear, and the sea protecting the left, the military posture of the British camp was good; but, in a sanatory sense, it could hardly be worse. The swampy ground, stirred into pudding by incessant rain, bred fever. The food and beer, usually indifferent and often scarce, induced both dysentery and dumps.

Grumbling over their shovels in the muddy trenches were Englishmen on the morning of the 21st of September; when, lo! suddenly pouring over the Fane, the Irish formed up in two lines, the right of the first line standing within cannon-shot of Dundalk. For a wonder, the sun shone out in fullest glory, the royal standard rustled in the gentle breeze, King James rode amid a brilliant cavalry, and with derisive shouts and gleaming eyes the eager Celts longed to lay about the hated Saxons.

Not less ardent the Williamites. Many of the sick, who for the last week had been lying disconsolate in the tents, arose and proudly shouldered firelocks. But Schomberg would not

¹ D'Avaux acknowledges there were a few regiments of foot "*parfaitement bons*;" certain cavalry corps he distinctly commends. For example: "*On ne peut voir de meilleur régiment que celui de Tirconnel, et celui de Galmoy, et il y a quelques dragons en fort bon estat.*"—D'AVAUX à Louvois.

fight at the enemy's bidding on disadvantageous ground. He would await events, ensconced. The gunners had orders on no account to fire unless the Irish came within musket-shot of the lines. "Let them alone, we will see what they will do," reiterated the sententious veteran to excited officers incoherently pleading for onset.

As the English remained on the defensive, the Irish generals declined to play the adversary's game by hurling detachments over the cut and boggy intervening ground to dribble broken, out of breath, and in disorder against intrenchments. Neither side would give up his point of vantage. Accordingly, after three hours of defiance, the Jacobites returned to camp; and, forage becoming scarce, withdrew on the 16th of October to Ardee, which they strengthened with field works.

The exasperating blasts of the Catholic trumpets had barely died away before a conspiracy transpired among some French Papists who had enlisted in the Huguenot corps. A letter to D'Avaux, found in the pocket of a grenadier preparing to desert, showed that one Du Plessis, formerly a captain of horse in France and now a private in Cambon's regiment, had settled with divers of his comrades either to go over to the enemy, or, a favourable occasion presenting itself, to prove themselves Jacobites within the lines. Immediately Du Plessis and five other ringleaders were hanged, and Catholics, to the number of about 200, weeded out of the different regiments, went prisoners to England. The Test, too, came briskly into play. Officers who had not taken the sacrament according to the Anglican rite received orders to do so on the next Sunday. A melancholy profanity then deemed a pious precaution.

Resolved to venture nothing the Marshal kept his youngsters grinding at the goose-step and the platoon exercise. Tire-some but needful culture, sometimes enlivened by speeches from Lieutenant-General Douglas "about pay," which, Story significantly observes, "pleased the soldiers mightily, but not so the officers."

As time wore on, things went harder and harder with the flabby boys, whom Schomberg tells us, "the colonels thought to have at a cheaper rate than grown men." Weakened by

bad fare, fever spread widely amongst them. Dreary inaction helped to depress spirits already drooping. They stared listlessly at the Irish dragoons foraging under their very noses. Moreover, so audacious, so greedy for plunder were the Ulster raparees, that except in bands the English dared not overstep their trenches. The Creights only wanted tolerable weapons to be more than a match for their Inniskillen rivals; toughest of irregulars they could sleep on the bare hills, heedless of straw.¹ They kept body and soul together with barbarian simplicity. But once amid the flesh-pots nothing was too hot or too heavy for their digestion.

No wonder, then, if the Englishmen murmured at the foreigner set over them. He was past his work. He favoured the French and Dutch. But the old soldier, disdaining their gibberish, stuck closer than ever to his defensive tactics—to drilling his raw material, to making crooked things, if possible, straight. His, indeed, was a heavy load. Disease daily assumed an uglier aspect. Medicines were scarce, for the imbecile administration could think only of surgeons' knives. To such officials, campaigning is, and ever will be, mere cut-and-thrust romance.

Announcing their readiness to fight, the English refused to do aught else. Wallowing in filth they sulked in their miserable tents. To such a depth of demoralization did they sink as actually to complain when the festering corpses of their fellows were carried off for burial." "The dead men," they snivelled, "sheltered them from the cold wind, and were serviceable to sit or lie upon."² Not a whit better the officers. Great as their incapacity, their want of application and laziness Schomberg pronounced greater still.³ "They take no care of their troop horses, they allow arms to be broken before their faces." They clamour unceasingly for leave of absence on urgent private affairs. They cheat their men. They drink

¹ "Gens tellement durs à la fatigue, qu'ils couchent dans cette saison (December) sur la terre, sans paille, et sans aucune chose."—D'AVAUUX, *au Roi*.

² Story, "Impartial History."

³ Dalrymple, "Memoirs of Great Britain" (Appendix).

so hard that quality folk like Sir Edward Dering, Sir Thomas Gower, and Colonel Wharton die through neat poitin.¹

The French and Dutch did better. Practised hands, they began betimes to hut themselves, and so became comparatively comfortable. Commanded by officers who knew their business, the health of these veterans remained pretty good.

Schomberg's bide-awhile system producing universal discontent in England, William anxiously pressed for offensive operations; but the Duke replied that the country lying between himself and King James was peculiarly ill suited to manœuvring; in fact, that it seemed to be a vast morass traversed by one or two execrable roads; how hazardous, therefore, advance against an enemy numerous and firmly posted! As for cavalry, his French horse alone could be reported efficient. His transport service was bad; the victualling continued to be most unsatisfactory; in brief, he would not—could not—stir: but he demanded the Danes, long promised him: he comprehended not why the English and Dutch fleets made no demonstration along the Irish coast.

On the other hand, the hardier Irish—perfectly acclimatized, less dependent on copious meals, and camped on higher ground—suffered to a less extent.

Well informed by spies of the wretched condition of the enemy, several officers recommended James to seize the opportunity for assailing Schomberg. Never remarkable for dash, the King preferred pinning the old warrior in his "poisonous rat-hole." He may not have been far wrong. The obstacles, interfering with the Marshal's advance, were redoubled against a forward movement of the Jacobites. Their battalions must have trickled across a wild bog up to an intrenched camp. The Irish artillery was far inferior to that of the Williamites. The cavalry—the strong arm—could avail little on such ground. If beaten from before the trenches, the young soldiers would probably be disorganized. Pat, indeed, is naturally fitted to attack, but then John Bull is famous for obstinate resistance. The example of the French

¹ Harris, "Life of King William III."

and Dutch veterans would certainly rouse the English recruits from their apathy. The King's position was too delicate to be treated hap-hazard; and to reproach him with timidity for not venturing upon what his illustrious adversary declined to undertake is absurd. A passive attitude is sometimes good military policy, especially when disease runs riot in the hostile ranks.

The armies, then, at a dead lock, and the coming winter presaged by heavier rains and chilly winds, the King broke up his camp on the 3rd of November. Leaving at Ardee six battalions and a few squadrons under De Boiseleau, he retired to Drogheda, sending detachments to Navan, Trim, and Kells, to maintain the line of the Boyne. On hearing that Schomberg had quitted Dundalk, he returned to Dublin, reduced certain of the outstanding posts, and distributed the army in winter quarters.

Right gladly Duke Schomberg followed suit. Transferring his headquarters to Lisburn, he scattered the troops among the northern towns. As they crawled to their destinations, the sufferings of the soldiers—

“living carcases design’d
For death”—

were enough to melt the heart of a raparee. Whether crammed in ships bound for Belfast (where the general hospital reeked “of mortal change on earth”), jolting along the horrible roads in country carts, or falling exhausted out of the ranks, their wayfaring was equally dreadful. It is estimated that of the 16,000 men who had reached Dundalk, 8,000 perished of disease, under canvas, at sea, or in the Belfast lazaret-house within the space of a few weeks.¹ How true the old doggerel—

“Whom fire spares, sea doth drown; whom sea,
Pestilent air doth send to clay;
Whom war ’scapes, sickness takes away.”

¹ Brigadier Kane says, “more than $\frac{2}{3}$ of our English were carried off by distemper.”—*Memoirs of the Campaigns of King William*. Duke Schomberg writes to William III., “The English nation is so delicately bred, that as soon as they are out of their own country, they die the first campaign in all foreign countries, where I have seen them serve.” In a similar strain Louvois to D’Avaux: “Les maladies qui se mettent ordinairement parmi les troupes nouvelles, dont les Anglais sont plus affligés que d’autres.”



XXIII.

AUTUMN FORAYS.

1689-1690.



ALTHOUGH grand manœuvres were mutually shirked, minor affairs of more or less importance enlivened the autumn. Towards the end of September an Inniskillen force, under Colonel Lloyd, ("the little Cromwell") had a successful brush with an Irish detachment proceeding to the west. But the rejoicing thus occasioned among the English soon turned to mortification. Sarsefield, on hearing of Lloyd's exploit, marched from the Boyne on Jamestown; the garrison of which fled, on his approach, to Sligo. Sending forward Colonel Henry Luttrell with some dragoons to seize a pass north of this town, Sarsefield followed with infantry and two or three guns. At sight of Luttrell, Colonel Russell, who commanded in Sligo, retreated to Ballyshannon. However, Lloyd with twenty Inniskillen men, and Captain St. Sauveur with eighty French Grenadiers, after a slight skirmish with Luttrell, threw themselves into two little forts outside the town. Wanting provisions, it is said, Lloyd quitted his post soon after dark, and got clear away. St. Sauveur remained. Expecting a night attack (Sarsefield was now up) the intrepid Frenchman hit on an ingenious device for divulging its character. Heaping a quantity of deal planks, smeared with pitch, upon a convenient spot, he set the pile on fire; as anticipated, the flames exhibited the Irish advancing with a strange apparatus called a "sow," pregnant with picked musqueteers. Presenting the form of a huge

timber tube, strengthened with iron hoops, and covered with hides to render it ball-proof, the "escalader" lumbered along on wheels, like a fire-escape, towards the walls of the fort. Thanks, however, to his bonfire, St. Sauveur shot the engineer in charge; a hitch thus occurring, the "sow" was brought prematurely to bed of her uneasy offspring, and perished in flames. Profiting by the confusion, the French sallied, captured a gun, and slew several men. Nevertheless, food lacking, they were soon obliged to surrender on honourable terms, and a few of them enlisted with Sarsefield. The brave St. Sauveur died of fever shortly afterwards at Lisburn. A first-rate officer, Schomberg deeply deplored his loss. The possession of Sligo was of great importance to the Jacobites; it secured Connaught, and menaced the English in Ulster.¹

Early in 1690, this feat was partially counterbalanced. Hearing that the Irish were gathering at Dundalk, Schomberg proceeded to Dromore, and sent La Melonière on reconnaissance. That excellent soldier reported all quiet at Dundalk, but mischief brewing westward. Now, Belturbet (which Wolseley had lately seized) was, from its central position, a suitable basis for annoying the Anglo-Dutch posts in southern Ulster. To retake it, the Jacobites would do their best. The Duke of Berwick, therefore, at the head of 1,500 foot and 200 horse, marched from Kells to Cavan, which he reached one stormy evening. As Colonel O'Reilly, in command of the place, promised that his pickets would keep good watch, the Duke's drenched troopers made themselves comfortable in their billets. But Wolseley, apprized of Berwick's movement, determined not only to checkmate it, but to surprise Cavan, as he had recently surprised Belturbet. Thus bent, he quitted the latter place with regular infantry and 300 Inniskillen horse, the very night on which, unknown to him, the young Duke rode into Cavan.

Wolseley made sure of being before the town ere the sun rose; but, as often happens, sufficient allowance had not been made for bad roads and sore feet. It was broad day-

¹ Story, "Impartial History." D'Avaux, "Negociations, &c."

light when he sighted the Irish outposts. Somewhat tardily, it would appear, they gave the alarm ; still, Berwick had time to draw up his men near a mud fort to the right of the town, ere the Inniskilleners' advanced guard made a rush. Coming boldly on, the Protestant yeomen were fiercely charged by the Irish horse, and driven in confusion on the British infantry, which, fearing to be ridden down, poured a volley into their worsted comrades. Having pursued too far, the Jacobites suffered severely on retiring, from the fire of Kirk's and Wharton's. Now the fight became general. For some time the English regulars made little impression upon Berwick's line. At length, Brigadier Nugent and several officers of his regiment falling, an unaccountable panic seized the Irish. The foot bolted into the fort ; the cavalry galloped to the rear. The Inniskillen men began plundering the town. In the midst of the marauding a band sallied from the fort. Again, Inniskillen had the worst of it, but on the English reserve doubling up, the Irish retired. But so little did Wolseley like the look of affairs, that he set fire to the town and drew off. Berwick, whose horse was shot under him in the fray, remained a few days at Cavan, striving to restore order. He then went to Dublin. In this sanguinary puzzle, where both parties intent upon surprising were themselves surprised, the Jacobite loss reached 500 and many officers, the Williamites had about 300 killed and wounded. Thus ended the design on Belturbet.

The undecided character of the combat may be attributed to the rawness and consequent unsteadiness of the soldiers on both sides. Recruits commanded by inexperienced officers cannot be depended upon. And yet at Cavan, as elsewhere, we have evidence that both Williamites and Jacobites had within them the making of good troops. Neither Berwick nor Wolseley might claim a victory. As the latter sheered off, a sort of barren honour remained with Fitzjames, the fame of whose courage and capacity had by this time reached Scotland. In February, 1690, we have "the chiefs and officers of clans now in arms" declaring to the King their determination to hazard all that is dear for his restoration ; "but," they add,

"we must let your Majesty know that his grace the Duke of Berwick will be most acceptable to all honest men in this kingdom, but particularly to us, and the sooner he comes the better." Major General Buchan, too (lately arrived in the Highlands from the north of Ireland), writes privately to James:—"The Earls of Errol, Strathmore, and Panmure and some others desire commissions, but these people will never rise till the Duke of Berwick comes over."¹ His share of the blood royal doubtless quickened the interest with which the Scots regarded him; we have a right, however, to infer that the ability he often displayed had a good deal to do with the favour enjoyed by the young soldier. Otherwise, why should the "Grand Prior" (his brother Henry Fitzjames's title) fall flat, while "Berwick" resounded a household word?

Judging from a report which d'Avaux sent to Louis XIV., the Grand Prior was a worthless and disagreeable personage. This is the Count's story: "One day the Duke of Berwick and his brother entered a room where Lord Dungan (son of the Earl of Limerick) and four or five sparks of the army were cracking a bottle of claret. Presently an officer blamed the Grand Prior for having broken a certain captain of his regiment. Henry Fitzjames replying offensively, Berwick good-humouredly suggested that instead of wrangling they should drink to the health of all true Irishmen, and confusion to Lord Melfort, who had well-nigh lost them the kingdom. Whereupon the Grand Prior angrily protested that Melfort was a right good fellow, and a friend of his, and if any one dared drink such a toast, he would pitch a glass of wine in his face. Some of the gentlemen retorted in terms more or less disrespectful to Melfort, but Dungan carelessly remarked that Fitzjames had no business to fall into a passion if they chose to drink the toast; and then, raising an empty goblet, made the usual reverence. Instantly the ill-conditioned Prior flung his wine into Dungan's face, the glass cutting his lordship's nose in two places. The bystanders rushed between the parties. However, Dungan, though a high spirited young

¹ Macpherson, "Original Papers."

man, treated the insult with contempt. "Never mind," quoth he, "the Prior is not only a child, but the son of my king." On hearing of the scandal, James desired that Henry Fitz-james should give the outraged Dungan satisfaction; but he preferred that, having treated the youth *d'enfant*, the King should do so too. Accordingly James administered a sound rating to his surly offspring. D'Avaux thinks the scolding will have small effect, for M. le Grand Prieur is a most profligate boy, gets fuddled every day of his life, and his debauched habits have prevented him mounting a horse all the summer.¹

"Il n'y a si bonne famille qui n'ait son pendu."

To revert to graver matters. Notwithstanding his private predilection, James could, in fact, spare Scotland nothing more efficacious than his prayers. His army amounted to about 50,000 men; but, as he expressly states, he had only 18,000 tolerably effective troops. Most of the soldiers wanted shirts, stockings, even shoes. Not only was the supply of firelocks inadequate, but many muskets obtained from France or found in store had been spoiled by the heedlessness of the rank and file—heedlessness the officers were too ignorant or too careless to prevent; and next to impossible was it to repair the incessant damages, for armourers, scarce in the land and to a man Protestants, took care to make bad worse. As the old army of Ireland consisted of some 7,000 men, more than 40,000 of the present troops were mushroom levies; the "wild anarchy of chaos," then, is by no means wonderful. The soldier cannot be extemporized. He is of gradual growth. The officer is, *à fortiori*, of slower development still. To provide *cadres* for the large force he had raised, Tyrconnel was obliged to give commissions to young gentlemen, in the majority of instances without the slightest professional knowledge. Hence, a medley of recruits larded with a set of untrained officers.² Little marvel, surely, if the wild privates misused their weapons without stern remonstrance from their

¹ D'Avaux au Roi.

² The prototype, on a small scale, of Gambetta's difficulties in 1870-71.

good-natured devil-may-care colonels and captains. Nor was such mischief confined to the Irish quarters. In letters to King William, Schomberg describes a similar nuisance. His captains cheat their men, his colonels are so remiss that half of the pikes, fusees, and muskets are broken :—" I never was in an army where there are so many new and lazy officers. If all were broke who deserved it, there would be few left."

With a proper proportion of experienced officers, the organization of recruits may proceed with facility ; but when officers must be trained as well as soldiers, when the nucleus of a war administration is absent, when trumpery tokens ape hard cash—then, the construction of an army is an arduous if not impossible business. Looking fairly at the situation, we should be surprised at what the Irish effected, rather than at what they failed to do. They held at bay a British army (supported by a considerable body of foreign veterans) under the orders of a general celebrated throughout Europe. Surely, no mean achievement.

In the spring of 1690 fortune began to turn against the Jacobites. True, James was expecting a French auxiliary corps ; but being bound to furnish Louis, in exchange, with a corresponding Irish force, the assistance was neutralized to a considerable extent. The departure, too, of Rosen was a loss. If disagreeable to the King and generally unpopular, he understood war, whereas his successor possessed no military quality, beyond the lowest—bravery. " This court jester, without talent, without heart, without shame, this Lauzun "¹ owed his appointment to a concurrence of circumstances ; viz, to the gratitude of Mary of Modena, whom he had escorted to France ; to the arts of Madame de Maintenon, who hated Louvois ; and to Louis's increasing aversion to that great statesman. Mary acted imprudently, for she was generous and impulsive ;

¹ Antonin Nompar de Caumont, Comte, afterwards Duc de Lauzun, was a singular specimen of fashionable life. Of him La Bruyère said : " Sa vie est un roman : non, il lui manque le vraisemblable. Il n'a point eu d'aventures, il a eu de beaux songes, il en a eu de mauvais ; que dis-je ? on ne rêve point comme il a vécu."

Madame de Maintenon interfered maliciously, because she knew Louvois designed the command of the French in Ireland for his son de Sourré, and because, in wounding the Minister of War, she gratified his enemy, Seignelay, Minister of Marine, now rising into high favour at court.¹ The King lent an ear to the intrigue, because the dictation of the bluff Marquis, grating every day more painfully on his self-esteem, he was well pleased to unite with the public in attributing the recent misfortunes on the Rhine to the *nonchalance* of the War Office.

“ Pour un ministre des plus grands,
 La belle prévoyance
 De laisser tant d'honnêtes gens
 Sans poudre dans Mayence !
 Qu'est devenu votre bon sens ?
 Cela se faisait-il du temps
 De Jean de Vert ? ”

In the crisis of his fate, then, James was rid of a soldier of respectable ability. Worse still, D'Avaux would depart. Being on ill terms with Lauzun, this sagacious counsellor refused to serve with him ; consequently, in place of two efficient supporters, one harum-scarum old dandy.

¹ Marquis de Seignelay, son of the great Colbert, a young man of talent and energy. Under his able administration the French navy acquired remarkable efficiency.





XXIV.

REFURBISHING AND REPLENISHING.

1690.

IN March the regiments Zurlauben (Swiss), Biron, Bouilly, Tirlon, and Chémernaut landed at Kinsale;¹ not famous old corps, like Auvergne, Picardie, Champagne; but after the reverses of the German campaign and the personal annoyance arising out of the Lauzun job, it was not likely that Louvois would dispatch the best regiments to Ireland. Moreover, that astute personage, so little counted upon James's ultimate success as to speak thus plainly to Louis:—"Tout ce que je puis dire par avance à Votre Majesté c'est que si Dieu ne fait un miracle en faveur du Roi d'Angleterre, je crains bien que le Prince d'Orange ne fasse la conquête de l'Irlande avec beaucoup plus de facilité qu'il ne se l' imagine."

Why, at the pinch, money and material arrived in insignificant quantities from France is easy to understand. Not only had Louis, what d'Avaux calls, "une grosse guerre sur les bras," but to supply the sinews for carrying it on the beautiful plate of the kingdom was going bodily to the mint. Princes, politicians, grand seigneurs and grandes dames, patriotically followed the example of Le Roi Soleil, in throwing exquisite specimens of artistic skill into the furnace. Not even the ornaments of the Dauphiness were spared, and Louvois

¹ "341 officers and 6,751 soldiers. There came also 61 artillerymen, 6 commissariat officers, 27 surgeons, and hospital attendants."—ROUSSET, *Histoire de Louvois*.

earnestly exhorted the bishops to convert the superfluous silver vessels of their churches into *ecus*.

Shortly after the arrival of the French at Cork—where, by the bye, scant preparation for their reception had been made—5,800 Irish soldiers, under the gallant Mountcashel, sailed for Brest. Constituting at first five regiments, they were speedily re-organised into three—Mountcashel, O'Brien, and Dillon. Thus sprang into life the renowned Irish Brigade in the service of France. In less than two months these brave fellows joined Catinat in Italy, and were posted to the division commanded by Saint-Ruth. After relating how that brilliant officer had beaten 1,200 Piedmontese strongly intrenched, the Marquis Dangeau observes :—" les Irlandais qui étaient à cette action-là ont fait des merveilles, à ce que Saint-Ruth mande ; et milord Mount-cashel qui les commandait a été dangereusement blessé." Touching pages those which record the exploits of Irishmen in foreign uniform. Pages glorious for Ireland, honourable to France, and mournful to England.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Common sense of this type James disdained. Despite the difficulties besetting him in Ireland, at his wits' end for ways and means, the enemy in refreshed strength before him—he listened to twaddle about an invasion of England. On this subject good advice emanated from Versailles. "It is right," writes Louis to D'Avaux on the 4th of January, "to impress upon him (James) that the surest method of strengthening his party in England and in Scotland is to prevent his enemy conquering Ireland. The more I desire to see him again on the throne, the firmer grows my conviction that the advice to cross over at once to England is tinctured with the craft of the Prince of Orange, who would gladly entangle him in so false a move—fix him fast in a snare which has been artfully laid for him."

"True ; the English pear was not yet ripe."

While the armies faced one another, Dublin was anxiously regarded on both sides. The Protestant townsmen, rich, numerous, supplied with concealed arms, and in secret com-

munication with Schomberg, constituted a thorn ready to rankle in the Jacobite rear. But in Colonel Simon Luttrell the city possessed a vigorous and watchful governor. English cruisers occasionally appeared in the bay, but insurrection was firmly and not harshly repressed. The inefficiency of the British navy, at this period, is striking. Nominally far more powerful than the French navy, it secured not the empire of the seas; English commerce suffered from the raids of French privateers; French soldiers landed harmless in Ireland; Irish troops crossed over to Brittany unmolested.

As everything, sooner or later, went astray with King James, he had now to lament the loss of his solitary man-o'-war. While convoying transports to Belfast Sir Cloudesley Shovel heard that this poor remnant of a once noble fleet lay in Dublin Bay, loading with hides and wool for France. So he sailed thither, and on the 18th of April sent two sloops of war and some long boats to cut out the Jacobite frigate. The approach of the Williamite ships being reported to the King, he jumped to the pleasant conclusion that some of his misguided subjects were returning to their duty, and, at the head of his guards, hastened to welcome the repentant sinners. However, the roar of cannon surprised him, and he reached Ringsend in time to behold Captain Bennet run his vessel ashore, and take to the boats to escape a fire-ship which was bearing down upon him. The crew got off with their lives; but, on return of the tide, Sir Cloudesley carried away the unlucky "Pelican," to the horror of an immense crowd and divers regiments thronging the beach—"all eager," says Story, rather sardonically, "to slay those bold fellows at sea, who durst on Good Friday perform so wicked a deed." When the Williamite interest is concerned the reverend historian scruples not to subscribe to the doctrine—Better the day, better the deed.

To turn to the adversary. His affairs were mending. In their winter quarters the soldiers regained health. Recruits poured in from England. Attenuated battalions were consolidated.¹ In March 7,000 Danes landed at Belfast—"all

¹ Captain Parker, "Military Transactions in Ireland."

lusty fellows' well clothed and armed." Dutch, Brandenburgers, fresh British quickly followed. Guns, mortars, powder, clothing, and provisions came abundantly. Amongst the artillery were "four new invented wheel engines which discharge 150 musquet barrels at once, and, turning the wheel, as many more; they are very serviceable to guard a pass."¹ Nothing new under the sun! the mitrailleuse. We are nowhere told how the machine worked in the field.

In the early spring Schomberg commanded a formidable army, notwithstanding the discordant elements of which it was composed. But, however efficient under arms, the soldiers were sad backsliders in quarters—strong Protestants, but loose moralists. The worthy old general strove hard to reform his unrighteous scratch-pack. He ordered regular attendance at church; the incessant swearing of both officers and men he emphatically rebuked; and, to bring his naughty followers to more Christian behaviour, he solemnly protested that the misery of the past winter was Heaven's judgment on their transgressions. It is to be feared that subsequent successes cannot be traced to the prevalence of a purer virtue in the polyglot ranks.

It is a favourite assumption that the conduct of the Williamite troops presented a wholesome contrast to the license of their Jacobite opponents. An honest witness summoned from the Anglo-Dutch camp may refute an impression mainly propagated by Archbishop King. Dr. George Gorge, secretary to Duke Schomberg, in a letter to Colonel Hamilton, makes the following remarkable statement:—"You cannot forget who affirmed that the Protestants of this province (Ulster) ought rather to be treated as enemies than friends, and that the best of them had either basely complied with King James and his party, or cowardly left and deserted their country; that the goods and flocks of Protestant inhabitants, once seized by the enemy, were forfeited and ought not to be restored, but given in encouragement to the soldiers; that all Papists ought to be plundered and none protected; that reli-

¹ Luttrell, "Brief Relation of State Affairs."

gion was but canting, and debauchery the necessary character of soldiers. If to these you add the pressing of horses at pleasure, quartering at pleasure, denying the people bread and seed of their corn, whereby multitudes of families are already reduced to want of bread, and left only to beg, or steal, or starve; these being the principles and these the practices (and both as well known to you as to me), can it be wondered that the oppressed Protestants here should report us worse than the Irish; or can it be wondered that God should pursue us with his dreadful judgments, who have so provoked Him with our daring sins?"

After this charming sketch of his own party, the Doctor goes on to aver that James maintained a far stricter discipline among his troops, "forbidding all plundering on any pretence whatsoever under pain of death without mercy."¹ Had Sir Robert Walpole Ireland in his mind when he exclaimed, "Don't talk to me of history, that I know to be false?"

As we are already aware, the savour of death at Dundalk and Schomberg's inactivity, had augmented William's unpopularity. Just then, his position was irksome indeed. "A comprehensive scheme for reconciling Anglicans and Protestant Dissenters" had broken down, as plans assuming human nature to be what it is *not*, are pretty sure to do. His sister-in-law, the Princess Anne, did not contribute to his peace of mind; his friends, the Whigs, were kicking bitterly against the pricks; lastly, came the Irish fiasco, inconceivable to British self-esteem.²

The Commons fastened on Dundalk. Assured that the army had seldom been 14,000 strong, although 23,000 men appeared in the pay-lists, they insisted on Commissioners

¹ See Plowden's "Review of the State of Ireland," pp. 150-153.

² No mean cause of William's unpopularity was his retirement at Hampton Court. In "*Mémoires des nouvelles venues d'Angleterre*, 26 Juin, 1682," we read, "Le prince d'Orange est toujours à Hampton Court, et jamais à la ville, et le peuple est fort mal satisfait de cette manière bizarre et retirée." Sir John Dalrymple also mentions the anger of the citizens "at the desertion of their sovereign and the loss of the usual festivities and pomp of the Court."

being sent to Ireland to investigate the condition of the troops. For the miscarriage yonder, whom shall we hang? General Count Solms pointed to Mr. Henry Shales, the purveyor-general. The Rev. George Walker, hero of Derry, and now lion of the London season, similarly advised. Parliament accordingly demanding the arrest of Shales, he was made prisoner at Belfast, and sent to London. But no further evil befell him; "Possibly," surmises Harris, "he had powerful confederates, who went shares with him in the profits of his corrupt management, and whom he threatened to detect in order to screen himself."¹ Quite possible; such men generally sin in good company.

Besides, a spoke clogged the Government wheels. Supply had not been voted. In this dilemma, Whig greed overshooting the mark, afforded the King a transient relief from trouble. Their Corporation Bill, if passed, would virtually exclude the Tories from the borough representation for seven years. In anticipation of such a danger, the latter prostrated themselves before the *de facto* throne, crying aloud for assistance to defeat the obnoxious clauses. On the other hand, the Whigs, alarmed for their places, promised William to treat him better in the future. The storm hushed for a while: William was himself again—a ruler of men. But how easily are the sharpest wits deceived! At Lady Marlborough's instigation the prickly question of the Princess Anne's revenue—in other words, her independence—started up in debate. King, Whig, and Tory forthwith floundered in hot water. William perceived that out of such a kettle of fish, cunning cookery could make nothing. His embarrassment was painful. At first, he affected a desire to quit ungrateful Britain. He would relinquish to the Queen the task of governing the fickle English. However, the crocodile tears of certain "political friends" dissuaded him. Another card should be played. Let the Commons be sent about their business. Let there be peace with the adversary. Mary nestling under the Tory wing, William might betake himself to the Irish wars.

¹ "Life of King William III."

Whig place-hunters summoned the Dutch Prince to England. Whig "Parliament-men" crowned him. A year passes. The place-men are ousted. St. Stephen's knows the Parliament-men no more. The nation elects Tories. The new King embraces them. Such the vicissitudes of Revolution!





XXV.

THE O'REGAN AT CHARLEMONT.

1690.

SCHOMBERG opened the campaign with hostilities against Charlemont, a fort well situated on the Blackwater, about five miles S.E. of Dungannon. Built in the reign of Elizabeth by Lord Deputy Blount, as a check on the O'Neil, it was now of great importance to King James. The last strong place left him in Ulster, it enabled the Catholics to harass the Williamites occupying the province. Its possession, therefore, was of considerable moment to the English.

Covered on the N. and W. by the river, on the S. and E. by bogs, Charlemont could be approached only by two roads, which the Irish had made nearly impassable. And, that the English might find no shelter for their attack, the hamlet straggling in the shade of the ramparts had been levelled. A wing of Gordon O'Neil's, under Colonel Teague O'Regan, a stout but eccentric old soldier, quartered in the citadel, or rather tower, within the walls.

The place had been watched during the winter by La Caillemotte, with a force comprising his own regiment, Du Cambon's, and a detachment of St. John's.

Early in March, after a smart skirmish, La Caillemotte captured a village within two miles of the ditch, and on the 12th of the same month a picked French band, led by himself, rowed in three boats up the river, for the purpose of destroying the wooden bridge, and thus stopping the ex-

cursions of the garrison towards Dungannon. Landing about a mile from their destination, the Grenadiers marched silently on. But they were perceived, and a scrambling fight in the dark ensued. The French prevailing, burned the bridge, seized the tête-de-pont, and forced a redoubt near the Armagh Gate. Day being about to dawn, La Caillemotte withdrew, with a loss of five or six privates. Of the numerous officers attending the party, Major de Laborde was killed, Lieutenant-Colonel Belcastel and Captain Rapin (afterwards historian of England) being wounded. The Irish suffered more heavily.

But for weeks, during which the Williamites received re-inforcements, nothing came of this expedition. Indeed, so strong was his position, O'Regan's prime anxiety lay on the score of food. Unexpectedly the hungry soldiers obtained a temporary supply. Colonel Mac Mahon, with a body of Ulster irregulars craftily trotting the bogs, on the 2nd of May, brought in some ammunition and a little store of rations. Du Cambon, who commanded the Huguenot outposts, being informed that the Ulster men would depart whenever their job was over, divided his troops into three parts, which he disposed in a manner calculated to intercept the issuing Creights. The event occurred according to his expectation. Mac Mahon's ill-armed partizans were twice flung back into the place, as they endeavoured to debouch. Whereat Teague waxed wroth. He swore "if they could not get out, they should have no entertainment nor lodging within." And, words meaning deeds with this sturdy veteran, the poor fellows had to hut themselves as best they could in the dry ditch. Meanwhile, Schomberg kept hurrying men, guns, and mortars to La Caillemotte, for he hugely coveted the fort, and the Governor's answer to his summons had breathed hard knocks. "Tell your master," said O'Regan to the Duke's emissary, "he's an ould knave ; and, by St. Patrick, he sha'n't have the place at all." Relishing the joke, the Marshal retorted good humouredly : "He would give Teague greater reasons to be angry in a little while."

No courage, no tenacity is proof against starvation. Sooner

or later, a place strictly blockaded must fall. Girt by well disciplined troops—more Dutch, fiery Cutts with his English, just imported Brandenburgers being up by this—Charlemont verged on its last crust; only a "very little dirty meal and part of a quarter of musty beef left." No chance of relief. Grim Teague must bend. He dispatched an offer of surrender. His terms were accepted—for the nut was certainly hard to crack, and the Marshal longed to finish the business before William's arrival.

On the 14th of May the garrison evacuated Charlemont in two divisions, each about 400 strong.¹ They marched proudly with their arms, bag and baggage, drums beating, colours flying, lighted matches, bullets in their mouths, clothes in rags, famine in their eyes, and yet true men of war. Driving over from Legacory, Duke Schomberg overtook them about a mile from the fort, on the Armagh road; no dainty popinjays, they were "chewing pieces of dried hides, with hair and all on." Attention! They draw up in review order; about 200 women and children jostling open-mouthed in the intervals of the battalions.

Brave O'Regan is described as cutting a figure careless of the Graces. Bestriding a vicious spavined old stallion, he shouts his orders. A red coat of bygone fashion puckers about his hump-back. A full-bottomed, weather-soiled wig garnishes the resolute, wizened face; jauntily cocked thereon is "a little narrow white beaver," and, the heat of the day notwithstanding, a big muff hangs before him. Eager to salute *en règle*, Teague coaxes his charger to advance, but the pestilent brute sets to kicking and squealing, which sends the choleric *groggnard* cursing and spurring like mad. Rare fun! the poor Celtic soldiery relished the humour of the scene, we may be sure.

Schomberg inspected the troops; and, as he passed down the ranks, the men, with native courtesy, made him, we are told, "a great many legs" (bows à l'Irlandaise), and in sonorous

¹ Including MacMahon's "Creights."

whispers debated whether the genial old gentleman could be the "Shambear," of whose ferocity they had heard so much.

"No wonder provisions came speedily to an end," said the Marshal, pointing to the numerous ladies on parade. "There was no help for it," replied Colonel O'Regan; "we Irish are naturally hospitable, and so all of us fared alike. Faith, the boys wouldn't have stayed at all without the girls." "More love than policy there," observed the Duke with a smile. No doubt of it. The Irish are usually more successful in love than in politics. Impulse and passion, triumphant in the courts of Venus, tend to grief in the struggle of life.

To protect them from the scouring Protestant marauders, an article of the capitulation stipulated that the garrison should be escorted to Dundalk by a party of English horse. Now, among the retiring Irish were two priests; and, during a halt, one of them began arguing with a Williamite trooper on transubstantiation. The controversy grew hot; and, Milesian blood being soon at boiling point, his reverence boxed the soldier's ears, whereupon he got a cruel thrashing. News of the quarrel and the drubbed ecclesiastic's report of his bruises reached O'Regan while he was dining with the British officers at Armagh. The shrewd grey-beard (who seems to have been a sort of Charles Napier—odd, competent, and valiant) only growled out that "he was glad to hear of it: what the devil's business had Father Pat to dispute religion with a dragoon!"

The humane Schomberg ordered every Jacobite a loaf of bread from the Armagh stores, and the officers having been seasonably entertained, all went their way, "pleased with the general and praising the army."¹

Courtesy to the fallen—who delights not to read of it? Is it quite certain that we have gained in good manners during the last 200 years? At any rate, musty professors and swaggering junkers could not give a lesson in chivalrous bearing to Armand Frédéric de Schomberg.

¹ Story, "Impartial History."



XXVI.

"MOVING NIGH IN SLOW BUT FIRM
BATTALION."

1690.

"In courtly balls and midnight masquerades"

HAD Dublin spent the winter; the Duchess of Tyrconnel ("la belle Jennings") swaying society with the haughty grace of her sister Sarah of Marlborough.

"Brilliant with peers and dukes, and all their sweeping train,"

redolent with pretty coquettes, crowded with daring sparks, the beautiful city kept continual holiday¹—

"Singing, laughing, ogling, and all that."

How merrily human nature makes ready for calamity!

But James displayed neither levity nor self-indulgence. His transgressions were of another complexion. He stuck close to routine business. He looked after trade, he strove to conciliate the Protestant interest; he meant well, but he fumbled in the fire with too many irons. An obstinate man, he yet yielded his judgment to specious talkers, who, dangling before his longing eyes the Melfort bait of an expedition to England, led him to distrust common-sense politicians, who insisted on making sure in Ireland before indulging in knight-errantry.

¹ O'Kelly, "Excidium Macariæ."

Financial deficit, combined with sectarian animosity, hindered the clothing and equipping of the troops. Against the *vis inertiae* of indigence there is no contending. To appease the religious rage of Protestant tradesmen with copper tokens was impossible. The defective military administration remained without essential repair. Notwithstanding the urgent representations of D'Avaux, so little had been done in the way of supplying the army with regular transport, that when the French division marched into Dublin and took the Castle-guard, their guns and *matériel* still tarried at Cork clamouring vainly for draught.

Highly coloured reports of Parliamentary dissension and popular estrangement in England had induced King James to question his nephew's real intention of coming to Ireland. To a prince who would have cast the Green Isle loose on the mere chance of setting foot in England, ridiculous seemed the idea of the enemy troubling himself about Erinn, when Britain growled ominously. The news, then, of William's actual arrival bewildered him.

Under the Dutch screw the resources of England were showing well. On the 6th of June, Count Mesnart de Schomberg, general of cavalry, disembarked at Belfast with a formidable train of artillery, arms, ammunition, and 200 artificers; and, on the 14th of the same month, William of Orange landed at Carrickfergus, attended by his despised relation Prince George of Denmark, Duke of Ormond, Earls of Oxford, Manchester, Scarborough (nominally "volunteers," really hostages), and divers notable Dutchmen.

After a glance at the shattered town, William drove to Belfast in Duke Schomberg's coach-and-six. Next morning he was taken to church to be hailed by an imaginative minister as one "who through faith subdued kingdoms and wrought righteousness." The aptness of the text is questionable. Among the great Nassau's virtues a faith equal to removing mountains is not discernible. In richness of faith the supplanted James was certainly his superior. But from a popular preacher holding forth before royalty, historical accuracy is not to be expected :

"Ah, spare your idol ! Think him human still,
Charms he may have, but he has frailties too."

On the day following, the Rev. George Walker (whom over-officiousness was rendering odious to the King) introduced a number of Episcopalian clergy, fraught with the inevitable address of congratulation. Just in the same key, we may recollect, their southern brethren had welcomed James to Ireland. Without contesting the piety of the Ulster divines, we may regret that their loyalty was so fulsomely expressed. The mighty man of this world before whom they knelt was not likely to esteem the worthy rectors the better, for their clumsy peal of applause. Of course, the Presbyterians followed suit, but history has neglected the eloquence of their deputation.

Impressed with the gravity of the situation, naturally averse from words, the Dutch Prince must have groaned in spirit under clerical torture. As soon as possible, he was hard at work. An inquiry into the discipline of the army caused the issue of a Proclamation advising Protestants and Catholics to keep quiet, forbidding the pressing of horses, and "commanding officers and soldiers upon no pretext whatever to rob or plunder the country people." This done, William started for Lisburn, where he dined with Schomberg. In the evening he was at Hillsborough. Impatiently informing some dilatory staff officers that "he didn't come to let the grass grow under his feet," he ordered the concentration of the army at Loughbrickland ; a brigade under Kirke being already at Newry. No wonder, his eagerness to be doing ; intelligence of the French fleet having sailed for the Channel had reached him.

On the 22nd he separately inspected the different battalions encamped at Loughbrickland, which "pleased the soldiers mightily." And no less an architect than Sir Christopher Wren having contrived for him an itinerant wooden house, which, carried in pieces on two waggons, could be quickly fixed up, he placed himself, like a true general, in the midst of his men. As *Maréchal Marmont* so well says : "*Il y a un sentiment de fraternité qui fait naître tout naturellement entre gens de guerre, la communauté des dangers, des privations,*

des fatigues, et qui n'a rien d'incompatible avec les règles de la hierarchie, et le maintien de la discipline." ¹

With inferior numbers and inadequate appliances, the Jacobites also closed their ranks. Leaving Dublin in charge of Colonel Simon Luttrell and the militia, James joined the division under Lieutenant-General de Girardin at Castletown-Bellew, on the 16th of June. A few days afterwards, Lauzun and the French came up. At this time English reconnoitring parties were often out, but on such service, the Irish cavalry often asserted their superiority. One day they surprised sixty dragoons of Levison's (now 3rd Hussars) and 200 foot patrolling between Newry and Dundalk. The Williamites bled freely, and their infantry captain, Farlow, being taken prisoner, had to give information to King James, instead of imparting good news to the Dutchman.

Understanding that the enemy would forthwith advance to Dundalk, and deeming his own position there perilous, James retired to Ardee, and on the 28th fell back on the Boyne.

As to the wisdom of trying conclusions with the Anglo-Dutch, the Jacobite officers differed. Taking into account the numerical inferiority of the Irish, their ineffective artillery, stinted equipment, and defective training—certain authorities again pleaded for Fabian tactics. They would occupy important strategic points, withdraw the mass of the cavalry to the Shannon, and (avoiding serious combats) keep up a war of out-posts, until the squadron, covering the Williamite left, rejoined the British fleet now actually threatened by Admiral de Tourville. The protecting frigates gone, what was there to prevent Seignelay sending a swarm of privateers into the Irish sea, and thus breaking-up the transports attending the English army? The idea was plausible, for the destruction of the store-ships would have separated the Orange force from its English base, and therefore placed it at the mercy of those terrible autumnal rains whose fatal effects Britain was still mourning.

¹ "Esprit des Institutions Militaires."

But the plan ignores *morale*.¹ The desertion of the capital would have disgusted the Catholics; retreat would have lowered the buoyant spirit of the soldiery. The food resources of the west might have proved insufficient. In fact, the Stuart cause must have perished under such a regimen. Deprive poor humanity of a stimulant, and it flags at once. As a matter of policy, then, James decided to stand fast and trust to Irishmen.

We must now rejoin the Williamites. All things in gear, they quitted Loughbrickland, and Cloudesley Shovel's squadron sailing within sight on their left, marched warily forward. They entered Ardee on the 27th. Here outlying detachments being called in, the troops were massed. English, Dutch, Germans, Swiss, Swedes; Danes, and French composed the motley army which, we are told, "was in all respects as well provided as any kingdom in the world had one for the number of men."² On the point of quantity, we shall speak presently.

On the 30th, the final touch being put to arrangements, the host was again *en route*. A striking illustration of the kind of feeling animating the mongrel legions occurred on the march. A French soldier of one of the Huguenot regiments fell out of the ranks through sickness. Believing death near, the poor fellow took out his beads and began to pray, for he was a Catholic. The while, a Danish corps passing by, one of the privates, furious at such Popish superstition, "without further ceremony," says Story, "shot the Frenchman dead." A hideous crime, one might think, but the chaplain relates it without disgust, and coolly proceeds to tell how none of the Irish were anywhere to be seen, save "a few starved creatures scratching like hens amongst the cinders (of their homes?) for victuals." What callous hearts religious hatred makes! Much to his credit, the Calvinist Captain de Bostaquet beheld Irish misery

¹ "La force morale m'a toujours paru au-dessus de la force physique; on la prépare en élevant l'âme du soldat, en lui donnant l'amour de la gloire, l'honneur régimentaire, et surtout en rehaussant le patriotisme dont le germe est dans tous les cœurs."—LE MARÉCHAL BUGEAUD.

² Story, "Impartial History."

with a tenderer eye. "Enfin," he wrote, "nous arrivâmes à Carlingford—nous trouvâmes cette ville absolument brûlée, et deserte, n'y ayant pas une âme: nous vîmes cela avec douleur."

Next day, the last of June, the army advanced with extreme caution, William himself riding with the advanced guard under Sir John Lanier. Having come within two miles of Drogheda, he viewed, from the rising ground of Tullyallen, the Irish camp on the southern bank of the Boyne. Incapable of rapture over the lovely blending of hill and dale, sparkling water, and summer verdure, his austere eye scanned with professional interest the river rolling in full tide below him, the grey towers of Drogheda standing sheer in the clear sky on his left, the double line of tents glistening yonder in his front. Statesman, more than soldier, he fully realized the political hazard of the die now inevitable. To-morrow would make or mar him.

Presently, Schomberg, Scravenmore, Solms, and other foreigners clustering around, the King intently examined the ranks and position of the foe. Intending to play the courtier, perhaps, Scravenmore derided *cette petite armée!* But the chief, too sensible to be blind to unpleasant probabilities, observed drily, "Many more men might be easily quartered in the town, or concealed by the undulating and scrubby ground."

Riding slowly in the direction of Drogheda, William carefully noted every peculiarity of the Jacobite position. After a while, retracing his steps, he came to a pretty knoll, somewhat to the east of the deep gorge now called King William's Glen, and opposite the village of Oldbridge. Here he dismounted and ordered luncheon. But the enemy had perceived the reconnaissance. During the royal pic-nic a brilliant band of officers eagerly watched what was going on along the northern slopes of the river. Tyrconnel, Berwick, Sarsefield, Parker, De Lauzun were there—soldiers smarter and more chivalrous than the rugged adventurers collected from the highways and byways of Europe for their ruin, but in the art and practice of war wholly inferior.

Ere long, some desultory shots fired by the Irish pickets provoked similar splutter from the English advanced guard. The noise brought a troop of Galmoy's dragoons to the water's edge. After observing the English for half-an-hour, the party returned to camp, leaving behind a couple of field guns, which an opportune hedge completely concealed. By-and-by, William and his staff, again in the saddle, offered temptation to the Irish gunner. Suddenly a six-pounder shot plunges amid a squadron about 100 yards from the Dutch staff. Down go two horses and a trooper. And another, skimming the river, it glances upward, just grazes the shoulder of royal Nassau, spoils his coat, and causes a contusion. Instinctively he ducks upon his charger's mane. A mighty shout from the Irish. "The Prince of Orange slain," flies with mouth-to-mouth electricity to Dublin. Thence to Paris, where bonfires blaze incontinently. *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*. The wound was not of the slightest consequence. A little dressing enabled the Prince to be again on horseback, inspecting the troops as they marched in. About 3 p.m. the artillery arrived, and two heavy batteries being planted on the brow of the hill overlooking Oldbridge, a cannonade, as noisy as it was fruitless, opened.

At the council of war held that night, William announced that he would pass the Boyne next morning. Schomberg demurred; but, finding his objection distasteful, recommended that a mixed corps should proceed at once towards Slane Bridge (distant about three miles from the British right), in order that the Irish left might be turned at dawn and their retreat southward compromised. For some reason, unknown to us—possibly the uncertainty of night expeditions, possibly because he distrusted some of the English officers—King William set aside the suggestion, and the rebuffed General withdrew to his tent in no pleasant humour. After his exit, it was decided that early next morning 10,000 men should proceed to Slane and, as soon as headquarters received notice of their being on the enemy's flank, his front should be assailed. To the aide-de-camp who handed him this resolution, the affronted Marshal remarked, with affected uncon-

cern : " It was the first order of battle ever sent him"—and the last.

At midnight William of Orange was again riding amongst his soldiers, thus assuring himself that the arrangements for the morrow were being properly carried out. Particularly did he inquire whether the men had wherewithal to fill bellies as well as pouches. The baggage, knapsacks, and great-coats were to remain under a guard in the rear. The word was to be " Westminster." Every man would wear in his hat a green leaf or sprig (an ugly fact for modern Orangemen) to distinguish him from his Irish foe, who, in graceful compliment to the French, sported the white cockade. We may safely conclude, then, with valiant Fluellen : " There is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp; I'll warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the war, and the cares of it, and the forms of it to be otherwise."

The determination of the nephew had no counterpart in the uncle's breast. That night, too, a war council sat in the Jacobite camp. But where the spirit lately stirring the Stuart? For long, we know, James had hankered after an expedition to England. In vain his ablest advisers argued that the chances of success were not proportionate to the risk of failure. The King remained unconvinced. Sometimes, indeed, the gallant bearing of his troops reviving the Duke of York, he pronounced for conflict. But his mind, wavering between diverse propositions, could bide nowhere. In such a humour news reached him, that the French fleet was in full sail for the Channel. The intelligence was important, for De Tourville once master of the sea, how could the Williamites be supplied from England? Per contra, the enemy turned out to be far more numerous, far better disciplined than he had expected. All things considered, then, would it be wise to fight a decisive battle in Ireland? And so, he turned to the scheme he had lately rejected. He now saw prudence in protracting the war by skirmishes and counter-marchings, until the effect of the French naval operations was disclosed, and wet weather told on the British effective.

While James was languidly debating, Dutch promptitude

deprived him of the alternative of retreat without fighting. A powerful army lay within cannon-shot of his outposts. The dilemma produced a military half-measure, coupled with an error of political judgment so egregious as to resemble personal cowardice. Anticipating great things from De Tourville, James imagined that his own presence at Versailles would prodigiously serve his cause in England, he therefore wrote privately to Sir Patrick Trant, ordering a ship to be ready at Waterford to convey him to France. So much for his state-craft, now for his generalship.

A fighting retreat was invented. Six guns (the entire artillery only amounted to twelve pieces) and the heavy baggage were hurried to the rear. The troops would make a show of holding the breastworks defending the fords; when driven out of them they were to fall back on the scattered houses and the village immediately in rear; forced thence, they would occupy the hedges and copses behind; afterwards the line of hills further south furnished excellent ground for a stand. Finally, the army must close in upon the defile of Duleek, which a rear-guard would defend till the grand mass had passed through and were well on their road to Dublin. Foreseeing the likelihood of the Williamites crossing the Boyne in force near Slane, and thereby endangering the line of retreat, Richard Hamilton advised the King to watch the shoals near Drogheda with a dragoon corps, and for the purpose of making sure of Slane, to dispatch thither eight regiments of horse with all the infantry of the left wing. Thus was the capital importance of that point attested on both sides. Singularly enough, as William was at variance with Schomberg on this subject, so did James dissent from Hamilton. Neither could see the need of urgency; the one postponed the movement to a more convenient season, the other would have split the difference with his lieutenant by marching fifty dragoons to Slane! "Hesitation and half measures ruin everything in war," said the great Napoleon. In the closet, James II. would probably have applauded the maxim with the gusto of Napoleon III.; but, like the luckless Bonaparte, he forgot all about it before the enemy.

A few words concerning the relative power of the belligerents. That the Anglo-Dutch had the superiority of numbers is certain. Story says that on the 27th of June at Dunkeld, "where the whole army joined, we made in all not above 36,000, though the world called us a third part more." The Huguenot, Chevalier, whose history of King William was published at Amsterdam in 1692 *avec privilège*, wrote—"Il (William) se rendit à l'armée et la trouva composé de 62 escadrons de cavalerie, et de dragons, et de 52 bataillons d'infanterie. Cela pouvoit former environ 40 à 50,000 hommes."¹ De Quincy gives the same number of squadrons and battalions—"le tout faisant environ 40,000 hommes."² The Duke of Berwick puts the enemy at 45,000. Narcissus Luttrell, writing in May, says that "48,600 are designed for Ireland." Bearing in mind Story's habit of underrating the numbers of his friends and exaggerating those of his foes, we may fairly assume that the Williamites amounted to 42,000 effectives, whom another Huguenot writer, cited by Mr. O'Callaghan, describes as "les meilleurs et les plus belles troupes du monde." This army was attended by a powerful artillery of "at least fifty pieces and several small mortars."

Turning to the other side, we find the Irish (Story *loquitur*) "not above 27,000 at the Boyne, besides the French." Putting the latter at 5,000, we get a total of 32,000. These, however, are higher figures than the Jacobite authorities admit. King James states in his "Mémoires," that "he had not above 20,000 men." Berwick confesses to 23,000. We should probably be near the mark if we set down the Irish army, including the French contingent, at about 25,000, which gives a difference in favour of the English of 17,000 men. Moreover, we must bear in mind that the Irish artillery consisted of only twelve field-guns, and (as previously mentioned) six of these were sent to the rear on the morning of the battle.

To sum up: a well equipped army of superior strength, conducted by eminent generals, covered by well-served cannon,

¹ *Excidium Macariæ* (note by Mr. O'Callaghan).

² "Histoire Militaire de Louis XIV."

will encounter a numerically inferior army, mainly composed of half-drilled, ill-armed recruits, unsupported by artillery, commanded by a perplexed generalissimo, and manœuvred by officers of brilliant courage but of slight experience.





XXVII.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

1690.

BEGINNING our survey of the battle-field at New Grange, we see the Boyne flowing northward, till it reaches the woods of Townley Hall; there, it turns sharply to the south-east, and so on to Drogheda. In this way an elbow is formed on the right bank. Within this angle the ground rises in easy undulations from the water-side to the hill of Donore, the summit of which is distant about an English mile from the river. A mile and a half east of Donore stands Drogheda. Another mile, and we reach the sea. The western flank of Donore observes the precipitous bank of the river, now bristling with the plantations of Farm. Three miles to the rear of the hill, we come upon the pass of Duleek, opening a road to Dublin. Six miles north-west of Donore, on the northern bank, is Slane. Although no bridges cross the Boyne between this place and Drogheda, it may be forded at low water at several points; it is shallowest near the islands, facing which stood, on the southern bank, in 1690, the village of Oldbridge.

Now, the Irish army, retreating into Leinster, marched through Drogheda and pitched their tents between Oldbridge and Donore, on the slanting bulge just referred to. Their cannon were originally placed in two batteries—one upon an elevation behind Oldbridge, so as to command the adjacent ford; the other, in advance of the Irish right, watched Yellow Island. Breastworks skirting the waterside strengthened the village.

It follows, then, that the tidal but fordable Boyne flowed along the Irish front, that their left flank was also deceptively covered by the river, that their right leant upon Drogheda, that the rear was supported by Donore, where the staff had taken up quarters, and in the ruinous chapel on the summit, James tried to sleep on the 30th of June.

The situation seems hazardous, not only on account of Irish inferiority in numbers and artillery, but mainly, perhaps, in consequence of the strategic posture of Slane, which offered the means for turning the Jacobite left, and intercepting their retreat to the south.

Crossing over to the northern bank, we notice that the heights stretching from Townley Hall towards Drogheda trend to the water's edge. Bordering the Townley domain a deep glen, now called King William's glen, opens within three hundred paces of the river. In this ravine large bodies of troops may be massed, not only out of harm of shot, but out of sight of an enemy posted on the opposite bank.

The Anglo-Dutch took up ground along the northern slopes of the Tullyallen ridge. Their right dipped into King William's Glen, their left held another pass at the eastern extremity of the eminence. In a few minutes, therefore, they could debouch under shelter upon the Boyne; their camp, too, being perfectly screened, preparations for attack were made in secret. On the contrary, the Jacobite lines lay naked, as on a map. The Williamite batteries on the steeps of Tullyallen thundered upon Oldbridge, and occasionally threw shells amid the Irish tents.¹

On the 1st of July the sun rose like a god. The drums and trumpets of both armies sounded the *réveil*. The camps were instinct with life. Here, the ardent Celt munched a meagre breakfast as he sharpened his pike. There, the seasoned adventurers of all Europe coldly buckled on accoutrements. The beat of the *générale* was nigh.

The Williamites made the first move about six o'clock A.M.

¹ I am chiefly indebted for the above description to Sir W. Wilde's "Beauties of the Boyne and Blackwater."

on that memorable Tuesday. Sure information respecting the fords near Slane having been imparted by Inniskilliners acquainted with the locality, a mixed corps of 8,000 men marched thither. Lieutenant-General Douglas commanded the detachment;¹ Count Mesnart de Schomberg led the horse; Lord Portland and Auverquerque (afterwards Earl of Grantham) were brigadiers of foot. Veiled by the copses of Townley Hall, they proceeded without being perceived till the high ground near Knouth was reached. Here the manœuvre struck the Irish eye, and on the spur of the moment, steps were taken to meet the danger.

At Knouth the British separated; the infantry went on to Slane Bridge, while the cavalry made a short cut for the ford of Rosnaree. Crossing there, a combat ensued between the Dutch horse and the regiment of Sir Neil O'Neil, which (instead of "fifty troopers") had been sent overnight to watch the neighbouring shallows. For a time—until the Williamite guns arrived indeed—the Irish dragoons held their own manfully. Ultimately they retreated with a loss of sixty men, their gallant colonel, Sir Neil, being mortally wounded. Presently, Douglas's infantry, having crossed by Slane Bridge, joined Count de Schomberg. The re-united corps would now have pushed for Duleek, but observing an Irish band striding to meet him, Douglas halted, drew up in two lines, and sent for more foot.

While the Anglo-Dutch were thus doing, De Lauzun hastened with his French column and the rest of the Irish

¹ This General Douglas, "a very considerate and sober commander," says Evelyn, used to profess much attachment to his old patron, King James. One day, towards the end of March, 1689, he chanced to be dining in Edinburgh with some Jacobite gentlemen. One of the party, Captain James Creighton, shall narrate what passed. "Dinner was no sooner done, when we heard news that King James was landed in Ireland; then Douglas, taking a beer-glass, and looking around him, said, 'Gentlemen, we have all eat of his bread, and here is his health,' which he drank off on his knees, and all the company did the same; then, filling another bumper, he drank damnation to all who would ever draw a sword against him."—*Memoirs of Captain Creighton* (Swift's Works).

left wing to cover Duleek. The peril, too, drove King James from his observatory at Donore down to Oldbridge. Ordering the heavy baggage and the six guns (already withdrawn from position over against Yellow Island) to start for Dublin, he removed the remaining battery, from its station behind Oldbridge, to the reserve under Sir Charles Carny. With these troops—Purcell's horse and Brown's foot—he hurried after Lauzun, leaving behind him instructions that large draughts from the Irish right wing should follow with all speed. So it happened that not a single gun remained to dispute the passage of the river, and that the troops charged with its defence from Oldbridge to Drogheda were reduced to eight battalions under Richard Hamilton, and the cavalry of the right under the Duke of Berwick.

Meanwhile, the Williamite centre and left were being disposed for attack in the Tullyallen gorges. And information coming in that Douglas was across the Boyne, William decided to profit by the confusion visible around Oldbridge; for the hasty withdrawal, under a heavy fire, of troops from that quarter had necessarily caused disorder in the weakened Irish ranks; indeed (to use an expression of Brigadier Kane, who served with the British that day), "their order of battle was broke." But Story confesses that, although incessantly pounded by round shot, the detachments stepped off in good order. Creditable this to young soldiers, most severely tried.

At 10 o'clock, then, the celebrated division, composed of Solm's Blue Guards (three battalions), two Enniskillen and two French regiments, Hanmer's brigade, 'Count Nassau's Dutch, Colonel Cutts and the Danes, received orders to advance.

To resist such a coming on, how was Oldbridge prepared? One battalion occupied a house or two and such portions of the breastwork as had escaped the search of the British cannonade. Masked by the rising ground between the village and Donore were the horse and dragoons of the right, together with seven battalions of foot. Ailing with gout and distressed by corpulence, the once impetuous Tyrconnel had nominally the chief command, but on Richard Hamilton, who led the

infantry, and on Berwick, who was at the head of the squadrons, the active work devolved.

And rough work too. Suddenly the batteries ply Oldbridge with augmented bitterness, and with the awful rub-a-dub of fifty drums, the Dutch Blue Guards pour forth from the ravine, and passing rapidly over the intervening space, plunge by sections of ten abreast into the Boyne. The Irish thinly lining the breastwork withhold their fire till the Hollanders are half-way across; then a volley; but as usual when bad tools are in unpractised hands, trifling execution follows. As their sections gain footing on the Meath bank the guards form up. Now, the cannon cease to roar, and a sufficient body of Solm's men holding together, a cruel file-firing rakes the Irish. The resistance slackens. The constantly increasing fire puts a finishing stroke to the unsteadiness previously wrought by shot and shell; the young soldiers flinch, abandon the line of defence, and scamper into an adjoining field, where the officers rally much diminished ranks.¹

While the Blue Guards were thus fastening upon the ground, the rest of the division were taking the river by separate corps. On the left flank of the Dutch the two regiments, Enniskillen and Londonderry, went in; a hundred yards lower down, the French Huguenots and St. John's. About two hundred yards from their left, Hanmer's brigade were wading; and further away, Jack Cutts and Count Nassau would soon enter the stream. In rapid succession the Boyne was crossed by 10,000 picked troops.

But before Solm's veterans were entirely formed, Tyrconnel sent a squadron of his own horse thundering upon the flank of the 3rd battalion as it emerged disjointed from the river. Many a stout foreigner was cut down ere Tyrconnel's could be repulsed. About the same time, Richard Hamilton noticed the French pushing painfully through deep water,

“With arms held high and powder dry.”

Ordering Lord Antrim to assail Hanmer's flank as he arose

¹ The Duke of Berwick states that this regiment “y perdit 150 hommes tués sur la place.”—*Mémoires*.

from the river, Hamilton rushed with a brigade of infantry against the Huguenots, now close to the right bank. But although the officers and old soldiers of Dorrington's foot guards displayed the utmost bravery, even dashing into the Boyne to engage the Frenchmen, a considerable number of the recruits declined the bright example, and Hamilton was compelled to draw off with the loss of several officers and much rank and file. Again, the Jacobite cavalry showed itself equal to the emergency. Before the regiment, La Caillemotte, had closed up on the southern side, three squadrons were upon it. The French being without pikes, and in the confusion consequent on scrambling up a steep rough bank, one of their companies was ridden clean through, many officers were sabred, and La Caillemotte received a mortal wound. An heroic spirit! As the drummers bore their commander away he kept cheering on the shaken column—"A la gloire, mes enfants, à la gloire!"¹

Continuing their career, the troopers fell upon the Dutch brigade now advancing in the open fields beyond Oldbridge. With steady file-firing this disciplined infantry scattered the charge, but not before many a grim guardsman rolled in the dust. Nowise disheartened, fresh troops hurled at Solm's, but the French and Tiffin's Inniskillen men (now 27th Foot) being by this *en bataille*, riddled their flank. The Hollanders smote them point-blank, and the dragoons went about, heavily hammered.

While this fighting was going on in the centre, a fierce struggle convulsed the right. Antrim's regiment swerving before Hanmer, the Duke of Berwick came up with his horse-guards and charged the English brigade as it was re-forming; when the Duke retired not a few tawny ribbons of Beaufort's musketeers were bloody and bemired. Soon afterwards, informed that some Danish horse had crossed, Berwick, being

¹ Pierre de Massue de Ruvigny, second son of the Marquis de Ruvigny, born in Paris Jan. 4, 1653. As was usual among younger sons of the noblesse, he assumed one of the family titles, and was styled Sieur de la Caillemotte.

re-inforced by a squadron of dragoons, rode at them with such vehemence that the Danes broke and repassed the Boyne helter-skelter.

Along the whole line, then, the conflict was "so hot, that many old soldiers said they never saw brisker work."

A great captain was down. Schomberg had remained on the northern bank to superintend the passage of the supporting brigades, but seeing the French and Dutch smartly engaged by the Irish horse, the fighting impulse seized him. Without waiting for helmet or cuirass he dashed into the Boyne and reached the regiment La Caillemotte, just as his dear friend, its colonel, was being carried, dying and undaunted, to the rear. With the cry, "*Allons, mes enfants, rappelez votre courage et vos ressentiments, voilà vos persécuteurs,*" the illustrious warrior placed himself at the head of the Huguenots. A burst of enthusiastic cheering, and then with heads down and teeth set the refugees rush into the hurly-burly of smoke, din, and death.

But like a whirlwind Tyrconnel's horsemen came slashing to and fro. As they galloped, Sir Charles Tuke and Exempt O'Toole of the horse-guards cut at Duke Schomberg, conspicuous from his streaming white hair and blue ribbon. The Irish sabre dealt gashes ugly but not mortal. A moment afterwards, however, a Williamite bullet, shot wildly from behind, struck him in the back of the neck.

Schomberg fell without a word, and his aides-de-camp, Montargis and Faubert (wounded in the attempt) extricated the corpse with difficulty from the *melée*. Doing the work of a simple field-officer, died one of the foremost generals and kindest gentlemen of the time. Always changing sides, he made no personal enemies. Soldiers honoured him because his skill in war none could dispute; they loved him, for he was just and merciful—

"*Vir bonus præliandi peritus.*"

While the cavalry of Tyrconnel, Parker, and Berwick were thus brilliantly protecting the retreat of the infantry, a manœuvre similar to that of Douglas on the left, was unfold-

ing on their right. Directed by William in person, the left wing of Orange horse (mainly consisting of Dutch and Danes, but with Schomberg's French and Wolseley's Inniskilliners in the van) edged slowly through the defiles running from the eastern extremity of the British camp towards Drogheda.

The Jacobite chiefs having their hands full between Old-bridge and Donore, this fresh division effected an easy passage of the river. A Danish brigade, Jack Cutts showing the way, forded a little higher up, and with their fire swept Berwick's vedettes from the southern bank. Had Tyrconnel been enabled to defend the point with a battery and a few squadrons, the advance might have been dangerous, for the river being deep thereabout, the horse had to swim for it; the bank too was steep, and the neighbouring ground so swampy that barely was King William in Meath before his charger stuck fast in the bog, from which it could not be extricated without the rider dismounting. Many are the chances in war which either cannot be utilized through want of means, or are not comprehended at the proper moment.

Sufficient numbers no sooner across than William placed himself at their head and marched toward the retreating Jacobite infantry. But Berwick, who was on the point of charging the Anglo-Dutch foot, perceived the intention. Halting for a moment to decide what should be done, he fell back slowly on Donore. Thinking the game their own, the Williamites quickened the pace. Suddenly, however, wheeling to the front the Irish troopers rode so fiercely upon the foreigner's advanced guard, that notwithstanding the presence of their king, they broke into wild disorder. Things looked serious. Galloping up to the Inniskillen men, William eagerly inquired, "What they would do for him?" But Jacobite fury and Irish steel had made so deep an impression that, on his turning aside to allow the Protestant horsemen to attack, they went about and followed their leader to the rear. Now shone forth the value of old soldiers at a pinch. Schomberg's French horse trotted up, and dashed upon the foe. The arena—notched and cut with ditches—suited not the blow; M. de Belcastel too was rash, and sprinkled behind a hedge some

Irish grenadiers kept up a nasty fire. And so it came to pass that the two red and blue squadrons averted disaster from their friends; but, dislocated by the impediments presented by the ground, had ultimately to retire with great loss, Colonel de Belcastel being mortally wounded.¹

Shielded, then, by their redoubtable cavalry, the Irish foot continued to retire towards Duleek.

On the extreme Williamite left, another body of horse under Godart de Ginkel were likewise beaten, their noted chief being nearly ridden over by his own troopers in their frantic gallop rearward. Here is another illustration of the worth of discipline. Detachments of Cunningham's and Levison's dragoons dismounting, threw themselves into a slated house, and occupied a hedgerow skirting the lane down which the Irish were chasing Ginkel's troops. And the Anglo-Dutch horse, by this time strongly re-inforced, rallied. Presently, the Jacobite cavaliers returning blown from their charges, received the shots of the lurking English. The hustling was dreadful, and many a saddle was emptied. But Berwick interposed, otherwise few might have escaped the sabres of the advancing Orangemen. At this juncture, Richard Hamilton (who did his duty nobly throughout) having conducted the infantry safely to Duleek, took command of the horse. Once more the troopers joining Berwick's horse-guards with loud shouts, struck at the Dutch. However, the entire Williamite left had passed the river, and the Jacobite cavalry, exhausted by their desperate efforts, must give way before overwhelming odds—

“Though Hamilton still charging cheers,
The field's beyond retrieving.”

But not until Berwick and bold Sheldon had horses killed under them; not before Hamilton was made prisoner in the fray. Immediately paraded before William, this able officer was asked whether the Irish would fight any more. “Upon my honour, sir, I believe they will,” replied Hamilton. “Your honour! your honour,” sneered the sententious prince,

¹ “Mémoires de Dumont de Bostaquet.”

referring of course to Hamilton's mission to Tyrconnel at the breaking out of the war. If General Hamilton evinced more patriotism than candour on that occasion, the Dutchman's treatment of his uncle scarcely warranted sarcasms at other men's honour. It is unwise to bandy gibes with kings in arms, otherwise the keen-witted Irishman might have returned the illustrious Nassau's compliment with interest.

Leaving Berwick's horse, after the conflict at Platen, to retire upon Duleek with such hardy countenance that the more numerous Dutch squadrons attempted not to molest them—let us return to Lauzun and the French. We last saw James strengthening his left with Carny's reserve; and, on the other side, Douglas anxious for more foot. Before long, re-inforcements from the centre having joined Lauzun, and Trelawny's brigade bringing up Douglas's division to "above 10,000 men," the enemies fronted one another at half musket shot distance.

In this posture, an aide-de-camp brought intelligence that the British centre had forced the Boyne. Whereupon James whispered to Lauzun that there was no time to lose; the English must be attacked before the bad news spread among the soldiers. Accordingly M. de la Hoquette took post at the head of the French, and the dragoons, having dismounted, fell into the gaps between the squadrons of heavy horse, but just as Lauzun was about to order the advance, Sarsefield and Maxwell, who had been reconnoitring, rode up and reported the intervening ground boggy, intersected with double ditches, and cut by a rivulet.

While the staff discussed this information Count Schomberg's dragoons were seen to mount, and almost immediately Douglas's division moved in the direction of Duleek. Their purpose was unmistakable. Grumbling and cursing, for their fighting blood was up, French and Irish marched for the same point. Watching each other, the adversaries strode in parallel columns for the vital defile. The emergency was pressing. The Boyne passed, the Orange centre and left pushing steadily onward, Douglas's flank movement threatened to enclose the Jacobites between two fires. On, then, for your very lives!

As the Franco-Irish strained to anticipate the enemy, cruel witness of the defeat at Oldbridge presented itself; wounded men limped up with ghastly tales of the overthrow, riderless horses tore madly to and fro, the war din at Donore grew louder and nearer.

Now it was (so the royal memoirs assure us) that, fearing the King might fall into his nephew's power, De Lauzun advised him to start at once for Dublin. James declares that the proposition was distasteful to him, but on the Frenchman reiterating the recommendation, nay, urging him not to tarry in Dublin, but even to proceed to France, that he might concert measures with Louis XIV. for continuing the struggle,—the King yielded, and, escorted by Sarsefield's horse, departed for the Liffey.

De Lauzun, presently joined by Tyrconnel, outstripped Douglas, and with the loss of a few laggards and one field-piece inextricably bogged, traversed Duleek in steady order. Just as the French rear-guard was well through, Berwick and his cavalry reached the northern extremity of the defile, followed at a respectful distance by the Dutch squadrons. Taking the pass at full gallop, the Irish gain convenient ground on the southern side, and draw up in line with the French battalions. The enemy halt, bring up some guns, and idle smoke follows.

The Jacobites recommenced their march, sluggishly dogged by the Dutch horse. Bent on mischief, Ginkell and his fellows were yet afraid to strike, for whenever the ground or other circumstances invited, the rear-guard of French and Berwick's men, facing about with firm discipline, showed a front which tempted not closer inspection. In this way the retreat continued till nightfall, when the Williamites abandoned the semblance of pursuit, "glad enough," the Duke of Berwick thinks, "to furnish a golden bridge." The languor of the chase he attributes to Schomberg's death. With every respect for blood royal, he considers the ex-Marshal of France a better general than "all-conquering William."

Without being disturbed, the Irish army marched for Dublin next morning.

The Jacobites were heavy sufferers. Their right, as we

have seen, bore the brunt. Accounts, as usual, differ respecting the losses; some say "1,000 slain," others estimate "between 1,000 and 1,500 killed and wounded." Many officers fell, the Earl of Carlingford, the Marquis de Hocquincourt, the gallant Lord Dungan, Sir Neil O'Neil, Vaudreuil of the Guards (Berwick's old "governor"), Sir Charles Tuke, Major Meara, and many another brave gentleman shall fight no more.

On Tyrconnel's and Parker's horse the hardest blows fell. The latter had its colonel wounded, Lieutenant-Colonel Green, Major Doddington, and several other officers killed. So roughly handled was this regiment, that of its two squadrons there came off only about thirty sound men.¹

The Williamite casualties were less, but how much less? that's the question. Story admits "nigh 400 were killed." Of the wounded he says nothing. Captain Parker writes: "We had not above 500 killed and as many wounded; the enemy had not quite 800 killed, and about as many taken."² Prejudice deals slap-dash with figures. The death of Schomberg was indeed calamity to his friends. His *fidus Achates* too, La Caillemotte, left a blank in the list of distinguished soldiers. De Belcastel survived the hurts got at the head of Schomberg's horse only twenty-four hours. More than twenty officers of this renowned corps were killed or wounded.³ A warlike man of peace also perished. Dr. Walker, just promoted to the see of Londonderry, but pugnacious as ever, insisted upon wading with Mitchelbourne's Derryites. He was shot in the belly, and, we are informed, "stripped immediately, for the Scots-Irish that followed our camp were got through already, and took most of the plunder."⁴ Sinister connections those Scots-Irish! The profound politician in whose interest the bishop had so stoutly contended did not display much concern at his quietus. When he heard that Dr. Walker had been killed at Oldbridge, William inquired with cold good sense, "What brought him there?"

¹ Clarke, "Life of James II."

² "Memoirs."

³ "Mémoires de Dumont de Bostaquet."

⁴ Story, "Impartial History."

In a military sense the First of July is over-rated. Two kings contended in person, hence rare historical interest. The fall of Duke Schomberg appealed to the sympathies of Europe. Incidents so captivating were not lost on Protestant ascendancy. It pronounced the Boyne water the type of Protestant prowess.

That the victory had a great moral effect is indisputable. A happy augury of the future, it stimulated the Williamites, and depressed the natives. But, as we have seen, it was by no means the decisive affair so often supposed. Errors indeed abound concerning the engagement. In the north, for instance, it is imagined that Irish Protestants gained the day. No; to the trained might of foreign mercenaries the success was due. The Inniskillen and Londonderry infantry took a minor part in the struggle. The Inniskillen horse was beaten. The English battalions mostly advanced in the second line. French and Dutch veterans, able foreign generals, overpowering artillery, and superior science turned the scale that memorable Tuesday.

Writers foremost in ascribing the glory to Anglo-Irish valour, have branded the Jacobite troops with cowardice. A mistake. The behaviour of the Irish horse was heroic. We may perhaps compare their devotion with the devotion of the French cuirassiers at Waterloo. "*Nous ne laissâmes pas de charger et recharger dix fois,*" writes the Duke of Berwick. "All because your troopers had drunk half-a-pint of brandy apiece," answer the Williamite critics. O, candid critics, "averse alike to flatter or offend."

The foot, indeed, did not stand at Oldbridge. But it must be admitted the infantry of the right and centre (for the most part raw levies) were sorely tried. Captain Parker affirms that the British front was bodily over the river, before the Irish had recovered from the disorder into which the hurried withdrawal of several battalions had thrown them. A change of disposition under fire is enough to fluster the best troops. It is certain to dishearten recruits. Napoleon laid it down—good infantry is the main spring of an army, but first-rate infantry becomes demoralized, and is destroyed, if it contend

against very superior artillery. With this axiom in mind, consider that on the Boyne the Jacobite had *no* guns wherewith to reply to the batteries pounding their marching and counter-marching foot. With naked pikes wielded by amazed peasants must the fords be defended.

Over and above the foregoing causes of disaster, may be set the vice of the bulging declivity held by James's army. The tidal Boyne gave a delusive air of strength to a position in reality very dangerous. By way of Slane the Irish left might be turned. Ten thousand men swung into their rear at Duleek, the success of the Irish centre and right at Oldbridge could not have saved the day.

That the Jacobite officers did bravely there is no denying. Tyrconnel was as active as gout will allow an obese gentleman to be. Richard Hamilton showed himself an excellent general of division. Harris confesses that "he kept the victory in suspense till he was taken."¹ The Duke of Berwick, Domenic Sheldon, and the rest led their men with brilliant daring. De Lauzun, coxcomb as he was, seems to have behaved respectably. And, though James's conduct does not call for panegyric, still it is unfair to depict him (as hostile writers love to do) aghast on Donore, and thence flying to Dublin, when we have seen him riding with the corps opposed to Douglas up to the moment he started for the capital, apparently at Lauzun's suggestion.

A consideration of the various peculiarities of this action would lead us to be surprised not at the Jacobite defeat—that was inevitable—but at the slowness with which the Anglo-Dutch followed up their advantage. How was it that with superior numbers, armament, and organization, William suffered his enemy to escape with the loss of one gun, and a few stragglers?

¹ "Life of King William III."



XXVIII.

THE SHANNON, HO!

1690.

SOON after sunset, King James rode into Dublin. At the Castle gate he was received by the Duchess of Tyrconnel. On her inquiring when he would sup, the unhappy Prince remarked with bitter humour, that his breakfast had been of a kind to leave him but poor appetite for another meal. Solace, however, was in store. Major Wilson had just arrived from Saint-Germain with a letter from the Queen, and intelligence of the French victory at Fleurus.

After digesting these crumbs of comfort, the King summoned the civil and military authorities of the city. He made them a speech not in the best of taste; as

“Great commanders only own
What’s prosp’rous by the soldiers done.”

The blame of the defeat was laid on the Irish troops. With better taste and feeling, he desired his hearers to exert themselves to prevent any attempt on the part of the enraged soldiers to burn or plunder the town. He then consulted with the Privy Council, who, we are told, were unanimously of opinion that his Majesty should leave Ireland.

As day was dawning, “an honest and discreet clergyman,” Father Taaffe, appeared with a message from Tyrconnel. It urged the King to start for France, and also to order the troops then in Dublin to Lexleip, where Lauzun and he pro-

posed to rally the army. Therefore, James directed Colonel Simon Luttrell, the governor, to despatch thither all the regulars, excepting two troops of horse told off for his escort.

Accompanied by some French officers, James quitted Dublin at 5 A.M., and riding hard, gained Duncannon Fort at sunrise next morning. Here he went on board a vessel, oddly enough named the "Lauzun," and sailed for Kinsale, where lay a little squadron of French frigates. Embarking in one of these, he landed at Brest on the 20th of July, and then away to Versailles to submit his woes and theories to Louis XIV.

Most of us being wise after the event, perceive at a glance how gross an error the King committed in thus proceeding. But such competent counsellors as Chief Baron Rice and Sir Richard Nagle concurring with Tyrconnel and Lauzun, we may fairly assume that there were reasons for the departure more cogent than mere courtier concession to flights of royal fancy. Considering the difficulty in which Luxembourg's triumph at Fleurus, and Tourville's cruise in British waters (his victory off Beachey Head was not yet known), placed William of Orange, the Jacobite statesmen may have concluded that James would be better employed at Versailles, soliciting succour for the Irish army, or, should circumstances so incline, representing the feasibility of a diversion in England, than with unsettled mind and shaky hand personally contending with the wily adversary.

We left the Irish retreating under the shelter of an intrepid rear-guard. Though large numbers of the latest levies disbanded during the night, the mass kept staunchly together. At midnight a body of cavalry entered Dublin, according to a Williamite authority, "in very good order with kettledrums, hautbois, and trumpets."¹ Early next morning the Duke of Berwick's horse, the French brigade, and a division of Irish infantry marched in. After halting for refreshment, the troops, rather discouraged to find that the King had left them in the lurch, went on to Lexleip.

¹ "Journal of His Majesty's Royal Campaign in Ireland."

There was great agitation in Dublin: tradesmen closing their shops, the principal Catholic citizens hurrying off with scared wives, wondering little ones, and big boxes. In the evening Simon Luttrell evacuated the city. Authority at an end, terrible rumours prevailed. In the crisis the Honourable Robert Fitzgerald escaped from confinement in the college,¹ and took up the cudgels of order. Lucky the forthcoming of so resolute a gentleman, for Luttrell's back no sooner turned, than the Protestant scum rose, ravenous for Catholic spoil. Sarsefield's mansion was broken into—worse threatened. But before the mob had been long at work, Fitzgerald was in their midst, vehemently expostulating, and when necessary endorsing his remonstrances "with sword and cane." Not without danger—for every rascal believed he was privileged *Dei gratiâ* to ransack Papists' houses—"his honour's" courage and influence restrained the roughs till the arrival of some Dutch troops ensured subordination.²

The Irish would now take up the line of the Shannon. With this object, Tyrconnel, to whom James had entrusted the chief command, ordered the army to repair to Limerick; each colonel to conduct his own corps thither separately, and by the route he might judge the most suitable. Again the French under Brigadier Zurlauben would take the rear-guard. The movement does not present a symmetrical appearance, but it answered its purpose, and the soldiery behaved very creditably.

To return to the Anglo-Dutch. The day after the battle, Brigadier de la Melonière summoned Drogheda, threatening both troops and townsmen with the sword if they resisted. After parley, the garrison surrendered on condition of being allowed to march for Athlone with arms and baggage.

Not before the 5th did the Orange forces encamp at Finlaggan. The next day, being Sunday, William went to St. Patrick's Cathedral for Dr. King's sermon, but returned to his wooden house in the field for dinner. On the 7th he sent

¹ Son of George, 16th Earl of Kildare.

² Harris, "Life of King William III."

forth "a declaration to all our people of our kingdom of Ireland." Gushing with promise to the lower classes, it only aspired to disarm them. Affecting conciliation, it meant confiscation. On the 8th, William got intelligence of the defeat (on the day before the Boyne) of the united English and Dutch fleets by De Tourville.¹ Serious news at any time, but grave indeed in conjunction with Waldeck's overthrow in Flanders. To a politician of the Dutchman's mark, the success of the 1st of July must have seemed a poor set-off against the perils gathering around: England malcontent, Scotland seething with conspiracy, France mistress on sea and land, Ireland struck hard but still combatant.

But for the moment it was peculiarly important to acquire a safe harbour for the English transports. On their service-ability depended the very life of the Williamite power. Hence, the new king decided to make for Waterford.

Ere he went a lucrative line of business was chalked out. He appointed a "commission to inquire into, seize, and secure all forfeitures to the crown by the general rebellion of the Irish nation." At any rate, Irish history repeats itself. According to precedent, the ancient aristocracy suffered for adhering to king and faith. Irish loyalty, if a noble principle, was a very bad speculation.

On the 9th the army was divided. The main body marched to the south, while a corps consisting of three regiments of horse, two of dragoons, ten battalions of infantry, twelve guns and two mortars (about 8,000 men), under Lieutenant-General Douglas, proceeded westward to Athlone, where the dispersed Irish were reported rallying in large numbers.

¹ The defeat off Beachey Head created consternation in England and exasperation in Holland. The Earl of Torrington was tried by court-martial and acquitted, but William denied him his presence. Luttrell gives us some idea of Dutch feeling. He says: "The effigies of the Earl of Torrington is made in Holland riding on a dog with two women riding on his back, one combing his perruque, the other filling his pockets with French gold, with the motto, in capital letters, over his head, 'The Dutch got the honour, the French the advantage, and the English the shame.'" —*Brief Relation of State Affairs.*

Ten days afterwards William dined at Kilkenny Castle with the Duke of Ormond, and on the 22nd, Major-General Kirke summoned Waterford. It surrendered on condition that the garrison retired with arms and baggage to Limerick. Duncannon Fort submitted on similar terms. Thus, the English got possession of one of the finest harbours in Europe. Wexford, abandoned by the Irish troops, fell into the hands of the Danish brigadier Eppinger.

These advantages attained, the royal commander was minded to return to England. Some troops were also told off for the same destination. Count de Solms was to be general-in-chief. But on arriving at Chapelizod, William found more satisfactory news from London than he had expected. Beyond burning a few houses at Teignmouth, the French fleet had lain upon its oars; the invasion panic was consequently subsiding. On the other hand, despatches announced formidable preparation at Limerick. These circumstances induced the Prince to rejoin the army. However, before quitting Chapelizod he issued two fresh proclamations: the one offered passports to foreigners forsaking the Stuart cause; the other commanded "all persons of the Popish religion" to deliver up their arms and gunpowder, on pain of being abandoned "to the discretion of his soldiers;" a nice prospect, considering many of the worst ruffians in Europe stood in the foreign ranks. Further, he ordained a fast to be observed every Friday during the continuance of the war. This injunction, suggested no doubt by the bishops, offended the Protestant laity. It had such a Romish look! Of course, it was a dead letter, Irish Protestantism seeing no virtue in abstinence by beat of drum.

On the 4th of August, William rejoined headquarters at Golden Bridge near Cashel. On the 7th the army moved to Cahirconlish. Here it was strengthened by Douglas's corps from Athlone, and amounted, says a contemporary authority, to 38,500 effectives.¹ But, many garrisons being dispersed throughout the land, this is probably an exaggeration.

¹ "Journal of the Siege of Limerick."

We will notice for a moment Douglas's movements. Setting out for the west on the 9th of July, the expedition halted on Sunday, the 12th, at Clonard Bridge. Alas! the soldiers preferred plunder to prayer; they did not stick at murder. The peasants who had staid quietly at home, on the strength of the proclamation, were despoiled—sometimes massacred¹—the chief culprits being the Inniskilleners, who, Story affirms, “were very dextrous at the sport.”²

Five days afterwards, “abhorred and execrated,” the *corps d'armée* came in sight of Athlone. It is situated partly in Westmeath, partly in Roscommon; the Shannon divides it; bogs surround it. The eastern portion, called “English town,” being hardly defensible, had been burnt, the garrison retiring into “Irish town,” which boasts a castle, built in the reign of John, and repaired under Elizabeth. Sir Henry Sidney's “fair stone bridge” connecting the two towns was broken. Close by, redoubts projected. A battery and breastwork defended a ford north of the castle. Three regiments of foot and a squadron or two of horse, under an old but intrepid officer, held the place.

In his prime, Colonel Richard Grace had fought against Cromwell; afterwards, he was distinguished in the French and Spanish services. A descendant of Raymond le Gros, the Governor of Athlone inherited all the noble qualities, but very little of the splendid possessions, of the Norman Graces.

Having come within range, Douglas despatched a drummer to summon the town. Grace replied with spirit. Firing his pistol in the presence of the trembling envoy, the veteran exclaimed: “These are my terms; these only will I give or receive. When my provisions are consumed, I will defend the place till I eat my boots.”³ Such emphasis stirs a soldier's blood.

It discomposed Douglas: he prepared, however, to force an

¹ Leland, “History of Ireland.”

² Tiffin's and Wolseley's Inniskillen regiments, and Mitchelburn's Londonderry regiment accompanied General Douglas.

³ Dalton, “King James's Irish Army List.”

entrance. In the course of a few days he had six guns in battery near the bridge, but they made slight impression upon the castle. After three days' bombardment, news came that Sarsefield was advancing with 15,000 men to raise the siege. Fearing to be cut off from his base, confessing his *coup* had failed, Douglas straightway sent the sick and wounded away, and called a council of war. As usual, it voted retreat. And so the British decamped before daylight on the 25th. Friendly accounts state that they lost thirty men and the best gunner by fire, and four hundred from sickness "and other accidents."

Douglas halted four days at Ballymore for orders. The marauding which disgraced the troops, and which seems to have been winked at by their "sober commander," now bore fruit. The unhappy Catholics, mercilessly robbed, turned rapparees,¹ and retaliated on stragglers; stripping all and slaying some. The communications of the English suffered. Bread grew scarce. The soldiers, staggering under loads of booty, fell sick by sections.

If Irish foes fared cruelly at Williamite hands, Irish friends had no cause for rejoicing. "The poor Protestants," writes Story, who accompanied the expedition as a chaplain, "were now in a worse condition than before, for they had enjoyed the benefit of the Irish protection till our coming thither, and their showing themselves friends to us, put them under a necessity of retreating with us, which a great many did, leaving all their harvest at that time ready to cut down, and yet were hardly treated by our own men." From this we infer that the Protestants actually got fairer play from their "Popish persecutors" than from their Protestant "deliverers!" Excruciating problem for the Orange mind.

On the 30th Douglas received orders to join the army now marching on Limerick. By way, then, of Roscrea and Holy Cross, he made for Golden Bridge. His rascals rummaged the flesh-pots of that fertile country; they fleeced the Protestant and Catholic farmers impartially. Horses, sheep, and

¹ So called from the Irish name for the halfpike.

cattle followed the troops in such droves as "to make the detachment look as big, nigh hand, as the other part of the army." Harassed by the hapless wretches, whom rage and ruin had made rapparees, the soldiers saw a cut-throat in every native. And so, "poor harmless country people were daily killed in vast numbers up and down the fields, or taken out of their beds and shot immediately, which many of the Protestants did loudly attest." In his answer to Archbishop King thus says Dr. Leslie, himself a Protestant.

At length these bloody columns came up with the army at Cahirconlish, six miles from Limerick.

On the 8th of August a strong body of cavalry, under Lord Portland, pushed on reconnaissance towards the city. They descried it as the sun rose, and skirmishing ensued between Schomberg's French horse and the musketeers garnishing the hedgerows. During the brush, Scravenmore made notes. What he saw did not soothe a temper ruffled by early rising, for he swore "he would have done better in bed than out there. Cannon must be brought up to disperse the rabble."

As Bentinck's horse were retiring, they met William, Prince George of Denmark, and other notables, bringing up a reinforcement of dragoons and infantry. With slight opposition the party now advanced within two miles of the city. The native outposts were so near that, as an English eye-witness politely expresses it, "we could hear them talk with their damned Irish brogue on their tongues."

A council of war held that night decided that the army should close on Limerick next morning. The reconnaissance having ascertained that the intervening ground was thickly enclosed, and that the orchards, coverts, hedges, and ugly ditches would probably be disputed, the strictest regularity during the march was enjoined.

At 5 A.M. the columns were in motion, preceded by an advanced guard consisting of three squadrons, and 1,000 grenadiers picked out of all the regiments, English and foreign. The pioneers having in many places to cut down hedges and level ditches, the troops made slow progress. At length they reached a strip of land forming a sort of pass between two

bogs. Here, smart skirmishing; the Irish sharpshooters, backed by dragoons, stoutly defending three lanes which trickled through the labyrinth of gardens and paddocks. They were ultimately dislodged by artillery. Still the Anglo-Dutch were in trouble. Befriended by the ground, the Irish no sooner lost one defensive position than they found another. An anecdote related by Story shows the tedious character of the advance, and the careless *sang-froid* of the British private. While the pioneers were clearing away, the worthy chaplain saw English rank and file "sit them down, asking one another whether they thought they would have any bread to-day." Such indifference made the Danes, drawn up hard by, "with all the care and circumspection in the world," imagine that John Bull had no stomach for fighting; but a way no sooner open, and shots singing in the Britons' ears, than up they jumped, and dashed at the hedges whence the bullets proceeded, some of them shouting, "Ah! ye toads, are ye there? we'll be with you presently." After a tussle of this kind for two hours, the Jacobites were driven under the walls, abandoning Ireton's fort, which the Dutch advanced guard occupied with four guns.

About 5 o'clock P.M. the Williamites encamped just within range of the city. In front of their left was Ireton's fort. A house covered their right.¹ In rear of this flank lay the pass between the bogs, and to the west flowed the Shannon.

¹ The Chevalier Folard, who, however eccentric, was an officer of great talent, is strongly impressed with the defensive value of houses. He writes: "Quelques mauvaises et en apparence méprisables que soient les maisons, soit dans les villages ou en pleine campagne, soit qu'on se soit mis en tête de les défendre pour se couvrir contre l'ennemi, ou qu'en s'y trouve surpris; quelques mauvaises, dis-je, qu'elles soient, l'insulte ou l'attaque de ces sortes de postes n'est pas, à mon sens, la chose du monde la plus aisée. Je crois au contraire qu'elles sont plus dangereuses qu'en ne pense."



XXIX.

BRIGADIER SARSEFIELD.

1690.

IT is time to rejoin the Irish whom we left on the road to Limerick. Speedily some 20,000 infantry were collected within the walls, only half of whom were passably armed. The cavalry under the Duke of Berwick, numbering about 3,500 troop horses, encamped in Clare, about five miles from the city.

According to Colonel O'Kelly, a contemporary Jacobite writer, certain of the chiefs were averse to continuing the war. He accuses Tyrconnel of intending to treat with William, the slowness of whose movements was designed, in the colonel's opinion, to enable the viceroy to gain over accomplices. But the influence of Sarsefield, and the high spirit of the field officers, thwarted the scheme.¹ This view of the matter is unsupported by evidence, and it is likely that O'Kelly belonged to the party which, on Tyrconnel's elevation to the supreme command, began to cabal against him.

That Dick Talbot—no longer the ruffling blade every idle spark admired and copied—saw no great chance of ultimate success, is possible. The recent defeat had unreasonably depressed him. Nor was intimacy with the French commandant calculated to relieve the despondency of the corpulent and gouty duke, for De Lauzun, luxurious old trifler, detesting

¹ "Excidium Macariæ."

the rough service he had engaged in, only wanted a decent excuse to be off. To a man exercising so strange a fascination over charming women, bog-trotting must have been horrible penance.¹

Still, whatever may have been Tyrconnel's misgivings, he did not at this moment express them ; and it is certain that to the vast majority of the Irish nation any compact with the usurper was revolting. Loud through the land rang the old, old rhyme :—

“ Ne’er with an Englishman in friendship be ;
Should’st thou be so, ’twill be worse for thee ;
By treachery he’ll destroy thee, if he can ;
Such is the affection of an Englishman.”

A dullard he who seeking a loop-hole fails to find one. After glancing at the outworks, Lauzun pronounced Limerick indefensible—so weak, i’ faith, that his master would take such a place with roasted apples. Responsible to Louis for the French soldiers, could he venture to shut them up in such a rotten trap ? With the exception, then, of M. de Boisseleau, captain in the French guards and *maréchal de camp*, chosen commandant of the fortress, the foreign division was ordered to Galway on the way home.

Morally and materially a loss to the cause. Barring the Irish foot-guards, the French battalions were the only solidly disciplined infantry in line. Their services during the retreat from the Boyne had been most important. Their departure, therefore, at this juncture elated Orange sympathizers in England,² while it sickened fervid patriots in Ireland.

¹ Thus neatly the Duke of Berwick hits off the Gascon courtier : “ Il avoit une sorte d’esprit qui ne consistoit pourtant qu’à tourner tout en ridicule, à s’ingerer par tout, à tirer les vers du nez, et à donner des godans. Il était noble dans ses manières, genereux, et vivant très-honorablement. Il aimoit le gros jeu, et jouait très-noblement. Sa figure était fort mince, et l’on ne peut comprendre comment il a pu être un homme à bonne fortune.”—*Mémoires*.

² Lord Marlborough (afterwards the famous duke), writing from London (Aug. 12th, 1690) to William’s Irish Secretary of State, observes : “ Your

No sudden thought, probably, was the withdrawal. Louvois had always opposed James's interests. He had no faith in his *savoir faire*. He derided the incapacity of Lauzun, and he hated his supporter De Seignelay. Besides, yearning for the boudoirs of Versailles, Lauzun fostered discontent among his officers and men. It is curious that the prime cause of dissatisfaction was the scarcity of bread, which, indispensable to Gallic health and comfort, was a matter almost of indifference to the Celtic soldiers, who willingly roughed it on oat-cake and milk.¹ To gauge the depths of Jacques Bonhomme's distress, we should picture to ourselves the British Grenadier, beerless and void of "bacca :

"Quoi qu'en dise Aristote et sa digne cabale,
Le tabac est divin, il n'est rien qui l'égale."

The site of Limerick, then the second city of Ireland, is peculiar. The mighty Shannon putting forth a circling off-shoot, an island is created. Upon this arose "English-town," linked with the main land by two bridges. The first, Thomond Bridge, crossed the river on sixteen arches into Clare, where it was completed by a *tête-de-pont* and field-works. The second bridge connected English-town with the sister portion of the city, called "Irish-town," planted on the southern bank. English-town is strong by nature. Two hundred years ago, the embracing stream afforded a good defence, to say nothing of the ancient castle. But Irish-town was merely girt with mediæval walls flanked with weak bastions. It had no ditch. The garrison, however, had constructed a covered way, and thrown up a ravelin in front of the principal gate. In the event, then, of Irish-town (the present point of attack) falling, the stronger English-town might still hold out.

nuse of the french having left Lymerick was very wellcome, sense it can but make the business much easier."—*Excidium Macariæ* (note).

¹ Writing to Seignelay on the 9th of September respecting the siege, Lauzun remarks : " Il n'y avoit ni hôpital, ni chirurgien ; les soldats bien blessés se retiroient mourir sans se plaindre. Je n'ai jamais connu des soldats si propres à patir."

On the fortieth day after the Boyne, William confronted Limerick. Informed by deserters, eager to curry favour, that dissension tormented the garrison, reminded by courtiers, often dangerously pleasant, that forty years before, treachery had opened the door to Ireton—he expected capitulation. His summons produced discussion, but no thought of surrender. If Tyrconnel seemed to hesitate, Berwick and Sarsefield were unshaken. Troops and citizens were venturesome. Governor de Boisseleau, therefore, replied as became a soldier and a gentleman—that to be besieged by so great a prince as William of Orange was an honour he would deserve by doing his duty to King James.

Straightway the town guns opened fire. The same evening British dragoons, reconnoitring a ford about two miles above the place, found it watched on the Clare side by a detachment of horse and foot commanded by Berwick. Early next morning 5,000 cavalry and infantry under Ginkell crossed the river there with some difficulty, for the water was rather high. The Irish fell back slowly before them, destroying the forage as they went. The Dutch, however, did not venture far, and made no attempt to surround the city. But to secure the rear of their army they maintained a hold upon the ford.

In the expectation that perfidy would do his work, William had advanced with field batteries only. His siege artillery still lumbered in the rear. Hence, a French bombardier who deserted to the Irish not only indicated the disposition of the British forces (and so enabled the Irish gunners to dislodge the enemy's head-quarters), but imparted how their battering train, pontoons, reserve ammunition, and store of provisions were on their way from Dublin. By order of Tyrconnel (says the Duke of Berwick) Brigadier Sarsefield at once quitted the town with 800 chosen horse to cut off the convoy. Passing the Shannon at Killaloe he reached Silvermines at daybreak, and halted for reports from his scouts. Now the dragoons, on their march through Clare, had been seen by a Protestant squire, one Manus O'Brien. Anxious to bask in the rays of the rising sun, he galloped with the news to the English camp. But the Dutch generals would barely listen to him. Bentinck

sneered at his tidings as *bagatelle*.¹ However, they omitted not to question him concerning the whereabouts of "a prey of cattle," in which they showed so strong an interest that the incensed O'Brien blurted out: "he was sorry to see general officers mind cattle more than the King's honour." Somehow he contrived to see William, who ultimately ordered Sir John Lanier to proceed with a few squadrons towards Cashel to meet the crawling cannon. The detachment was to be ready by nine o'clock that night, but Schomberg's French alone were mounted at that hour, and not before two o'clock A.M. on the 12th did Lanier march.

On the preceding evening, the train travelling up from Cashel under escort of two troops of Villiers's reached Ballynuty, a ruined castle near Cullen, fifteen miles in rear of the British position. Green sward invited repose. The officers were heedless; and, tents being pitched, horses turned out to graze, a few sentries posted—the troopers were soon snoring.

Guided by faithful peasants through the paths twisting about the Keeper mountain, Sarsefield was now lurking in the hills hard by. Before dawn on the 12th he burst upon the slovenly foe. Shouts from startled sentinels, an hysteric bray from a stray trumpet, and the surprise was complete. A momentary scuffle, in which every man resisting was cut down—sixty soldiers and waggoners, it is said, were killed—and now quick work with the spoil. Being set muzzle downward in the ground the siege guns were fired. Many of them burst. The pontoons were broken to pieces; the provisions which could not be carried away, burnt. The ammunition, ignited by a slow match, exploded. How portentous to Lanier, now leisurely approaching—the flash and rumble. Galloping forward, he was in the midst of smoking *débris* and shattered tumbrils, a few scared half-naked soldiers, and divers bewailing carters. Nothing left but to intercept Sarsefield. But that brilliant officer, knowing how the land lay to an inch, baffled Lanier, and recrossed the Shannon with glory and a fine "prey" of troop horses.

Consternation in the British lines. Even William's angular features could not conceal disquietude. Many ascribed the disaster to the haughty Bentinck. As usual, "treachery" was the favourite conclusion: King James's old follower, Lanier, had cunningly played into Jacobite hands; and many of the shrewdest opined that to the superior officers the war was too profitable to be quickly terminated.¹

His exploit being in every mouth, we must revert for a moment to Patrick Sarsefield. Paternally descended from an old Anglo-Norman family of the Pale, his mother was a daughter of Colonel Roger O'More, chief of the sept of that name, and a leading patriot of 1641. On the death without issue of his elder brother William, he succeeded to the patrimonial estate of Lucan, co. Dublin, then worth £2,000 a year. Patrick drew the sword betimes, first serving in France as an ensign in Monmouth's regiment, and afterwards as a lieutenant of Life Guards in England. With the chivalry of a fine gentleman he followed King James to France in 1688, and, in the ensuing year attending him to Ireland, was appointed colonel of horse, brigadier, and privy councillor. He lived nobly and uprightly. Generosity and valour made him the darling of his soldiers. In his lofty stature, handsome face, and genial manners, men saw the *beau idéal* of the Irish dragoon. An Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile, we shall meet him often.

But Sarsefield's dash did not arrest the siege. Two of the profaned cannon proved to be uninjured; two other big guns and a large mortar were ordered up from Waterford. So weak were the fortifications of Limerick, that the destruction of ammunition and the loss of horses constituted William's principal embarrassment. Every day saw artillery placed in battery against the place, and both horse and foot soldiers were busy making fascines, a task rendered easy by the many orchards and hedges round about.

At first, the country folk had brought provisions into camp readily enough, but greed and brutality soon interrupted the

¹ Harris, "Life of King William III."

practice. Either robbed of their merchandize, or of the money which represented it, by soldiers lying in wait, the peasantry shunned the lines; whereupon marauders went forth in bands, pillaging right and left. The inevitable result followed: the prices of food rose enormously; for example, bread gained 300 per cent. in value; beer mounted proportionably.¹

Worse and worse. Not content with ordinary cruelties, some vagabond soldiers tried to popularize a crime for which, to its honour, the Irish language had no name.² Thicker and thicker, therefore, the rapparees, whose doings in the Dutchman's propinquity speedily waxed so vexatious that Colonel Caulfield marched with 300 infantry to Cullen, for the purpose of keeping open the communications with Dublin and Waterford. The presence, too, in Clare of the Irish cavalry (among whom Tyrconnel had established his headquarters) menacing the Williamite right, it was necessary to secure Castle Connel, a village on the Shannon, about four miles above Limerick. Colonel Stuart having brought up artillery against it, the little garrison surrendered prisoners of war.

Military exigencies were not the foreigner's sole care. The parsons loudly complained that they got no tithes. Just master of the ground he stood upon, William, at present, could assist his depleted friends with nothing better than a "proclamation" commanding the Catholic inhabitants to pay the Anglican ministers "according to the laws and customs of this our realm of Ireland." James, we do not forget, had directed that Catholics and Protestants should respectively support their own clergy, and some of us may venture to think that the decision of the "tyrant" Stuart savoured more of human equity than did the judgment of "enlightened" Nassau. But—

"La raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure."

¹ "Mémoires de Dumont de Bostaquet."

² O'Driscoll, "History of Ireland."



XXX.

LIMERICK VICTORIOUS.

1690.

ROUND was broken on the night of the 17th, under the eye of Du Cambon, the quarter-master-general. Heavy guns having arrived from Dublin and Waterford, the trenches were gradually advanced, and the feeble outworks captured one by one, but not without copious blood-shedding on both sides. Sarsefield's cavalry omitted no opportunity of sallying; and when the main redoubt fell, so fierce was the fighting that, in a troop of Schomberg's French particularly engaged, only one man and horse came unscathed out of the fray. Even the Williamite writers admit a loss of 272 men and 121 horses. Among the lost was Cornet Couterne of De Cussy's troop. Badly wounded, he lay on the ground three days and nights. During a truce for the burying of the dead, the poor gentleman was discovered still breathing, although crushed under his slain charger: he died in hospital the same night—"un joli cavalier et bien fait."¹ Such is war, about which those who know the least speak most lightly.

Now for a pleasanter story. Just after the capture of the fort, an English chaplain observed a soldier stretched, groaning, on the sod. Naturally supposing him to be sorely hurt, his reverence sped to afford ghostly consolation. The pair being in devout communion, the Irish sortie bursts forth. The

¹ "Mémoires de Dumont de Bostaquet."

British horse press forward to repel it. In his scamper to avoid the trampling squadrons, the clergyman tumbles. Up jumps the object of his solicitude. In a trice the coat is all but off the good man's back. "Explain yourself, in God's name," he cries. "I beg your pardon," replies the light-fingered malingerer, "but I thought you were killed, and therefore felt bound to take as good care of your clothes as you did of my soul." The anecdote cheerfully suggests how seductive, on service, is a chance of plunder. I remember a soldier-servant excusing himself for cutting the embroidery off his slain master's coatee by pleading that, as Colonel — was dead, he could have no occasion for lace. The fellow's impudent logic might perhaps be better appreciated by modern philosophers than it was by the old-fashioned moralist before whom he shook.

A battery of eight 24-pounders being erected in front of the captured work, two towers soon crumbled into dust. Bombs and carcasses plumped plentifully into the town. A few houses were set on fire, a hay store was burnt, but the men and women of Limerick remained undaunted. By the 25th all the besieger's batteries were complete: thirty-six cannon and four mortars thundered upon the city. On such defences such a storm must tell. A breach in the wall near St. John's Gate yawned; the greater part of the palisades had already been torn away. The English working parties, plied with drink, toiled hard, and the trenches were rapidly driven within thirty paces of the covered way.

Well directed by the brave and skilful De Boisseleau, the Irish were not idle. Twenty guns scouring the breach at short range, it was impossible to repair damage effectually; the besieged however endeavoured to stop the gap with wool sacks, and close behind threw up an intrenchment.

On Wednesday, the 27th, the trenches were only a few paces from the ragged palisades. Although Du Cambon reported the breach practicable, it was resolved at a council of war to enter the place by mining, as a preliminary to which a lodgment would that day be made on the counterscarp. Five hundred picked grenadiers, and a hundred French volunteers

led by Colonel Cutts, filed quietly into the advanced trench. Seven choice battalions stood in support. A strong body of cavalry, ready to mount, brought up the rear. General Douglas assumed command. William would view the operation from Ireton's Fort. At half-past 3 o'clock P.M., a gun fired three rounds. With the last boom, the grenadiers and Frenchmen sprang from their lair. A volley of musketry, a shower of grenades, and—the distance being very short—the stormers were slap-dash upon the counterscarp. Taken unaware, the Irish deserted the covered way. Notwithstanding their cannon soon began to speak, many of the defenders fled the walls in panic. On this an English company, in the mad excitement of such moments, not only scrambled into the very breach, but some of Lord Drogheda's men, mingled with French, actually penetrated into the town. But orders being strict that beyond the counterscarp the troops must not proceed, and two guns, which De Boisseleau had placed in battery behind the breach, proving murderous, the helter-skelter rush was not seconded: the supporting battalions halted at the covered way. Thus vanished a grand opportunity.

Brigadier Talbot, who commanded in the demi-lune defending the main gate, showed himself prompt of spirit. Followed by a hardy band, he ran along the wall, swept aside stragglers trying to wriggle into the place, and occupied the breach. Now fell the gallant youngster, Martel, crying, "Ville gagnée!" The crisis was come. The Irish rallying, turned savagely with their pikes upon the British bewildered in the street. Not a grenadier escaped death, wounds, or bonds. Then arose the shout, "To the walls! To the walls!" Immediately with bold civilians, nay, with enthusiastic women, was Talbot re-inforced. Lively fighting. The English working at the lodgment were smitten hard and fast with shot. In hysterical frenzy outstripping the males, women hurled broken bottles and all manner of domestic crockery, screaming the while cruellest taunts respecting the foulness imputed to the Orange soldiery. Honest, delirious, unsavoury anathema!

Staggered by this electric shock, the Williamite generals

lapsed into the defensive. To hinder a further move upon the British flank, the vehement Cutts rushed at the ravelin, whence Talbot had issued with such effect. The valour and experience of this renowned officer just sufficed to curb the Irish at that point. But the duty cost him a wound, and many of his men were struck down.

From right to left a frantic struggle. The Brandenburg regiment, pushing into the black battery, achieved nothing, for the Jacobites sprang a mine, and by legs, by arms, by shapeless trunks went most of the Germans flying through the air.

Though blood continued to flow, danger to Limerick was past. In vain, British grenadiers shouted for more scaling ladders. The pick of English and foreign regiments were dying without a chance. On the other side, with every awful moment Celtic valour mounted.

To the rescue! Berwick's horse are galloping into the town. Imagine the acclamation.

At 7 o'clock P.M., the failure seemed utter to William's practised eye. Therefore, a command to draw off—a delicate manœuvre in front of the excited enemy. No sooner English, French, Danes, and Dutch retiring to their camp, than a sally, cheered on by Berwick, Sarsefield, De Boisseleau, broke upon their rear. At the height of the bloody sport, beamed forth a ray of benevolence. The English field hospital catching fire, many Irishmen relinquished the intoxicating chase, stayed their eager pikes, and assisted the enemy to quench the flames. The story is apocryphal, but there is nothing about it out of harmony with the impulsive nature of Erinn.¹

That the butchery was considerable is indisputable. As usual, however, the accounts are conflicting. Story declares, "we lost at least 500 upon the spot, and had 1,000 more wounded;" but the Williamite secretary at war for Ireland reports the total Anglo-Dutch loss, including "400 Brandenburgers blown up," at 2,148.² The Blue Dutch and the

¹ Sir John Dalrymple tells the tale approvingly on the authority of O'Halloran, the historian of Limerick.

² "Excidium Macariæ" (note by O'Callaghan).

French of Cambon and Belcastel were the heaviest sufferers. During the twenty-one days of hostilities before the place, 5,000 men are stated to have been killed or wounded in the British ranks. On the Irish side also, precise information is wanting. "The Relation of the Raising of the Siege of Limerick," a Jacobite official account, affirms "during the siege 1,062 soldiers and 97 officers have been killed or wounded in the troops of the King of Great Britain." The Duke of Berwick, never rash in arithmetic, believes there were "less than 400 slain" in repelling the assault so daringly sustained for three hours.

This disastrous repulse led to the raising of the siege: a council of war alleging as motives—scarcity of ammunition and dread of the wet season. How does the first reason tally with the tardy process of sap and mine? and is it not singular that, while Williamite writers attribute the draw off to "the vast quantities of rain that had fallen for several days together,"¹ Berwick says there had not been a drop for a month previous to the retreat, nay, that it did not rain till three weeks afterwards. How difficult is it to get at the truth! In this case, we have Berwick and Burnet at issue; whom shall we trust,—the conscientious officer on the spot, or the political prelate in the closet?

By degrees, the siege artillery was removed from battery; the sick and wounded were sent away to Clonmel; and, on the 30th of August, masked by a great power of cavalry, the downcast columns retired into Tipperary.

Sick at heart, William sped for Duncannon Fort, and there embarked for England. Count Solms assumed the command in chief. Viscount Sidney, Sir Charles Porter, and Mr. Coingsby were appointed Lords Justices in Ireland.

Only those acquainted with Ireland and the Irish can conceive the outburst of joy in Limerick when it was discovered that the illustrious Dutchman had turned his back. Despite worm-eaten ramparts, an unseasoned garrison, dearth of *matériel*, De Boisseleau had overthrown troops *d'élite*. The

¹ Narcissus Luttrell, "Brief Relation of State Affairs."

fact requires no comment ; it assures us that if the French governor was able and resolute, the native soldiers were brave and patriotic. What a contrast to the shirking De Lauzun, this stout De Boisseleau ! and how happily did Louis XIV. express approval of his conduct : " Vous avez travaillé pour votre gloire particulière, et pour la gloire de la nation ; je vous fais brigadier."

When the Anglo-Dutch marched off, only fifty barrels of gunpowder remained in the town magazines, and the Duke of Berwick says that the portion of Ireland still under home rule could not have furnished an equal quantity. Sarsefield's raid had diminished the Williamite supply ; hence, supposing hostilities protracted to the extinction of the villanous saltpetre, the fighting must have continued by poke of pike and blows of bludgeon—a simple system of tactics very favourable to the Irishman, ever deft with the shillelagh, and, when disciplined, amorous of *l'arme blanche*.

During those three weeks of fire and fury, Berwick and the cavalry fretted inactive in Clare. Eager for service, the young Duke made a notable suggestion to Tyrconnel. He proposed to cross the Shannon at the head of 3,500 horse, sweep into the enemy's rear, and do his best to destroy their magazines, especially the reserve stores in Dublin. Energetically carried out, Berwick thought the *coup* would compel the abandonment of the siege ; nor did he consider it to be dangerous in the doing, for the towns on which he had his eye were open ; and after the devastation he believed he could push northward, and return to the Clare camp by way of Sligo. The scheme was plausible, but too audacious for official approval. Talbot shook his head with polite regret. That a smack of jealousy had something to do with the refusal is Berwick's suspicion : deeming a partisan rôle unbecoming his rank, and painfully conscious that his figure was ill fitted to alacrity in the saddle, Tyrconnel grudged his subaltern a stroke of work which might make him the popular idol. And yet, it must be admitted, the Viceroy had fair grounds for his refusal. Had an officer of twenty experience enough for an undertaking which, if successful, might accomplish great things ; but, if a failure,

would probably occasion disaster irretrievable? Moreover, in the first alternative, to whom the honour?—To James Fitz-James, King's son, and dashing dragoon. In the second, on whose shoulders would rest the blame?—On Lord Deputy Tyrconnel's; obese desperado; ay, cunning traitor! In the full tide of adversity, men are anything but fair reasoners; and to spirited youths with blood-royal in their veins, opposition often seems injury.





XXXI.

LORD MARLBOROUGH.

1690.

THE egotism and incapacity of the French general-in-chief neutralized the valour and conduct of the French Governor of Limerick. At a crisis when the training of Lauzun's battalions would have been beyond price, ships hove in sight to convey them to Brest. M. d'Amfreville, who commanded the squadron, writing on the 9th of September to Seignelay, strips the old Gascon Lothario to the very shirt. He says: "Je crois pouvoir prendre la liberté de vous dire que l'ordre que j'ai vu de M. de Louvois pour le rembarquement des troupes, en a été envoyé sur des raisons plus pressant qu'elles n'étaient ici, et je sais même secrètement que le Marquis de Tressau, aide-de-camp, qui avoit été envoyé en France, avoit ordre de dire surtout que les affaires étaient désespérés, ce que je ne vois point, par le peu de lumière que j'ai, s'il y avoit ici un général, de même un homme ordinaire, qui n'eût pas la rage de retourner en France, et qui n'insultât pas ces gens-ci sur leurs conseils, sans leur en donner jamais."¹ The sailor's simple words cut to the bone of the Lauzun imposture. Well does this *petit* marquis in high command illustrate the passion of governments for putting weak hands on heavy work. In this respect, warnings avail not: "On se sent parfois découragé d'écrire l'histoire en voyant combien peu ses leçons instruisent et combien les

¹ Rousset, "Histoire de Louvois."

mêmes artifices réussissent toujours. C'est toujours de la même manière que l'on trompe, et que l'on est trompé." ¹

With the French went Tyrconnel. Hurt by Louis declining to entertain his hobby of a descent on England, James had lately ordered the Viceroy either to come over to France, for the purpose of soliciting, *vivâ voce*, aid for Ireland ; or else, if he judged matters irremediable, to make the best bargain possible with the enemy. Tyrconnel accordingly betook himself to Saint-Germain, leaving the Duke of Berwick nominally captain-general, in his stead, with a council of twelve to administer civil affairs ; and a board of officers, Sarsefield being one, to direct military operations.

A nice situation for a boy not yet of age. At once dissension broke out among the cliques which invariably disfigure Irish patriotism. But before meddling with the domestic strife we must follow the path of war. Berwick and Sarsefield not being men to stand idle in the market-place, determined to push their frontier beyond the Shannon. Scarcely, then, were the French ships clear of the coast, before a corps, variously stated at from 5,000 to 8,000 horse, foot, and dragoons, with four guns, crossed the river at Banagher under the command of these officers. On the 14th of September they were in front of Birr. But the comparatively strong castle being garrisoned by a detachment of Tiffin's regiment, and the maladroitness of the Irish gunners proving excessive, hopes of an early surrender vanished. Having got wind of the Jacobite design, Major-General Kirke with seven battalions and six regiments of horse marched to relieve the beleaguered castle. But hearing that the Irish were in considerable force, he halted at Roscrea and sent to General Douglas, then at Maryborough, for more troops. Douglas rapidly brought up re-inforcements, and the British, now more numerous than their opponents, again advanced. Thereupon the Irish retired to a good position about two miles north of Birr, and on the 19th, after smartly beating in the English outposts, recrossed the Shannon. And yet the Williamites

¹ Ampere, "L'Histoire Romain à Rome."

gained little in a military sense. The expedition distressed the soldiers; and the main object, the breaking of Banagher Bridge, had to be relinquished owing to a tower playing well the part of *tête-de-pont*, and to the firm posture of Jacobite soldiers on the Connaught bank.¹ Some field works having been thrown up around the open town, Douglas and Kirke went their way, but not without stripping and spoiling the unhappy Irish "that had got protections."

A well-graced actor now steps upon the stage. During the operations before Limerick, the Earl of Marlborough, hearing that the French fleet was being laid up for the winter, proposed to swoop on Cork with certain regiments lying idle in England. William assented; and a large detachment of cavalry and infantry from Solms's army was ordered to co-operate as soon as Marlborough landed in Ireland.

With all the despatch possible in those days, a force of from 5,000 to 10,000 men and a strong artillery train embarked at Portsmouth.² Their destination was a secret. The public, however, continued not long in suspense. On the 21st of September the expedition sighted Cork Harbour. Three days afterwards guns were in battery against the town.

On his return to Limerick from Birr, Berwick received intelligence of his celebrated uncle's appearance in the south, and with the view of disengaging Cork, at once moved to Kilmallock with about 8,000 men. But 4,000 Danes, La Melonnière's French, and Scravenmore with 1,200 good sabres being already in support of Marlborough, that great commander was evidently too strong to be challenged by his young relation. Orders, therefore, were sent to Colonel M'Ellicot,

¹ Colonel O'Kelly states that Berwick raised the siege of Birr Castle contrary to the advice of Sarsefield, "through having superior numbers to the enemy."—*Excidium Macariæ*. Be this as it may, Clarke, the Williamite Secretary at War for Ireland, differs from O'Kelly on the point of numbers. Writing from Cashel, he mentions that "Douglas would use all means possible to fight him (Berwick), our men being so much superior in numbers."—*Notes to the above*.

² Story and Harris say 5,000, Berwick 8,000, Narcissus Luttrell "near 10,000."

the governor, to burn the town and retire into Kerry. M'Ellicot, however, being of a sanguine nature, having plenty of provisions and 4,000 men at his back, dreamt that he might resist cannon and Churchill.

On the 26th the Duke of Wurtemberg joined the British, and, with the arrogance characteristic of German princes, claimed the chief command on the score of his "quality." Even Marlborough's serene temper could not brook such impudence. The dispute rose high. At length, however, De la Melonière persuaded the generals to compromise the matter by taking the command day about. Marlborough had the first service, and gave the word "Wurtemberg;" when the Duke's turn came, he selected for the parole "Marlborough." Harmony restored, the rivals set to work on the city. On the 27th a breach was apparent, and the besiegers proposed terms, which being refused, preparations for assault were made. Under cover of fire from land batteries, and from the ships which had come up with the tide, a strong party of stormers, spiced with many volunteers of rank, strode for the breach. On approaching the shattered wall the Duke of Grafton, one of the volunteers, received a shot in the shoulder, of which he died a few days afterwards.¹ On the very point of grappling the Governor beat a parley, and the garrison, headed by M'Ellicot, Lords Tyrone and Clancarty, became prisoners of war. Harshly treated, they suffered much from hunger and exposure. The customary plunder of houses belonging to Catholics immediately commenced, and Marlborough had to interfere in person before the excesses of "loose" Protestants could be restrained.

That the Governor was imprudent, as well as disobedient, in not evacuating Cork, appears by Major-General Scravenmore's report that, at the end of the five days' resistance, the Irish store of powder amounted to "no more than two small barrels."

¹ Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, second son of Charles II. by Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland; Vice-Admiral of England, and Colonel of the 1st Guards. He was a brave, headstrong young man, and a fiery Protestant. Mr. Croker relates that the fatal shot "is said to have been fired by a blacksmith in the old Post-office Lane."

A true general, Marlborough knew the value of time. The day Cork fell he despatched Brigadier Villiers to the important seaport of Kinsale. But with a threat to hang the summoning trumpeter, the Governor set fire to the town, and retired into the forts. The torch being carelessly applied, the English dragoons quenched the flames; thus did a signal advantage escape the Irish; for, bereft of shelter, their already sickly enemy would have perished like rotten sheep under the merciless rains of autumn.

On the 2nd of October, Marlborough arrived and invested New Fort, which defends the harbour on the left. Next morning, Major-General Tetteau, with 800 grenadiers, crossed the estuary in boats to attack Old Fort on the opposite bank. Making a feint against the weakest part of the walls, he distracted Irish attention. Then, fiercely assaulting elsewhere, he gained possession of a bastion. Fortune continued to smile upon him. A powder magazine exploding, forty Jacobites were blown into the air. All was lost. Fighting on the ramparts fell the commandant and many men. The garrison were prisoners of war.

Respite was not allowed to New Fort. The lateness of the season, incessant wet, increasing sickness, made Marlborough anxious to have done. But expecting to be relieved by Berwick, the Governor, Sir Edward Scot, boldly answered the English summoner, "it would be time enough to talk of capitulating a month hence." A regular siege therefore. On the 5th of October, ground was broken in two places, guns placed in battery, sap and mine set agoing. As the defaced ramparts were about to be stormed, Scot unfurled the white flag. His defence had been stubborn, and he got fair conditions. On the 15th, his lady rode through the breach in her coach, and about 1,200 soldiers trooped forth, with all the honours of war, to join their comrades in Limerick.

The Churchill episode is altogether creditable. The Irish did their duty under adverse circumstances, and the famous Englishman proved himself prompter in action than his foreign master. Not only were two considerable places captured in a short space of time; but Kinsale in British hands

the maritime trade between France and Ireland was crippled, and the military communication between the countries seriously impeded.

If generals were always aware of the difficulties awaiting them, fewer dashing enterprises would be attempted. It was even thus with Marlborough on this occasion. The resources of New Fort surprised him so much, that, as he afterwards told Bishop Burnet, "he would never have undertaken the expedition in a season so far advanced if he had been acquainted with the true strength of the place." On a kindred subject well observes the Chevalier Folard, "*Il est certain que de telles entreprises sont hérissées de mille difficultés, mais il faut avouer aussi que les pointes s'en émoussent aisément par l'ordre, le secret, et la bonne conduite.*" Order, secrecy, and good arrangement! What man ever understood their necessity better than John Churchill?

After an absence of thirty-seven days, Lord Marlborough returned to London on the 28th of October. As the handsome Englishman had surpassed the Dutch favourites in skill and daring, there was marked popular joy. William, who loved him little, welcomed him, as the saying is, "graciously," and with good taste assured the courtiers, "I know no man who has served so few campaigns equally fitted for command."¹ Not a great general, but a practised officer, the King prophesied aright. Princes are not always so clear-sighted. They sometimes confound barrack-square pretensions with professional parts.

The campaign of 1690 may now be considered over. The Anglo-Dutch under the command of Ginkell, who had succeeded Solms, went into cantonments, which they protected with a concave line of frontier posts commencing at Castlehaven in the south-west, and terminating at Ballyshannon in the north-west. Outside, or west of this line, the Irish had their own way. Once indeed during the winter the British made an irruption by simultaneously crossing the Shannon at Banagher, James-town, and Lanesborough. But thanks to

¹ Coxe, "Life of Marlborough."

the vigour of Berwick and Sarsefield, it was a barren adventure. On the other hand, the Jacobites carried a desultory warfare into their enemy's quarters. At this work, the rapparees were the crack craftsmen. They kept the foreign detachments in a state of chronic unrest. Knowing every boulder on hill side, every track across bog, the hardy "tories" mustered or dispersed without a sign. The long dark nights favoured them, storm mattered little, raiment of the scantiest sufficed. Any kind of food sustained their strength. Led by old soldiers they stealthily converged by sections on some given point, in a band struck the blow, straightway divided the spoil; and then, breaking up into the original atoms, vanished. Those who had guns concealed them easily. Muzzles and touch-holes being carefully corked, the barrels were hid in weedy ditches or undreamt of bog-spots. Locks would be carried in breeches pockets, or stowed away in dry nooks, and cob-webbed crannies. Such the light infantry, which not only harassed the English frontier throughout the winter; but, having glided by twos and threes into the rear of Ginkell's posts, suddenly swarmed about the bog of Allen in numbers that made the Lords Justices quake in Dublin.

The ill humour of Williamite writers when they refer to these home-spun warriors testifies to their efficiency as wasps. The barbarities laid to their charge are commented on with pious horror. But the cruelties perpetrated on them, or on peasants supposed to be of their kidney, by hostile dragoons, are related as if they were necessary, if not meritorious, acts. The "tory" Celt defending his morass is a knave and a cut-throat. The Spanish guerillero "supporting constitutional interests" is a hero living and a martyr dead. Such is literary justice. The French franc-tireur vexing a Prussian column is meat for instant rope, and yet Prussian regulation calls to arms similar irregulars in similar circumstances:

"All men's intrigues and projects tend
By several courses to one end;
To compass, by the prop'rest shows,
Whatever their designs propose."

The general condition of the island may be summed up

thus. The old nobility and gentry being outlawed, the English King and his Parliament were already quarreling over the forfeited estates.¹ Armed bands scouring in all directions: murder, theft, and arson at every turn. The unpaid Jacobite soldier must live, and—such is human nature—was indifferent at whose cost he lived. The Williamite trooper—English and foreign—considered himself in “an enemy’s country,” and lusting after “great spoils,” committed “great outrages.” But “worse than all” (in the eyes of the Rev. George Story) the mongrel marauders made “no distinction between Papist and Protestant.”² To the Irish then, as to the Jews of old, Jeremiah might have spoken: “Such as are for death to death, and such as are for the sword to the sword, and such as are for the famine to the famine, and such as are for the captivity to the captivity.”

¹ Dalrymple, “Memoirs of Great Britain.”

² “Impartial History.”





XXXII.

EXIT, THE DUKE OF BERWICK.

1690-1691.

COLONEL O'KELLY accuses Berwick of "minding his youthful pleasures during the winter more than the conduct of the troops." On the contrary, the Duke affirms that he occupied himself in visiting the outposts, reviewing the regiments, and replenishing, as far as practicable, the magazines. Certainly a man's description of himself must not be taken for gospel. Still, so prone is O'Kelly to carp at Berwick and Tyrconnel, that we are bound to take his account of their proceedings *cum grano salis*. An officer very young and of the highest rank may be excused for making merry in a city proverbial for pretty faces and good company, provided he do not dine and dance overmuch; and the solid, temperate, conscientious character of James FitzJames is a pledge that in his case duty was not altogether merged in gaiety.

At any rate, he lay not upon a bed of roses. Rumours of treason filled the air. Sarsefield is said to have discovered a correspondence compromising Jacobites of position, and undoubtedly, he advised Berwick to dismiss Lord Riverston from the Secretaryship of State, and Colonel Macdonel from the governorship of Galway. The English attempt at crossing the Shannon in November was probably the result of an understanding with professing patriots. Suspicion fastened, and not unjustly, if Harris be correct, on Mr. Justice Daly, and so he went to prison. Lord Riverston and his brother-in-

law Macdonel were probably guiltless, for the former was afterwards "outlawed for rebellion against King William," and the latter always enjoyed a high reputation for courage and honour. Perhaps, their grand offence was intimacy with Tyrconnel, whose unpopularity recoiled upon the administration which he had selected to act during his absence. Indeed, a meeting of the nobility, gentry, bishops, and generals pronounced the present executive illegal, and sent Sarsefield, Simon Luttrell, and Dorrington to acquaint the Duke of Berwick with their unanimous desire that he should govern by the advice of a council, to be composed of two "tribunes" or representatives from each of the four provinces; and further, as they distrusted the Duke of Tyrconnel, that proper persons should proceed to France, for the purpose of disclosing to Louis XIV. the true state of the nation. At first Berwick demurred, but on reflection he informed the deputation that, having no object beyond the common good, he would accede to the wishes of the army, nobility, and clergy; and proposed, as the envoys, the Bishop of Cork, the two Luttrells, and Colonel Purcell. The names inspiring confidence, the emissaries departed accompanied by Brigadier Maxwell, a trusty Scot, who was charged by Berwick to explain to James why he had assented to a course so completely at variance with the instructions left behind by the Viceroy, and also to recommend the detention in France of Henry Luttrell and Purcell, the most mischievous agitators in Ireland. A strong measure this, requiring for its justification very solid reasons. That Henry Luttrell was a dangerous man is certain. Personally brave, he had acquired abroad some military knowledge. Peculiarly plausible, he wielded great influence over many of his brother officers. The honest Sarsefield was for a time cajoled. Against Tyrconnel this ingenious intriguer contrived without ceasing. That the Lord Deputy intended to treat with the enemy was, likely enough, a rumour of his coining. At all events, we find it in circulation immediately after James quitted Ireland. Then, Sarsefield coming secretly to Berwick on the part of certain nobles, told him that, being convinced of Tyrconnel's perfidy, they had determined on his arrest, and

they hoped that Berwick would assume the chief command. But he indignantly replied that hostility to the Viceroy meant high treason, and that unless the conspirators stayed their hands he would reveal the plot to the King, and to the intended victim. This plain speaking put an end to the project, but not to Luttrell's manœuvres, which indeed were now fast drawing to a head. In the following year, the loud-tongued patriot was arrested, on suspicion of connivance with the enemy, by his former friend, Sarsefield. After the capitulation of Limerick, the truth came out in horrid nakedness; William conferred upon the traitor the estate of his worthy elder brother, and a pension of £500 a year. A little while, and we have the punishment; in 1717 he was assassinated in Dublin.

To resume, the ship conveying the deputation no sooner in the offing than Henry Luttrell and Purcell proposed to throw the inconvenient Maxwell overboard. But the Bishop of Cork and Simon Luttrell (whom Berwick calls an honest mild man) forbade such a short cut out of political embarrassment.

While travelling to Brest, on his return to Ireland, Tyrconnel heard of the arrival of these gentlemen at St. Malo. The precedent of Lord Mountjoy ("clapt up in the Bastille") occurring to him, he suggested to James the suitability of *lettres de cachet*. Thus Berwick at Limerick, and Tyrconnel at Brest, prescribed the same nostrum. No wonder the poor King was perplexed. At first he would not even see the envoys. Then, having heard their list of grievances, he had a mind to relieve the lord deputy. Ultimately he stood by him, but allowed his enemies to go quietly home. In this he acted aright, for the detention of the "ambassadors" would have finished the war. The popular party in the army would not have forgiven such an insult, even from their King.

It must be confessed that in urging the dismissal of Talbot, the emissaries were not unreasonable. That the charges against his fidelity were false, we may be sure. The Duke of Berwick emphatically declares, "*Sa fermeté conserva l'Irlande après l'invasion du Prince d'Orange, et il refusa noblement*

toutes les offres qu'on lui fit pour se soumettre." But it is undeniable that from age, ill health, and want of military talent, he was unfit for so important a post. Naturally, too, they complained of his "desponding message" after the battle of the Boyne, which, by inducing James to forsake the kingdom, discouraged the army.¹

But if an incompetent commander, the Viceroy was no mean diplomatist. The remains of a once noble person and his admirable manners found favour at Versailles. Infinite address marked his interviews with Louis. Entirely disavowing the pessimist opinions of Lauzun—to the rage and amazement of that quondam friend—he showed that to despair of Ireland was at least premature. Lauzun's mortification being delight to Louvois, Tyrconnel obtained promises of support from the Minister of War. Without delay Lieutenant-General Saint-Ruth, Maréchaux-de-Camp D'Usson and Tessé, together with arms and clothing, would proceed to Ireland. Owing, however, to the exigencies of the coming campaign on the Rhine and in Piedmont, soldiers could not be spared, and but 24,000 louis d'or could be extracted from the Minister of Finance.

Thus far successful, Tyrconnel reached Ireland in the middle of January. He brought with him a patent creating the chivalrous Sarsefield Earl of Lucan, Viscount of Tully, and Baron of Rosberry—a reward of merit politic as well as gracious, for no living man held such a place in Irish affection as this Bayard of the war.

Next month, the Duke of Berwick left Limerick by command of James, and joined the perturbed little court of Saint Germain.

Here ends the career of Fitzjames as a British officer. Not yet twenty-one, he had served two campaigns against the Turks, held command during the revolution of '88, and with courage becoming his race, and skill unusual at his age, fronted the Williamites throughout the memorable years of 1689 and 1690. "Il n'avoit que vingt ans et sa conduite fait voir qu'il étoit l'homme de son siècle à qui le ciel avoit accordé de meilleur heur la prudence." Thus spake Montesquieu.

¹ Clark, "Life of James II."



XXXIII.

THE CAPTURE OF ATHLONE.

1691.

THOUGH we have scarcely to do with events in which Berwick had no share, yet as the Duke has in his Memoirs noticed the campaign of '91, we may perhaps be excused for reviewing hostilities which crushed the Stuarts, well nigh extinguished the ancient nobility, and for two hundred years enthralled the people of Ireland.

On his arrival, Tyrconnel found the troops in wretched plight; pay a hazy tradition, the *matériel* almost exhausted. Not merely the men, but the officers being unshod and in rags, he was obliged to spend 13,000 louis in brogues and breeches. In truth, all classes had sunk to a bare existence,—

“ Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beasts'.”

Thanks, however, to the elasticity of Celtic nature, the Viceroy contrived to ameliorate a state of things seemingly desperate. He buoyed up flagging spirits with gossip about succour from France. He wrote to James that “ His Majesty ought to sell the shirt off his back ” for the purpose of securing to the soldier 1*d.* a day regularly for three months. At length, on the 8th of May, the French fleet was hailed bearing up for Limerick. Besides Saint-Ruth, Tessé, and D'Usson, it brought arms, clothing, provisions, and ammunition, but neither men nor money. Nevertheless, the Lord Deputy was

thankful, and would have rejoiced, but the sight of Henry Luttrell and Purcell ruffling in the midst of the French staff inflamed him, as a red rag inflames an impulsive bull.

Hope everywhere revived. *Te Deum* sung, Irishmen fell into the ranks. Partly by dint of hard cash, more largely through "fair words," and "little necessities of apparel," artisans were got to work, the carts and caissons necessary to the field-guns were rapidly turned out.¹ In an age when financiers are able to supply millions of money for any conceivable purpose, good or bad, it is difficult to imagine the straits to which governments in the 17th century were often driven. But knowing the difficulty of conducting war, even when the departments have unlimited credits, we may at least admire what our ancestors accomplished by the bare might of patriotism.

In one respect, the Irish army was decidedly better off than before. An able officer was at its head, and Tyrconnel had strict orders from James not to interfere with military operations. Further, Saint-Ruth having witnessed the heroism of Mountcashel's brigade in Savoy, had a true sympathy with the Irish soldier.

Turning to the Orangemen, what a contrast meets us. The winter had been employed in recruiting and refitting the Anglo-Dutch forces. At the end of December 50,000 regulars stood under arms. By the beginning of June, Ginkell had concentrated a powerful army at Mullingar. An unusually strong artillery train attended it. In new scarlet coats, in breeches of every hue, horse, foot, and dragoons paraded gorgeously. Officers of great repute had joined—even Talmash, Mackay; and Ruvigny.²

The speedy subjugation of Ireland being indispensable to William's continental projects, he had—just before leaving

¹ Clarke, "Life of James II."

² The elder brother of Colonel de la Caillemotte, killed at the Boyne. Although, *fort huguenot*, the family long retained the favour of Louis XIV. ; but, on learning that Ruvigny had gone over to Ireland to oppose Saint-Ruth, the King ordered the confiscation of his estates, Rayneval and La Caillemotte. He was created Earl of Galway by William III.

London for Holland—entrusted his lieutenant with a general pardon for all soliciting it. But alive to the deficiencies of his enemy, Ginkell kept the proclamation in his pocket. Confiscation pays better than conciliation. The Lords Justices, deeper read in Irish history than the Dutchman, probably suggested the suppression. At least they connived at it.

Per contra, Saint-Ruth's necessities admitted of no strategical alternative; he must rest content with the defensive; garrison the chief towns on the Shannon, and manœuvre in their support with as efficient forces as he could rapidly organize.

On the 7th of June, the campaign opened at Ballymore fort between Mullingar and Athlone. The most advanced Irish post eastward, it stood on the edge of a lough; water was supposed to secure the rear, bogs partially covered the flanks; feeble works defended the land front. Against these soon thundered the English breaching batteries. Boats too were being collected for an attack on the reverse. In opposition, the besieged had only "two small Turkish guns, mounted on old cart-wheels." We are told the Irish "did what they could" with such paltry means; but surrender was inevitable.¹ After repairing the fortifications, and shooting a brave sergeant who with fifteen men obstinately defended an old tower about a quarter of a mile from the fort—Ginkell marched on Athlone.

The formation of a respectable army corps at Ballinasloe was Saint-Ruth's first care. But the want of *bât* horses for the road and boats for the river retarded the gathering of stores so much that, though the indefatigable Frenchman "rested not night or day," the 20th of June shone forth, before a considerable body of troops fairly fit to move, was massed on the Suck.

With 18,000 effective soldiers, Ginkell had reached Athlone

¹ Contemporaneous writers are greatly at variance respecting the length of time the fort held out. According to Brigadier Kane it was "eight days." Captain Parker says, "We took it in six days." But Story will only admit a defence of "twenty-four hours."

on the previous day. As we know already, it consists of two towns, "English-town" on the Leinster side, "Irish-town" on the Connaught bank of the Shannon. A stone bridge connects them. The former was the immediate aim of the British. Two 18-pounder batteries opening, a breach soon appeared. General Mackay and 4,000 picked men were ready to assault. A French lieutenant of grenadiers led the stormers. First in the breach, he flung his grenade, fired his fusil, excited his men by his heroic example, and fell dead. The assailed resisted manfully, but they were few, at most 300; and so, the enemy, all veterans, well armed and commanded, made way. After suffering severely, the Irish bolted, and in a crowd pressing across the bridge, many were trampled to death. Lest Mackay should break into Irish-town pell-mell with the fugitives, its garrison blew up one of the arches. Thus cut off, the Englishtown men tried to escape by swimming, for few would ask for quarter. Hence, shooting, hacking, and drowning without stint.¹

Late that night, Saint-Ruth heard of the disaster. With the dawn, he marched at the head of 15,000 cavalry and infantry to within three miles of Irishtown.

Masters on the Leinster bank, the Anglo-Dutch made a lodgment at the bridge head, and constructed a battery of five 24-pounders and six mortars. This soon played upon the castle with such effect that by the morning of the 23rd the north-eastern front was in ruins. The Jacobites, however, were not dismayed. Their position seemed strong. The bridge remained theirs. The ford below it was difficult. But they lay under the immense disadvantage of having nothing better than 6-pounder field-pieces to cope with the 18 and 24-pounders. At first Ginkell proposed to throw a pontoon bridge across the river near the ford. Irish vigilance frustrated the design. He then attempted, under cover of fifty heavy guns, and ten "great mortars playing furiously," to force an entrance by the stone bridge. The situation was singular. The foes fought from behind intrenchments in two

¹ Dalrymple, "Memoirs of Great Britain."

adjacent towns. With their puny artillery the Irish could harm the British little ; while the unceasing rush of Ginkell's projectiles speedily crushed the flimsy huts of Irish-town into dust, so scoured the trenches that their occupants actually found safer shelter behind the heaps of rubbish accumulated by the balls and carcasses¹ of the adversary. Nevertheless, the Celts were steady ; Colonel Felix O'Neil even tells Lady Antrim that "the French generals acknowledged they never saw more resolution and firmness in any men of any nation, nay blamed the men for their forwardness, and cried them up for brave fellows, as intrepid as lions."²

The barricades at the Irish end of the broken arch being burnt by the carcasses, some English grenadiers managed to throw beams across the chasm, and were about to plank them, when from the other side sprang a sergeant and ten soldiers clad in armour. They would destroy the handiwork or die. Every man of them perished. But in a moment fresh volunteers fastened upon the skeleton platform ; and "at the cost of all their lives save two," succeeded in ripping it up, and flinging it into the river. This bloody Sunday forced the English engineers to construct a closed gallery along the bridge.

At a council of war it was now resolved to cross the Shannon next morning in three places—by the bridge, the pontoons, and the ford, which certain Danes had just explored. Mackay would command the troops, and, to quicken their good humour, guineas were promised. On the 29th the soldiers fell in. But the stir amongst the British had been reported to Saint-Ruth. Guessing its import, he reinforced the garrison, and with his

¹ The English translator of Feuquière's *Memoirs* thus describes the carcasses of that period. "An invention of an oval form, made of iron ribs and filled with a composition of meal powder, saltpetre, sulphur, broken glass, shavings of horn, pitch, turpentine, tallow, and linseed oil, and then covered with a pitched cloth ; it is primed with meal powder and quick-match, and fired out of a mortar ; its design is to set houses on fire. It is lifted into the mortar by two small cords fixed to its sides."—*Excidium Macariae*.

² Rawdon Papers.

whole army approached the walls ; a decisive struggle seemed impending. On a sudden an Irish grenade set fire to the wooden gallery upon the bridge. This disconcerted Ginkell's intention. Sullen and dejected, the troops went back to quarters. Nor were the officers cheerful. Provisions were growing scarce ; and it was notorious that, making too sure of prompt triumph, the general had neglected to secure a line of retreat by means of magazines and posts. When they heard how things were drifting, the Dublin Protestants fell into panic, and took to a promiscuous barricading of the streets.¹

Up to this point the Jacobite officers and soldiers had displayed uncommon vigour and courage. Literally fortified by ruins, they had baffled every venture of a well-disciplined enemy, supported by heavy artillery battering at short range. But apparent success bred over-confidence, and over-confidence is the parent of carelessness. Besides, while one mind directed the Anglo-Dutch without gainsay, dissension weakened the authority of the French chief. Saint-Ruth and Tyrconnel were not in accord. D'Usson, who commanded in Athlone, was jealous of his superior, and never razed the thin curtain facing the west, as Saint-Ruth, for sufficient reasons, had enjoined. Further, with the view of hardening all the troops to fire, the garrison was relieved daily from the camp. It might therefore happen that one day good troops would be on guard ; on another, bodies of recruits. The bearing of all this will soon appear.

Aware through spies that the British wanted food and forage—observing that cannon was being withdrawn from battery—Saint-Ruth inferred retreat was the *mot d'ordre* ; and certainly the experienced Mackay and many English officers did recommend the raising of the siege. Through the influence, however, of Ginkell, backed by the expostulation of Talmash, Tetteau, La Melonière, and other kindred spirits, the council of war decided on again tempting fortune. The wisdom of the resolution was confirmed by two Irish officers

¹ Mackay's MS. Memoirs, quoted by Dalrymple.

who opportunely deserted. They assured the anxious Dutchman that his time was come; two battalions of young soldiers held an advanced position, and elsewhere a relaxation of discipline was discernible. The men detailed for the abortive attempt had been kept off duty, and so everything was ripe for another trial.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 30th the church bell tolled, and 2,000 chosen men, formed twenty deep, led by sixty grenadiers *d'élite*, leaping out of the works, ran for the ford. The cannon roared. Musketeers in the trenches maintained a withering fire. Half-way over the river were the grenadiers—so hot and sudden the alarum—ere the Jacobites thoroughly recognized their jeopardy. Like men startled out of sleep, the greenhorns jostled one another in horror. Their pieces long since dismounted by the weightier metal of the enemy, the Irish had nothing to support a rally. The surprise was complete. The opposite bank gained, pioneers threw planks across the broken arch; the pontoons were laid. Cheered on by La Melonière, Tetteau, Talmash, battalion after battalion streamed into Irish-town—some by the bridge, others over the pontoons.

Here and there the ill-starred recruits fought fiercely, but without a chance; for many days of bombardment had so mutilated the works that, to the distress of the devout Mackay, the Englishmen vowed with horrid blasphemies, "the rubbish and stuff thrown down by their own cannon" to be stiffer climbing than the riven intrenchments.¹ For some time, in fact, Irish-town had been a ruin, fenced by the Shannon; the river overcome, nothing remained.

In a little while the defenders were flying; Brigadier Maxwell, who commanded for the day, was made prisoner. The unsuspecting D'Usson, who had left the town on the previous evening to attend a grand entertainment at headquarters, was knocked down and hurt by the hustling throng as he gat home to his post. Excepting the shattered castle (which surrendered next day) Athlone was in Williamite grasp; and

¹ Story, "Impartial History."

when Saint-Ruth—who heard of the danger only when disaster was done—hurried two battalions to strengthen the garrison, they marched up to behold the parapet red with English uniforms.

The Jacobites, incessantly pounded, and almost *en l'air*, were far heavier losers than their well-covered enemy. Among the dead lay that brave old Grace, who in the past summer drove Douglas from before the now-captured stronghold.

We learn from the principal Williamite account that the operations against Athlone cost Ginkell "12,000 cannon bullets, 600 bombs, nigh fifty ton of powder, and a great many ton of stones shot out of our mortars."¹ By way of contrast, the same authority announces that the Irish artillery consisted of "six brass guns and two mortars in town." No wonder, then, if Irish-town crumbled into ash-heaps; but honour surely to the gallant fellows who held such make-shift ramparts for many days against puissant onslaught.

All contemporary writers, from the Duke of Berwick to the Orangeman Parker, point out the grave mistake which the Jacobites committed in not demolishing the walls fronting their camp. Had Saint-Ruth's orders to this effect been executed, columns could have been poured *en masse* into the place whenever it was assailed. Thus might Athlone have been preserved. Brigadier Kane, who served with the English, remarks quaintly on the subject: "Here the old proverb was verified, that security dwells next door to ruin. Saint-Ruth thought it impossible for us to pass the river before he could be down with the army, and it is most certain nothing but neglect of their (Irish officers') duty was the occasion of it; for they seeing their general secure in himself, thought all was safe, which made them neglect keeping their men strictly to their duty, and having a vigilant eye on us. Had they done thus, it would have been impossible for us to march, but they might easily see us from the castle, and give timely notice to their general, which would have prevented what followed. The great oversight St. Ruth committed in leaving the works on

¹ Story, "Impartial History" (continuation).

the back part of the town standing, was the *only motive* that induced our general to pass the Shannon at this place.”¹ Captain Parker’s opinion is similar: “Had he (Saint-Ruth) destroyed these works, we should never have been able to defend the town against the whole army, especially as the castle, which still held out, was crowded with men; for though we had battered down that face of it which lay to the water, yet the other parts remained entire, and had a number of men in them.”²

Grieved by the sudden blasting of his hopes, and with manly candour reproaching himself for not having enforced the destruction of those fatal walls, Saint-Ruth fell back on Ballinasloe, and pitched his tents with the Suck flowing between him and the enemy.

¹ “Memoirs of the Campaigns of King William III.”

² Memoirs.





XXXIV.

TAKING UP GROUND.

1691.

HYRCONNEL now quitted the army. His enemies availing themselves of the recent misfortune to embitter his relations with the commander-in-chief, he thought the cause would best be served by his return to Limerick. And a council of war met to decide on a course of action. Some officers maintained that the position on the Suck was satisfactory, inasmuch as it barred Ginkell's road to Galway. Stung to the quick by the loss of Athlone, and setting a high value on Irish valour, Saint-Ruth sided with this view. But Sarsefield and the majority "gravely" objected; a pitched battle was too hazardous an experiment. The Williamites were numerous, and well disciplined. Foreign veterans showed them the way. *Matériel* of all kinds lay to their hands. On the Jacobite side, the soldiers, ill fed, badly equipped, and without pay, were at present discouraged. Lord Lucan, therefore, suggested that Limerick and Galway should receive the cruder part of the infantry, while the *élite* of it and the whole of the cavalry broke by way of Banagher into Leinster and Munster. Thus, if Ginkell laid siege to Galway (which, well manned, ought to delay him for some days) Saint-Ruth would have time to capture Dublin by a *coup-de-main*, and then—returning westward—relieve the beset town. Again, supposing Ginkell left Galway alone, and followed the Jacobite light division, it

might double back on Connaught through Limerick, and by harassing the British, encumbered with spoil and artillery (which in those days moved with difficulty), the province would probably be preserved through the autumn. When additional succours arrived from France, further measures could be concerted.¹ Though complicated, the scheme allured. It seemed suitable to hardy troops vigorously conducted. The daring Frenchman recognized its merits; but before adopting it he discovered in one of his gallops the position of Aughrim, which to his practised eye seemed so advantageous, that he resolved to make a stand there:

“In love of honour and defence of right.”

His disposition was promptly made. The Irish line of battle looking toward Ballinasloe, stretched for about two miles along the high ground of Kilcommodon. In front was a bog impassable by cavalry, awkward for infantry. Through this morass, however, two passes led up to the Irish flanks; Urraghee, which struck the right, having a dangerous look, the mass of Saint-Ruth's horse was posted there. The other pass stealing to the left was a sort of causeway, in one place so narrow that more than two troopers could not ride abreast. It was dominated after a fashion by the ruinous castle of the O'Kelly's, just now occupied by Colonel Walter Bourke and two hundred men. Some dragoons were in support, but naturally enough the general did not expect mischief in this quarter.

The army formed in two lines. The first *en tirailleur* held the hedge-rows fringing the bog, the second skilfully availed itself of the undulations, ditches, and thickets, which diversified the front of the camp. In rear was a reserve of cavalry. Nine brass field guns constituted the artillery. The tents remained standing—a sign that retreat was not contemplated.

To arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to the Irish num-

¹ “Excidium Macariæ.”

bers is impossible. The Orange accounts exaggerate them, the Jacobite as certainly under-rate them. Mr. O'Callaghan, who has collated the various statements with care, puts the foot at about 11,000 effectives, the horse and dragoons at 4,000—15,000 in all.¹ If this estimate be below the mark, the figures of Story and others—20,000 infantry, and 5,000 cavalry—no doubt exceed it.

In spite of the success, the tenacity of the Celts, and the uncomfortable feeling that Athlone fell through accident, filled the Dutch Baron with apprehension. He ordered up from Dublin vast stores of ammunition and provisions. He worked "day and night" at the repair of the devastated fortifications. He cautiously reconnoitred the enemy. He tried to convince the pillaged peasantry that British officers and soldiers disregarding his "protections" should suffer death.

But the attitude of Irish-town had troubled a greater personage. "By special direction and command" of William, the Lords Justices now published a proclamation of pardon. Bearing date the 7th of July, this document promises to deserting privates "a free pardon for all treasons," and a reasonable price for their horses, arms, and furniture. Officers yielding over towns, forts, or regiments shall be pardoned, and also restored to their estates forfeited for "treasons." Those who had no such estates shall be liberally rewarded. Better pay and condition would be the lot of officers and soldiers entering the English service. As soon as their Majesties' affairs shall permit them to summon a Parliament "in this kingdom," they will endeavour to procure for the Roman Catholics "such security as may preserve them from any disturbance on account of their religion." On the contrary, all persons adhering to the enemy "are admonished to consider the ill estate whereunto they are reduced, and seriously to recollect

¹ "Excidium Macariæ" (note). King James writes: "In this retreat (to the Suck) the Connaught regiments grew very thin, so that the foot, by desertion and marauding, was reduced from 17,000 to about 11,000 men."
—CLARKE, *Life of James II.*

into their minds and memory the quiet and blessed estate and security which they have enjoyed under the English government, and the vast difference betwixt that and the tyranny of France." Finally, a hint as to the terrible consequences, if "they any longer neglect returning to their duty, and thereby lose the benefit of their Majesties' most benign and gracious compassion and intention towards them."

The declaration merely produced talk. Absolutely devoid of tact, it pleased nobody. The Orange officials disliked it, for it trenched on "forfeitures." The Irish gentry distrusted it, not without reason, as events soon proved. Had William III. been of a facetious turn, we might pronounce it *mauvaise plaisanterie*.





XXXV.

AUGHRIM.

1691.

QUITTING Athlone on the 12th of July, Ginkell marched, in four columns, against the Irish. The precise strength of his army cannot be ascertained. It is variously stated at from 17,000 to 30,000 effectives. That it was numerically superior to the Jacobite force is probable ; that it was excellently provided for war is certain.

The Catholics prepared for the struggle by invoking the protection of Heaven. Masses were said. The famous chaplain of the Foot Guards, Dr. Stafford, visited every quarter of the camp, exhorting to repentance and stimulating to heroism :—

“ Resolve, my lords and loving soldiers, now
To save your King and country from decay.”

On the other hand, the Anglo-Dutch (“remiss in point of devotion,” sighs the Rev. George Story) oiled firelocks, replenished pouches, and speculated as to the wrath and the loot to come.

The engagement began with a cavalry brush. After a minute examination of their position, Ginkell resolved to feel the enemy’s right. Accordingly, a party of Danish horse were ordered to drive the advanced guard out of the Urra-three fields which formed the entrance to the pass. At first the Danes rode boldly, but perceiving that the Jacobites

stood, they went to the right about. Cunningham's regiment, however, coming up, the Irish troopers fell back upon their supports behind Urraghree House. On pressed the elated English, but, charged unawares, they were fain to retreat. The skirmish was fast growing into a serious affair. Eppinger's dragoons now tried to creep into the rear of the Jacobite cavaliers, and so cut them off from their fellows; but the leader of the latter detecting the design, took up another position on the rivulet which divided the outlying post at Urraghree from the pass. Thus eluded, Eppinger—though Portland's heavy cavalry were now at his back—hesitated, and in a few minutes the column of attack had halted.

The conduct of the enemy's horse, and the character of the ground, so disconcerted the Dutch general that, suspending operations, he called the leaders of division together to consult on the situation. Anxious faces and dubious minds surrounded him. At first it was arranged to postpone attack to the morrow. All at once, another plan found favour. By the advice of Mackay, the offensive would be resumed that evening against Saint-Ruth's right, with the hope that, hard pushed on his weak point, he would sustain it at the expense of the centre and left.

About 5 P.M. hostilities recommenced with a British brigade marching on Urraghree. The ground certainly presented features favourable to the Jacobites. Intricate hedges and ditches sheltered their musketeers, and to facilitate the action of the supports, passages had been cut through the coverts. Ably handled by the Chevalier de Tessé, the Irish light infantry ever and anon evacuated a hedgerow, only to take post in another to the rear, or on the flank. And so the English, dashing at the abandoned obstacle, fell into a trap, for the foemen pouring through cunningly contrived apertures, beat them back in more or less disorder. In this fashion, the fight ebbed and flowed for nearly two hours, neither side obtaining any signal advantage.

But Williamite pertinacity taught Saint-Ruth the necessity of reinforcing the menaced point; he therefore ordered thither horse and foot from the left at Aughrim.

Mackay had expected this, and hastened to profit by it. Earl's, Herbert's, Creighton's, and Brewer's regiments were directed upon the enemy's centre, where the intervening bog was narrowest, and where—a guide having been "got at,"—foot might manage to cross. The troops were instructed to halt at the first hedges on the opposite slopes, until another division—which would attempt the morass a little to their right, where it was wider—could give them a hand. About the same time, it was hoped, the cavalry of the right wing might force a way by Aughrim Castle. The offensive would then be unbroken from left to right.

The battalions floundered painfully through the bog without being molested. Emerging from it, they were greeted with a sharp fire; still, the Irish skirmishers did not seriously dispute the outward hedges, but retired gradually upon enclosures behind. Thus encouraged, the assailants forgot orders and rushed recklessly on till they came in contact with the Jacobite main line of battle. Here, as on the right, the different obstructions had been pierced. Through these gaps swept dragoons upon the British flanks. Infantry smote their front. Fearfully beset, those soldiers! Despite the calm courage of Colonel Earl, they crumpled into a mob, and were driven, not to the verge of the bog merely, but up to the very muzzles of their own cannon, which could by no means open fire, so commingled were flying Saxons and avenging Celts.

Colonels Earl and Herbert were taken prisoners in the rout. Although wounded, the former contrived to escape; striving to break loose, the latter was killed.

Meanwhile, a strong division, in which marched the French, traversed the bog lower down. On reaching the opposite meadows they were received roughly, as their comrades had been; commanded, however, by the intrepid, clear-headed La Melonière, they held hard and (pursuant to orders) awaited the countenance of the cavalry. But to show the difficulty with which they stood their ground, we are told that the Irish once or twice mastered the *chevaux de frise* that covered the Huguenots. Eyes turned wistfully to Aughrim, ears listened intently for the clash of sabres thereabouts. The

Williamites surely were in danger. On the enemy's right they made no way. In the centre they were worsted. At Aughrim their chance seemed poor enough. Perceiving all this Saint-Ruth exclaimed with pardonable exultation: "Now we'll beat them back to the gates of Dublin."

Luckily a man, in whom united a singular audacity and a singular calmness in peril, was at hand. Advancing with fresh troops, General Talmash threw himself amid the runaways, rallied them, told off anew the jumbled battalions,¹ cheered them so heartily to the front that the Jacobites were manfully closed with. A fierce struggle, and the Englishmen regained their footing on the further side of the bog. The vanquished became victors. Such the effect which "a fighting general," as soldiers say, may produce in a supreme moment.

While all this was doing, the right wing of the Anglo-Dutch cavalry, under the Marquis de Ruvigny, supported by Gustavus Hamilton's and Kirke's infantry, were groping at the Aughrim pass. So many the impediments there that, if rumour tell the truth, Saint-Ruth generously remarked: "Brave fellows those troopers, it's a pity they should be so exposed." Owing to the site of the old Keep, the posture of a field battery, and its native break-neckedness, he deemed the causeway secure. And under ordinary circumstances it was so; but in war wise calculations are liable to be upset in a moment by some startled commandant, or hysterical staff-officer. The general, who had taken his measures so thoughtfully and was fighting the battle with skill, knew not that the brigadier in charge of the troops lately detached from the left to the right had, contrary to orders, taken a regiment from the first line, in addition to the battalions detailed for the service from the second line, thus enfeebling that very point of Aughrim which required especial attention. As little too

¹ Brigadier Kane says: "Here we found the advantage of being trained up in the art of breaking our battalions, which we were at this time very expert in, so that while the horse were engaging each other, our commanding officers soon drew their battalions out of this confusion, and formed them in order."—*Memoirs*. Most officers who have served in the field will acknowledge the value of such "expertness."

could he divine that on Walter Bourke (who was stationed in the castle) sending for musket bullets, a flustered official would supply cannon balls, thereby putting the tower, which mounted no guns, *hors de combat*.¹

Assuming the correctness of these statements, which come to us from King James and the Abbé McGeoghegan, Ruvigny's ultimate success is not surprising.

The end indeed was near. Soon Saint-Ruth noticed that "the brave fellows" had advanced almost up to the castle. To finish them off, as they debouched on his flank, he massed the squadrons in hand, and ordered the horse which had gone to reinforce the right to return *ventre à terre*. Then this superb soldier cantered gaily down the hill to point the fire of the pieces bearing on the causeway. Just as he was about to speak to the gunners a round shot struck him dead. Not an officer of his staff, not a trooper of his guard, were touched. The life of all others valuable was alone taken. The ruling spirit quenched, victory abandoned Erinn.

The subordinates were paralyzed. Seeing the escort carrying away the corpse, the squadrons of attack hesitated. No one promptly took command. Sarsefield, in charge of the cavalry reserve, had been directed not to stir without express orders, and, being on distant terms with the commander-in-chief, did not proceed to the fatal spot to inquire the meaning of the agitation there. The one aptest to supply the place of the dead lounged inert in the saddle. Beyond all things needful was a tearing rush of horse, and to lead it, who physically and morally so fit as Lucan? It was his strong point. The irresolution of the Catholic chiefs, the British officers turned to account. They re-formed the troops as they straggled up; and not many minutes passed before the entire wing of cavalry lowered on the shaken Irish left.

Now, Henri de Ruvigny ventured boldly. He caused his

¹ The mistake may have arisen in this wise—some of the staff were French. *Boulet* signifies in French cannon-ball; *balle*, musket-ball or bullet. Consequently, when Bourke applied for bullets, a foreign store-keeper might have concluded heavy shot were required.

French dragoons and Oxford's heavies to file along the bog-side till they gained ground whence they might effectually sustain their infantry comrades struggling with the Irish centre. Here, as on the right, the Jacobite ranks were still firm. Rumours undefined and very evil had indeed reached them, but encouraged by their officers, excited by the burning words of the priests, the poor fellows looked Talmash sternly in the face.

However, the sudden wave of French plumes within pistol shot¹ the absence of their own cavalry, the might of the reinforced English, the vague feeling that some calamity had befallen—were intolerable. The young soldiers flinched. The valiant Dr. Stafford, crucifix in hand, ran up and down the line, adjuring Catholics to stand fast. They fought on, but as men without hope. Even in Dorrington's footguards signs of wavering. The heroic Stafford was slain, shouting for God and country.

And the right, which up to this had defied even Ginkell in person, seeing the centre falter, began to yield ground.

Defeat was not to be averted now. Deserted by the horsemen, assailed vigorously by the rallied British, crushed by artillery, nowhere a sovereign mind to animate and command, discipline disappeared; retreat went at the double. Those stalwart battalions were speedily a horrified crowd straining in flight; at their heels savage pursuit without quarter,² the carnage of which a stormy night alone terminated. Thanks to the darkness, the Williamite dragoons neglected a defile near Loughrea; and so, in disordered ranks confounded, the troops surged onward; Sarsefield ultimately conducting the majority to Limerick, the rest under D'Usson making for Galway.

Tents, baggage, colours, the nine brass guns, fell into the

¹ "The honour of this important day, General Ginkell had ever the modesty to confess, was principally owing to the conduct and bravery of the Marquis de Ruvigny and to the Oxford and French regiments of horse."—HARRIS, *Life of King William III.*

² Dalrymple, "Memoirs of Great Britain."

conqueror's hands. The loss in men must have been great. Story and Harris record "7,000 slain." Both Kane and Parker are content with lower figures ; indeed, as the Jacobites had the advantage till Saint-Ruth's death (which, according to O'Kelly, occurred about sunset) there was scarcely an opportunity for excessive butchery. Lords Kilmallock and Galway (the latter murdered after surrender), Colonel Charles Moore, and many a brave gentleman lay dead. Lords Duleek, Slane, and Boffin, Major-Generals Dorrington and John Hamilton ; Colonels Walter Bourke, Gordon O'Neil, Butler of Kilcash, and other officers of position, were prisoners.

By Story's account, the Anglo-Dutch lost 73 officers killed, and 111 wounded ; 600 rank and file killed, 960 wounded. But Brigadier Kane and Captain Parker furnish more likely statistics. The first writes:—"Our army had upwards of 4,000 killed and wounded." The latter:—"We had above 3,000 killed and wounded." The prisoners were employed to bury the British slain. Hungry dogs and crows had long feasting on the unheeded Irish corpses.

The last pitched battle fought on Irish soil is remarkable in many respects. Not only did the native troops generally behave better at Aughrim than on any previous occasion during the Williamite war, but the infantry, which elsewhere had proved inferior to the cavalry, especially distinguished itself for firmness and discipline. The excellent military material which Ireland breeds, was being wrought into a finely tempered weapon. Hitherto, awkward recruits had resisted the trained warriors of Europe. At Kilconnel, hardy soldiers at one period beat the grisly veterans breast to breast. "On leur rend" (says the Huguenot *Mercure* of 1691) "ce témoignage, qu'ils se battirent en gens de cœur, et que leur infanterie surtout fit des merveilles."

But how was it that after marked success the Jacobites were utterly overthrown ? In the first place, a leader of brilliant talent was struck down in the very crisis of the conflict. Secondly, Sarsefield, next in command by seniority, being unfriendly with Saint-Ruth, was ignorant of his plans. Moreover, it is possible that, posted with the reserve in rear, Sarse-

field had no intelligence of his chief's death, until the time for effectively replacing him had slipped away. In war, a few minutes more or less may make or mar. On any other hypothesis it would be difficult to account for Lord Lucan's inaction. His was not a nature to rest satisfied with simply preserving the cavalry, if a bolder course were feasible. Thirdly, it is admitted by General Mackay that the artillery was inadequate to defend the weak points of a strong position.

It is significant that Williamite writers one and all confess how vastly their side profited by the death of the French general. Brigadier Kane asserts:—"The greater part of the Irish army behaved to admiration, and had not Saint-Ruth been taken off, and had those in the ditches done their duty a little better, it would be hard to say what would have been the consequences of that day."¹ And Captain Parker to the same effect:—"Had it not been that Saint-Ruth fell, who can say how matters would have ended, for to do him justice, notwithstanding his oversight at Athlone, he was certainly a gallant, brave man, and a good officer, as appeared by the disposition he made of his army this day. Had he lived to order Sarsefield down to sustain his left wing, it would have given affairs a turn on that side."² Curiously enough, the Duke of Berwick is of another opinion. He declares that, like minded with the Maréchal de Créqui, "*plus il en passeroit, plus il en battroit*," Saint-Ruth allowed the enemy to cross the morass, which he might have prevented, that both wings of his cavalry were defeated, and that—being himself killed when seeking the reserve of six squadrons—the royal army thought only of flight. How would it have been possible, asks the Duke, to re-establish an affair so seriously compromised, with six squadrons?

But Berwick was at Saint-Germain, not at Aughrim; consequently, his notion of the action, so unlike that of other critics, may have been suggested by officers belonging to the Tyrconnel party, which was inimical to Saint-Ruth. He cer-

¹ "Memoirs," &c.

² "Military Transactions."

tainly erred in supposing the horse of the right wing beaten before the general was killed: they were then disputing the ground fiercely. Further, contemporary writers agree in representing the distinguished Frenchman as being hit when proceeding to the front to superintend the fire of a battery, not while galloping rearward in quest of the reserve.

But enough of such controversy. How the Jacobite officers and men regarded Saint-Ruth, is told by Colonel O'Kelly with amusing pedantry:—"Never was general better beloved by any army, and noe captain was ever more fond of his soldiers than he. It is admirable how such a strong sympathy could be produced in soe little a time, for that was but the one and twentieth day since he first headed the army. But his innate courage, the affability of his nature, and, above all, his ardent zeal for the Delphicum cause (Roman Catholic), gained him of a sudden the hearts of all Cyprus (Ireland); and, on the other side, he was no less affectionately inclined towards the nation. With Phyrus (Saint-Ruth) died all the hopes and good fortunes of Cyprus."¹

"The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever crost."

¹ "Excidium Macariæ."





XXXVI.

GALWAY CAPITULATES.

1691.



AFTER burying the Danish general Holstapel with pomp, and reshaping the brigades most roughly handled, Ginkell moved to Galway.

King James states that if the Dutch commander had gone straight to Limerick, he might have entered the city at once, so ill-prepared for defence was it, and so great the alarm excited by the fall of Athlone. Thus, the war might have been finished at one blow ; but, by straying to the west, he gave time for the rally of troops, and for the recovery of hope.¹

Why Ginkell eschewed the bolder course is partially explained by O'Kelly. Three days after the battle, he says, a Protestant townsman, furtively reaching the British lines from Galway, informed the general that its outworks were unfinished, and the garrison insufficient ; also, that while the Protestant interest was considerable and united, the Jacobites were at variance ; nay, so much suspicion and weakness in official minds, that the prime hope of the war party lay in the coming of Balderick O'Donnel and his rapparee brigade, which had been ordered to Galway from its lair in Iar-Connaught. Now, this O'Donnel was a noisy patriot who, on the strength of an old name, some service in Spain, and

¹ Clark, "Life of James II."

certain prophecies concocted by himself, had acquired much influence over the Celtic Irish, and in other quarters had contrived to glide into acceptance. And yet, careful not to pledge himself, the man for some time past had been coquetting with the Williamites. In a word, the spy's intelligence, a message from Dennis Daly, "a worthy judge under King James" (who bargained just for decency's sake that a party of dragoons "should seemingly force him from his habitation in the neighbourhood"),¹ and a dash of uncertainty respecting Balderick's real purpose—combined to hurry the Dutch general to the city of the tribes.

Likely enough, he expected to kill two birds with one stone. The surrender of Galway would probably entail the capitulation of Limerick, *i.e.* the end of the war, a consummation devoutly wished by William, who, needing British troops on the Continent, ordered his Lords Justices to purge their minds of "forfeiture" lust, and to make it up with the Irish on any terms. Hence, notwithstanding the triumph at Aughrim, honourable conditions were granted to Banagher, Portumna, and other small garrisons, *pour encourager les autres*.

On the 19th of July, Galway was summoned, but Lord Dillon, the governor, and Lieutenant-General D'Usson, who commanded the troops, determined on resistance. As soon as it was dark, therefore, a force of horse and foot, under Mackay, passed the river about two miles above the town, thus intercepting any aid which O'Donnel, even if disposed, could render. The same evening a Captain Burke deserted, with the information that an outlying post on the south-east might easily be mastered. Accordingly, with the morrow's dawn, a party of grenadiers, guided by the traitor, surprised and captured the work. Still the town made a show of opposition: guns were fired, a suburb was burnt; but the governor soon beat a parley, and obtained favourable terms. In brief, the "Articles" accorded the honours of war in their fullest extent to the garrison: the troops would march for Limerick,

¹ Harris, "Life of King William III."

not only with the customary parade, but with six selected pieces of artillery, and as much ammunition as the men could carry. The inhabitants received a general pardon of attainders and outlawries; their estates real and personal would not be touched. The exemption of the Catholic religion "from any penal laws" was guaranteed. Roman Catholic lawyers "shall have the free practice they had in King Charles the Second's time." The student of Irish pains and penalties in the eighteenth century rubs his eyes.

From its situation, and the quantity of food and ammunition in store, Galway, it is said, ought to have held out for several days, thus affording Sarsefield leisure to re-organize the army, and patch up the fortifications of Limerick. No doubt, an intrepid defence might have given a stimulus to the war, but, in justice to Dillon and D'Usson, it should be borne in mind that, besides many Protestant citizens, all "loyal" Williamites, there were two Catholic parties within the walls: one breathing peace, and desiring reconciliation with England; the other affectionate with France, and proclaiming war to the knife. Further, the correspondence of Judge Daly and the desertion of Captain Burke indicate treachery in its grossest shape. If, in face of such facts, the governor declined to risk the terms proffered by the enemy—terms, too, which he may have regarded as the prelude to a general cessation of hostilities—small blame to him.¹

The submission of Galway wrought an unequivocal conversion in Balderick O'Donnel. Through an English friend

¹ Mr. O'Callaghan remarks: "From the lapse of time which was to intervene between signing the Articles of Galway on the 21st, and the giving it up on the 26th, and from the great anxiety observable in the correspondence of the Lords Justices of Ireland to terminate the Irish war, what Colonel O'Kelly affirms of such a delay having arisen from a proposal on Ginkell's part that a capitulation should be entered into for the rest of Ireland, as well as Galway, seems by no means improbable. The Williamite Lord Justice, Coningsby, for instance, writing to Ginkell from Dublin, July 21st (the day the articles were signed), has this P.S. to his letter: "My lord, it is my opinion that this war should be ended upon any terms, and though it seems so near something, yet nobody can answer for ye events of war."—*Excidium Macariæ* (note).

at the Anglo-Dutch headquarters, he professed "his affection to their Majesties' service;" and in return for an earldom, and £2,000 "for his expenses," he promised to bring over a large body of his countrymen. De Ginkell, we are told, considering it no ill policy to "get the Irish to draw blood one of another," stooped to a bargain with the knave.

But to the chagrin of the Williamites, Limerick showed no intention of striking her colours, their army therefore left Galway for that fortress on the 28th. Their general foreboded a hard task. Most of the detachments stationed in Munster were called in, and to prevent recruits reaching the Jacobite stronghold, cavalry scoured far and wide.

The British marched with painful slowness through Upper and Lower Ormond. The country had been ravaged; bread lacked. So urgent the want of "haul" for the artillery that coach horses were pressed in Dublin. The army halted for several days at Nenagh, in order that Lord Justice Coningsby might confer with Ginkell. The result of their conversation was another proclamation extending the time for submission, and reiterating bribes to Irish officers and soldiers. A few deserters came in, notably Lieutenant-Colonel Oxborough of Luttrell's horse. He announced vigorous preparation at Limerick, the taint of treachery, and the sickness of Tyrconnel.

On the death of Saint-Ruth the Viceroy had re-asserted his military authority. A messenger hastened to Saint-Germain craving instant succour, or permission to make terms. "Heavily afflicted," James described the conjunction to Louis XIV. In consequence, instructions were sent to Brest to prepare a fleet for sea; necessities of all kinds were collected, a new general, the Marquis de Sourdis appointed, and money promised.

Poor, desponding Tyrconnel laboured against grievous obstacles; not the least of which was the peace party, largely influenced by a knot of thorough-paced traitors. So brazen grew the speech of these men, that the Duke feared a surrender would ensue at the first sight of British uniforms. Albeit, he contrived to bring about a decision to defend the city, till an answer came from France.

But the end of Dick Talbot's trials was close at hand: seized

with apoplexy after dining with General D'Usson on the 11th of August, he expired a day or two afterwards.¹ In what a sea of doubts and fears and misery he left his country tossing: disunion rife in Limerick, the British army only a few miles off, a British squadron already in the Shannon.

That the Duke of Tyrconnel was a faithful servant of King James cannot be denied. Berwick testifies to his loyal firmness, and insensibility to Williamite seduction. Foes bear similar witness:—"Il a marqué" (says the Huguenot *Mercure*) "dans toute sa conduite qu'il était assez honnête homme dans le fond, et qu'étant dans l'erreur, il y était du moins de bonne foi. Sa conduite a toujours été uniforme, et il n'a jamais dementi ses véritables sentiments." Certainly he was inadequate to the direction of Irish affairs in such an emergency. To brilliant courage he joined little military talent. Not without good sense, he was vain and sometimes over-cunning.² While health lasted this besetting vanity begot extravagances; for example, the notion (imbibed after a conversation with M. Bonrepos in 1687) of becoming King of Ireland, in the event of James dying without male issue, and being succeeded by a Protestant. In brief, Talbot was a brave and handsome gentleman, polished in society, and never cruel on service. Dragoon more than commander, courtier rather than statesman. With many faults and weaknesses he was morally superior to not a few politicians and generals who snuffed texts and practised perfidy under the Orange flag.

By a commission, lately received from Saint-Germain, Lord Chancellor Fitton, Sir Richard Nagle (Secretary for War), and Francis Plowden, Esq. (commissioner of the revenue) assumed the government as Lords Justices of Ireland. But by James's express direction the senior officer present had the sole control of military affairs. Accordingly, General D'Usson on taking command of the army made a fresh disposition of the troops. The camp outside was broken up; the greater number of the

¹ The Williamite rumour ran that he was poisoned by Sarsefield and the French generals.

² "Mémoires du Duc de Berwick."

infantry were stationed in the city, the rest watched the fords of the Shannon. After destroying forage in Munster, the cavalry took post on the Clare side of the river. The total effective is stated at from 18,000 to 20,000, about one-half being fairly armed.¹

Meanwhile, Ginkell was approaching; here and there making long halts for the purpose of rallying scattered detachments, and keeping in communication with the battering train, which, owing to excessive mud and a short supply of horses, crawled with difficulty. The circumspect Dutchman regarded the limping artillery with no small disquietude, for Sarsefield's clutch at the big guns rankled in his memory.

The army having reached Cahirconlish, the general rode forward with Ruvigny, and reconnoitred Limerick from the very ground on which Williamite valour had miscarried only a year before. He found that Ireton's fort had been repaired and other works begun. While the staff made notes, deserters, in the shape of a captain and a drummer, stole up. Besides intelligence of Tyrconnel's death, they told how Colonel Henry Luttrell had been arrested by Sarsefield on a charge of treasonable correspondence with the enemy. Unpleasant tidings—for much had been expected from the machinations of this effusive Jacobite.

¹ "Journal de Dangeau."





XXXVII.

THE SECOND SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

1691.

STRONGER than at any period since the opening of the campaign, the English reached Limerick on the 25th of August. They took up nearly the same position as in the previous summer. Their left hugged the Shannon. Irish-town was again the point of attack. On the same day, forts Ireton and Cromwell were captured. The Irish plan not embracing the defence of those posts, their garrisons retired into the place after firing a volley into the advancing grenadiers. Next morning the battering guns arrived.

A few days were spent in breaking ground, raising batteries, and seizing Castle Connel, which commands the navigation of the river above, and Carrick-a-gunnel, which defends it below the town. The fleet was ordered to approach as closely as could be done with safety.

On the 30th the British opened fire. Every day the bombardment grew fiercer. But although the powerful artillery was strengthened by borrowing cannon and mortars from the ships, so that seventy pieces soon played upon different quarters of the city, the siege dragged. Shot and shell scourged Irish-town, without producing a symptom of surrender. Except soldiers, few now dwelt in this locality, most of the inhabitants having removed with their valuables to a motley camp on the Clare bank, where the Lords Justices racked their brains, and

where fashion congregated, not without mirth, for old Ireland will smile even in her tears.

From the place sorties occasionally issued, effecting little, however, beyond keeping the enemy constantly on the alert, and harassing his working parties ; so onerous indeed became this duty on the Anglo-Dutch infantry, that the cavalry had to detail men for pick and shovel.¹

The havoc of Irish-town being barren of moral results, Ginkell shifted the main attack to the right, so as to give English-town a taste of his metal. Three new batteries mounting 18 or 24-pounders, and eight mortars (varying from 10½ to 18¾ in. diameter) thundered upon King's Island on the 8th of September. A breach soon appeared near St. Dominick's Abbey, and the town blazed in several places. Then, a notion of assault pervaded the British staff. Wool sacks were conveyed to the water's edge to be in readiness. This being perceived by the Irish, some volunteers crossed over in boats during the night, and burnt them ; a stolid sentry standing at attention hard by without giving an alarm for—so his excuse ran—"he had no orders to fire." Notwithstanding Cæsar's preference for "fat sleek-headed men who sleep o' nights," it may be asked where is the greater danger—in soldiers thinking too much or altogether dismissing reflection, in deference to orders ?

But the accounts which deserters brought in respecting the determination of the garrison and the solidity of the works, speedily dispelled any fancy for the breach. And gloom settled on the British camp : nothing important done, and time flying. The commander-in-chief, a man who never trifled with facts, now sent Colonel Earl to England, that William might learn how likely it seemed the siege would have to be turned into a blockade, and how necessary it was that more frigates should be sent to close the Shannon's mouth against the expected French fleet.

¹ "This was a thing very unusual for horsemen, especially work in the trenches ; but there was a necessity for it, for our foot were upon duty by whole regiments every second night, besides detachments and workmen upon sundry occasions every day."—STORY, *Impartial History*.

Still, Ginkell could play a strong card before he threw up the game ; by crossing the river, he might establish a corps on the Thomond side of the town with a good chance of success. This operation—obviously of great importance, for if prosperous it would interrupt the communications of the besieged with the West—had been declined hitherto, on the ground that the army was scarcely numerous enough to bear a division of force. What had occurred to alter the views of so cautious an officer ? A pregnant hint from one of his friends within the fortress.

As at Athlone, proceedings opened with a blind : guns were ostentatiously removed from battery, and the Green Danes marched noisily for Clonmel. The garrison saw, believed, and hurraed. But at nine o'clock P.M., 500 grenadiers, and 600 artificers in charge of pontoons, supported by five battalions, several squadrons, and a field battery, under the valiant Talmash, stole to Annabeg on the Shannon, a little way above the town. The probability of such an attempt having been foreseen by D'Usson and Sarsefield, the point was guarded by 1,500 dragoons and some foot commanded by Brigadier Clifford, the bulk of the Irish cavalry, under Lieutenant-General Sheldon, being encamped two or three miles to the rear. Whether from perfidy or gross negligence, it has never been decided, the pontonniers worked all night without interruption. At daybreak the grenadiers began to cross. The Irish foot showed a front, but the numbers at Talmash's back overbore resistance. Clifford made no sign of fight, indeed to fight was impossible—nothing ready, the brigade unarmed. Half-naked troopers fled for their very lives, horses galloped to the winds. On hearing of the reverse, Sheldon retreated to Six Mile Bridge in the utmost disorder, for most of his horses were out at grass.

Immediately, the great civil camp went by the board. Men, women, and children roused from their sleep, "some in their shirts, some quite naked," rushed with shouts and shrieking to the city. The drawbridge was lifted in their horrified faces. The Lords Justices and the ladies *à la mode*, the treasure and the records escaped to Clare Castle, thanks to

the courage of the dragoon escort. Beyond burning a few houses, and picking up some booty, the English attempted nothing; leaving a strong detachment to secure their bridge they hastened back to quarters, for the invariably prudent Ginkell expected a sally from the east front while the expedition was hard at it in the west. Ignorant of the demoralization which Clifford's unaccountable misconduct (to speak mildly) had produced within, not less than without, the walls, he allowed the chance of capturing the place to slip.¹

The raid if brilliant appeared barren. Dutch spirits did not rise. That very evening, the Baron republished the proclamation of the 7th of July, promising free pardon, undisturbed religion and restored estate to the men of Limerick, if they surrendered within a week.

More, whether the siege should go on, or whether the army, after destroying the harvest in Clare, should coldly blockade the place—were questions keenly debated in a council. The latter plan at first finding favour, the fortification of Kilmallock was proposed; soon, however, the engineer charged with the work received a countermand, and certain preparations showed that Ireton's (now called Mackay's) fort would be strongly occupied during the winter. The bridge of boats was presently removed to a spot near St. Thomas's Island. Several guns were returned to the ships. Sailors landed in batches to burn forage in Clare. Perplexity marked all the British proceedings. Again it was resolved to pass the Shannon in force, for the purpose, if things went well, of in-

¹ "Clytus (Clifford), who commanded at the pass where the enemy made their bridge and passed over the Lycus (Shannon), was examined by a councill of warr, where it was proved that the officer who made the round that night gave him notice at severall times that the enemy were working at the bridge; but he always told them there was noe such thing, soe that the light horse, who were posted near to sustain the infantry guarding that pass, had noe time to bring home their horses next morning, or to save any part of their luggage, the alarm came soe hott and sudden, that it was well they saved themselves, and came off with their lives. Clytus protested himself innocent as to any treachery, tho' he could not deny but he was guilty of an unpardonable neglect."—O'KELLY, *Excidium Macariæ*.

vesting the city on the west, or, should that be impracticable, of wasting the district whence the enemy drew their supplies. A battery, therefore, was constructed to take the besieged in flank should they sally from St. John's gate while the troops were operating on the right bank. Meanwhile, news arrived that Sligo had surrendered on the same conditions as Galway. The fact deserves notice because our sturdy old friend, Sir Teague O'Regan, commanded the garrison. As might be expected from his conduct at Charlemont, he had mightily plagued the Williamites in the north-west. On the 22nd of September, the cavalry led by De Ruvigny, ten regiments of foot (supplied with rations for ten days), and fourteen guns, under Ginkell in person, crossed the pontoons into Clare. At 12 o'clock, their advanced guard was attacked and beaten back by the Irish dragoons, but rapidly reinforced, the English gained ground, and at 4 P.M. were before Thomond bridge.

Then, all the grenadiers, backed by five battalions, burst upon the two towers or forts about a musket-shot ahead of the bridge; near which, too, was a gravel-pit held by musketeers. At most, the Irish did not exceed 800 men under Colonel Lacy. For a time, the action was warm. The Castle guns roared, a fusillade rattled from the walls. But the English strength being constantly fed, while the Jacobite detachment was scarcely seconded, weight told. The grenadiers—*l'âme de l'infanterie*, as the Marquis de Feuquière describes them—swept like a storm, a puissant column following. One of the towers and the quarry yielded. Soon the Irish were retreating in confusion along the bridge, the grenadiers so close on their heels that the Town Major ordered the draw-bridge to be raised. A dreadful scene ensued. Cooped up within the narrow road-way, the Irishmen were easily disposed of—many butchered with cold steel, many pushed bodily into the water. Six hundred are said to have perished. One hundred and thirty prisoners, including some officers of rank, were taken. That Story's addition is, as usual, at fault, seems certain, for by his own showing, Lacy had only 800 men in hand, and that the whole party were put *hors de combat* is incredible. The "London Gazette," of Sept. 28, 1691, re-

ports the British loss at "between 200 and 300 killed and wounded."¹

Despite the tower still holding out, the Williamites effected a lodgment within ten yards of the bridge. But the place itself was intact. The Castle cannon still spoke. The rain fell in torrents. Bread and forage were short in camp. British soldiers grumbled, and the Dutch general mused gloomily. He little thought the pear so ripe. Next evening the governor beat a parley. Sarsefield and Ginkell met: an armistice was agreed upon.

What induced Lord Lucan and Major-General Wauchope (both of whom had hitherto urged war) now to counsel peace is not known. Internal dissension was probably their motive. The moral effect of the recent defeat was naturally great. The investment of the west front produced more discouragement than whirling bombs and blazing houses. Of course, the peace party agitated briskly, plotters grew audacious. And, as the hope of French succour faded away, the fear increased that, if the war went on, the good terms now attainable might become impossible.

From a military stand-point, the second defence of Limerick appears inferior to the first. D'Usson, reputed an intelligent officer, was evidently of lower professional stature than De Boisseleau. Sarsefield, whose noble character endeared him to all who served Ireland, was as a fish out of water within the fortress. He should have ridden at the head of the 3,000 horse outside. In the saddle instead of the commonplace Sheldon, the catastrophe of the 16th of September might have been averted. But faction, nay, treachery being afoot *intra muros*, his moral influence might have been as essential there as his bloody spur was urgently demanded in Clare. The mainspring of the disaster—the surprise of Clifford—cannot be explained to the credit of that officer; he was either knave or fool. And why, in the last act, Colonel Lacy was not supported strongly remains a

¹ And yet Story coolly affirms, "We lost Lieutenant Starlin and 25 privates killed, and about three score wounded."—*Impartial History*.

mystery. And yet, Britons of these latter days should not be hypercritical. Modern military history teems with *trop-tard*. Was not our First Division too long inactive on the Alma? Was not our attack on the Redan altogether unsustained?





XXXVIII.

END OF THE WILLIAMITE WAR.

1691.

ARMISTICE is the mother of peace. After a few formal dinners and some clap-trap fence, the ill-famed Articles of Limerick were settled on the 3rd of October in a manner favourable to Ireland. The military section of them stipulated for the surrender of the city and all other fortresses, out of which the troops should march with all the honours of war. Soldiers so electing should be conveyed to France, together with their effects, at the cost of the English government. No persons should be liable to actions for debt, on account of deeds done by them during the war. The civil articles guaranteed to the Catholics the religious privileges which they enjoyed in the reign of Charles II. They should take the oath of allegiance and *no other*. "All the inhabitants of Limerick, and any other garrison now in the possession of the Irish, and all officers and soldiers now in arms in the counties of Limerick, Clare, Cork, Kerry, Sligo, and Mayo, or any of them (*and all such as are under their protection in the said counties*) shall enjoy the estates, &c., which they were rightfully entitled unto in the reign of Charles II." All persons, of what profession or trade soever, should practise their several callings as they used to do in the reign of James II.

Such, in brief, were the salient points of a treaty which many welcomed, more deplored, and all would soon execrate.

On both sides strenuous efforts were now made to enlist the Irish troops. Ginkell left no stone unturned to get them into the English ranks. Sarsefield appealed to their feelings in favour of France. The clergy struck the religious chord with effect. On the 6th of October, the Jacobite infantry, about 14,000 strong, paraded on the Clare side of the river. The French and Irish officers, the Dutch staff, the Williamite Lords Justices inspected them. Then, Adjutant-General Wythers took up his parable, and with the art of a sharp recruiting sergeant vaunted the superiority of the British service over that of the Gaul. The line, wheeling into column, advanced. It had been arranged that the soldiers intending to "take on" with England should turn to the right on reaching a certain flag: those deciding for the fleur-de-lys to march straight to the front. First came the Royal Regiment (Dorrington's), 1,400 of the finest foot in Ireland. To Ginkell's disgust this slashing corps strode sternly on: only seven privates fell out for William. The two following regiments rather raised his spirits; Lord Iveagh's and Colonel Wilson's Ulster men sought British pay. But, as a whole, the listing grievously disappointed the Dutch general. About 1,000 men were all he had won over.¹

A touching incident, surely, the expatriation of 18,000 Irish officers and soldiers for the sake of King and religion.² The Celt loves wife and children with passionate tenderness; his native soil is intensely dear to him. And yet the little army of Anglo-Normans and Gael of Erin determined to forsake the old country, to tear themselves in many instances from wailing families, at the call of duty and of honour. In days when wealth and material enjoyment are the grand aims of existence, such conduct seems Quixotic and incomprehensible.

¹ The men thus gained were formed into two battalions, the commands of which were given to Colonel Wilson and Balderick O'Donnel.

² "Le roi a eu nouvelle que le comte de Chateau-Renaud étoit arrivé à Brest, avec 14,000 Irlandais; Sarsefield est demeuré à Cork, et en amènera encore 4,000 sur des vaisseaux Anglois."—*Journal de Dangeau*.

To the writers who deride Irish loyalty, or libel it as rebellion, Lord Plunket has eloquently replied: "In unhappy Ireland the exiled King was the professor and patron of the religion to which they were enthusiastically devoted. He must be a preposterous critic who will impute as a crime to that unhappy people that they did not rebel against their lawful king, because he was of their own religion, even if they had been so fully admitted to the blessings of the British constitution as to render them equally alive to the value of freedom. They seemed, therefore, by the nature of things to be necessarily thrown into a state of resistance."

While the details of the capitulation were being worked out, the French fleet appeared in Dingle Bay; and by the 26th of October, fifteen men-of-war, and many transports laden with clothing, food, and arms, were in the Shannon. Again and again, too late! But the British lines were agitated. Owing to scarcity of provisions, a large portion of the army had already gone into winter quarters: only five regiments held English-town. Had the Jacobite commanders been disposed they might have stirred the fire afresh. No advantage, however, was taken of Chateau Renaud's presence beyond requiring the Dutch general's attention to a strange short-weight in the executed copy of the treaty. From the 2nd Article, which confirmed to officers and men of King James's army in certain counties (*and all such as are under their protection in the said counties*), their estates and properties, the important words italicised were missing. The remonstrance of Sarsefield being backed by the grim logic of the French admiral, the clipped clause quickly regained its fair proportion. A curious business, certainly. When, in the following year, William ratified the treaty, he pronounced the omission accidental, and stated that it was not discovered till after the deed was signed. Mr. Froude insinuates that "the Lords Justices who had arrived at the camp when the treaty was in progress, narrowed down the King's liberality, and extorted harder terms than he had prescribed or desired."¹ This is a

¹ "The English in Ireland."

plausible theory resting on no evidence. It remains a question—whether the engrosser made an astounding blunder, or whether a tremendous fraud was contemplated.

It is beyond the scope of these pages to relate the outcry which the Articles of Limerick called forth. Those who would know how mouths, watering for forfeitures, roared at the treaty—how Bishop Dopping mounted the Christ Church pulpit to expound to the Lords Justices that Protestants were not bound to keep faith with Papists—how William was assailed in the English Parliament for lenity to Irish “rebels”—how the Articles were violated, the trade of Ireland destroyed, and her creed persecuted—must seek the woeful narrative elsewhere.

The war was over. The power and wealth of England, the military experience of the Continent, had mastered the little island of the West, whose sole resource lay in willing but unpractised arms, whose only ally was France—hard driven herself. Still, three painful campaigns and much money were indispensable to bring Ireland to terms; and such was the spirit animating her that, had Chateau Renaud made the Shannon a few days sooner, Ginkell’s discomfiture was yet a possibility.

To Williamite success the Irish Protestant interest meagrely contributed. It was the rare discipline, the cool courage, the scientific acquirements of the foreign corps, that mainly carried the day. The Jacobites had no such partners. As regards staff, generals, and *cadres*, they were far inferior to their opponents. But a sanguine temperament, fighting aptitude, and religious devotion, kept them to their colours, and when led by a soldier of decided capacity they proved themselves in the field equal to their soundly-trained and well-equipped enemies.

After following Irish troops through so many vicissitudes, it is surprising to hear a brilliant writer assuring his readers—“in their own country, in their efforts to shake off English supremacy, their patriotism has evaporated in words, no advantage of numbers has availed them, no sacred sense of

hearth and home has stirred their nobler nature.”¹ Such the historical teaching to which American opinion has with so much dignity been entreated to conform! About 150 years ago, Sir Charles Wogan—he was nephew of the Duke of Tyrconnel—wrote to Dean Swift as follows: “The English and their adherents in Ireland have been in a long confederacy to suppress or tarnish all the renown accruing to that unhappy country from the worth and gallant actions of the Catholics. Their pens are ever dipped in bitterness and detraction, as if whatever could be reckoned valuable in that unfortunate people were a lessening to the honour of the English nation, to which all their incense is addressed.”

In lashing the Scribes and Pharisees of his own time, the Chevalier corrects the sardonic censor of 1872.

¹ Froude, “English in Ireland.”





XXXIX.

BERWICK AT MONS AND LEUZE.

1691.

IT will be remembered that, by order of King James, the Duke of Berwick left Ireland in February. On the 9th of March he accompanied his father and Mary of Modena to Marly, and obtained the permission of Louis XIV. to serve, as a volunteer, at the coming siege of Mons.

While Louvois secretly organized this expedition, William was at the Hague presiding over a congress of princely leaguers, on whom he impressed the necessity of raising a force of 222,000 men; England and Holland not only having to array their contingents, but, as usual, to pay the expenses of the whole muster.

Then—unsuspecting mischief—he departed with his friends to hunt at Loo. One morning, however, the Spanish envoy rushed into his presence with the frantic cry: “Mons is besieged! the King of France besieges Mons!” A few minutes, and the representative of Savoy bursts on the startled stage: “All is lost, the French are at Nice!” The congress stands aghast: monstrous! besiege a place in March! Nonsense! contrary to rule. Castanaga won’t believe it:—

“Avec tant de secret, d’activité, d’adresse,
Un si grand dessein s’est conduit,
Que la nymphe qui vole, et qui parle sans cesse,
N’en a pu repandre le bruit.”

True enough, on the 15th of March, the Marquis de Boufflers had invested Mons with a large detachment of dragoons, foot, and field artillery.¹ About a week afterwards, *l'Hercule très-chrétien* arrived. The Dauphin, the dukes of Orleans and Chartres, a galaxy of volunteer *gentilshommes* attended him, but the court ladies remained pouting at home; for, much to Madame de Maintenon's displeasure, Louvois had protested against the cost of female society in camp.

As actively as circumstances admitted, William concentrated troops, but the Germans were sluggish, the Spaniards had neglected the commissariat and transport services; consequently, he could only move as far as Halle with some 50,000 men.

Ignorant of his enemy's weakness, Louis nervously consulted the generals as to his mode of proceeding in the event of an endeavour to raise the siege. Vauban maintained that William neither would nor could advance; and Louvois incensed his master by deriding exaggerated apprehension and excessive precaution.

At the head, then, of 80,000 men excellently supplied, the King fixed his quarters to the south of the city, where Vauban commenced operations against the works defending the Bertaimont gate. Maréchal de Luxembourg commanded a corps of observation on the north, the side alone open to attack from the allies.

The garrison consisted of about 5,000 good troops, under the Prince de Bergues. Ammunition and provisions abounded. But the bourgeois were not of a self-sacrificing mind, and 24-pounders in conjunction with big mortars soon damaged, not merely the fabric of the town, but the *morale* of its inhabitants.

In those days, war was gayer and more courteous than in our more hypocritical epoch. Though the official beauties,

¹ He had ample instructions at all events. "Il y a huit jours qu'on a envoyé à M. de Boufflers l'instruction pour en former la siège, la dépêche est de 147 pages de papier. M. de Louvois a été 4 heures à la lire au roi assez vite. (Mars 14.)"—*Journal de Dangeau*.

Maintenon, Beauvilliers, Chevreuse, Grammont, and the rest, sighed neglected at Versailles, Louis did not forget that there must be pretty faces within begirt Mons, who ought to be amused as well as horrified; and so, on the morning of the 26th the cannonade suddenly ceases, and lo! the hautbois of the *regiment du Roi* advance to the front and strike up in honour of the fair citizens—many of whom straightway cluster on the ramparts to enjoy the melodious homage to their charms. As soon as the programme was played out, *mesdames* and *mesdemoiselles* descended to their homes, and fire recommenced smartly.¹

Never had the French army been heartier or better furnished; only one complaint could be heard—that the besieged lacked spirit. So dissatisfied verily grew the young musketeers on this score, that, to please Boufflers when he commanded in the trenches, Vauban reluctantly consented to the assault of the advanced work. Two companies of grenadiers, accompanied by Berwick and a glittering band of volunteers, dashed at an imperfect breach, but ere they could make a lodgment, so sharp was the fire from the ravelin and walls, so many the Spaniards pouring in by the gorge, that the assailants were repulsed with heavy loss: Boufflers himself slightly wounded, and the ardent *noblesse* hard hit. Next day another attack was launched. Though bravely defended, the horn-work fell, but at the cost of much blood. All the officers of grenadiers were either killed or wounded, and many mousquetaires of ancient name perished in forcing a way to the palisades of the ravelin.

On the 8th of April the garrison beat the *chamard*; and on the very day that a messenger from Maréchal Catinat brought news of the surrender of Nice, the capital of Hainault capitulated. The siege of Mons, which, we are told, resembled a fête more than war, cost the French only fifty killed and 450 wounded. Immediately, Louis returned gouty to Versailles. Seriously out of humour with the out-spoken Louvois, he was peculiarly gracious to Vauban, to whom he presented

¹ Quincy, "Histoire Militaire de Louis le Grand."

100,000 francs, over and above an invitation to dinner, an honour which, Dangeau affirms, gratified the great engineer more than the money.¹ A remarkable distinction was also in store for the regiments of guards: Louis conferred the rank of colonel on all the captains, and ordered that the colonel who commanded the guards should enjoy precedence as premier colonel of the army.

Bidding the outwitted Spanish governor, Castanaga, the driest of adieux, William withdrew to the Hague.

Soon after the surrender of Mons, the distribution of troops for the summer campaign commenced. The army of Flanders under Maréchal de Luxembourg counted forty battalions and 110 squadrons, to which might be joined twenty battalions and sixty-four squadrons under Boufflers, between the Moselle and the Meuse. Maréchal de Lorges manœuvred on the Rhine, Catinat was re-inforced in Italy, and the Duc de Noailles operated in Catalonia.

In May Berwick again donned harness as a volunteer under Luxembourg. Although nothing momentous occurred during the campaign, our young soldier had the priceless advantage of studying tactics and strategy under a master of the art. He also learnt a lesson of humanity from the famous commander, but not quite immaculate gentleman. Louvois ordered Luxembourg to bombard Brussels. He energetically remonstrated, and Vauban with capital sense supported his general by writing to the Minister as follows: "Comme je n'ai pas vu que les bombarderies d'Oudenarde, de Luxembourg, et de Liège aient acquis un pouce de terre au roi, et que loin de cela, elles lui ont consommé beaucoup de munitions inutilement, extrêmement fatigué et affaibli nos troupes, je ne lui ai rien voulu dire sur cela, parcequ'il m'a semblé aussi que c'est un très mauvais moyen de se concilier le cœur des peuples dans un temps où les esprits de ce pays-ci sont mieux disposés pour le roi, qu'ils n'ont jamais été."²

¹ "Il falloit un grade très élevé aux gens de fortune pour manger avec le roi. On voit ici que Vauban qui étoit lieutenant-général, et l'âme de ses sièges n'y avoit jamais mangé."—*Journal de Dangeau*.

² Rousset, "Histoire de Louvois."

At the opening of hostilities, Luxembourg lay at Soignies, covering Mons and threatening Brussels. With a force of about equal strength William occupied the camp of Gembloux, between Genappe and the Sambre. While the armies counter-marched and fenced, an event of immense importance to France befell—the death of the Marquis de Louvois on the 16th of July. Many thought he had been poisoned. But the physicians could find no trace of poison, and ascribed his end to pulmonary apoplexy. Red-faced, short of neck, and replete with boiling blood, the opposition and annoyance which he met with at Versailles¹ no doubt fostered the disease, and it only required the grief occasioned by M. de Bulonde's failure before Coni, to cut short his illustrious career at the age of fifty. A firm friend, a bitter enemy, an indefatigable worker, utterly unscrupulous as to his means to an end, no abler administrator ever lived. In his labour of thirty years he raised the military power of France to a splendid height. The genius of this great man is attested by the decline of the French army system in the feebler hands of his successors. Of late years he had become disagreeable to the King, who is reported to have exclaimed: “*Cette année m’a été heureuse, elle m’a défait de trois hommes que je ne pouvais plus souffrir: Louvois, Seignelai, et La Feuillade.*” Such is the gratitude of monarchs! That rough and haughty temper, indeed, did not inspire general affection. Such men as Catinat and Vauban could honestly write to his family their affectionate condolence, but the following anonymous epitaph probably reflected the popular sentiment:—

“ Ici gît sous qui tout plioit
Et qui de tout avoit connaissance parfaite,
Louvois que personne n’aimoit
Et que tout le monde regrette.”

The Marquis de Barbesieux, at the age of twenty-five, succeeded his mighty father as minister of war; but henceforth Louis occupied himself exceedingly with the army, calling to

¹ Promoted by Madame de Maintenon, who hated Louvois on account of his opposition to her marriage with Louis XIV.

his side as counsellor and major-general, the accomplished Chamlay, whom Turenne esteemed and Louvois trusted.¹

The strategic game in Flanders ended with a brilliant combat of horse. Holding that, as of old, cavalry was the strong arm on the field of battle, Louis wrote to the Duc de Luxembourg, desiring him to employ his squadrons freely against the allies, and to refrain from an infantry combat, in which much blood is spilt without any decisive effect.² To test such a notion, no man more fitting than the marshal at present at Tournay, William of Orange being encamped at Leuze, between that place and Ath. Early in September, supposing the campaign over, William handed over the command to the Prince of Waldeck, and departed for his favourite Loo. On the 19th Waldeck moved towards Enghien, and, thinking the distance from Tournay sufficient to prevent a sudden attack, contented himself with a rear-guard of cavalry. But Luxembourg, a captain of daring activity and extraordinary *coup d'œil*, had, the day before, received intelligence of the march: he might now gratify his sovereign with cavalry fighting. On the night of the 18th he left Tournay with twenty-one squadrons of the household troops, our old friend De Rosen being ordered to follow later with thirty squadrons. Early next morning he reached Leuze, the enemy perfectly unconscious of his vicinity; for Tilly, who commanded their rear-guard, had not even a vidette in front of the town. Galloping through the astonished streets, the French advanced-guard, under Villars, discovered that, with the exception of some fourteen squadrons, the allies had already passed the Catoire. Supposing that he had only to do with a reconnaissance from Mons, and never dreaming that Luxembourg might peradventure be nigh, Waldeck ordered his left wing of horse to recross the stream, and draw up with their right on

¹ After describing the many agreeable social qualities of this clever officer, the Duc de Saint-Simon says that he possessed "un grand sens, et un talent unique à connaître les pays, et n'oublier jamais la position des moindres lieux, ni le cours et la nature du plus petit ruisseau." A staff officer *par excellence*!

² Rousset, "Histoire de Louvois."

the brook of Leuze, their left on that of La Catoire. The space between the two rivulets being narrow, the seventy squadrons formed in three lines.

On joining Villars, the Marshal dismounted the dragoons, sprinkling them—for the purpose of checking the enemy's infantry—to the right and left in the hedges. He then deployed the cavalry in two lines: the first consisting of the Maison du Roi and the regiment De Merinville; the second of the Gendarmerie. In a moment the guards, with whom Berwick and Villars rode, hurled upon the foe, who stood the shock. Swords clashed: "Il est rare," says Villars, "que les escadrons soient aussi longtemps mêlés sans se faire plier." Young Fitzjames is reported to have slain an English officer hand to hand. At length the allies gave way. While the Maison du Roi and Merinville re-formed, the Gendarmerie, passing through the intervals, charged the second line. In vain Auverquerque exhorted them to stand. They fired their pistols and turned. The third line followed suit, and the disorder was great. But the hostile infantry now approaching, the French did not pursue beyond the brooks. Sending orders to Rosen, still some distance in the rear, to halt, the Duke, with thirty captured standards flying in the midst of his victorious horsemen, returned to Tournay, where he arrived just in time for dinner and the play. In this lively affair the allies had 1,500 men *hors de combat*, the French somewhat less. How sharp was cavalry fighting in those days is shown by the statement that out of thirty-two officers belonging to the first line, twenty-six were killed or wounded, and the three squadrons of Merinville (360 sabres) had 190 troopers gashed or slain. Lieutenant-General d'Auger fell leading the grand charge, and Luxembourg himself had a narrow escape; a life-guardsmen of Ormond's troop¹ recognizing the Duke, galloped at him with pointed pistol and "sword hanging by knot from his wrist." But the "hump-backed dwarf," after parrying the pistol with his clouded cane, rapped the cavalier over the head with the dainty tool, and the soldiers thereabout despatched him.

¹ Now represented by the 2nd Life Guards.

Contrary to the royal doctrine, this furious engagement had no result beyond parents' tears. The opinion of the fantastic Folard on this subject was more sagacious than the dictum "*Herculi Christianissimi.*" The chevalier wrote: "Je suis persuadé qu'à la première guerre la cavalerie sera d'un beaucoup moindre usage que l'infanterie, cela n'empêchera pas d'en lever beaucoup, et d'en inonder le pays sans aucune nécessité. On ne trouve pas toujours des Turennes qui se contentent de peu."¹

But the promptitude of Maréchal de Luxembourg in chastising an enemy who had presumed to decamp without taking proper measures for the security of his rear guard—separated from the main corps by a defile—conveyed an important lesson to volunteer Fitzjames. He learnt how dangerous it is for a general to imagine himself safe, because a considerable distance interposes between his army and the enemy. "Cette action," writes that shrewd military critic, the Marquis de Feuquière, "fait sentir qu'un général, dans la pensée que son armée est hors de portée de celle de son ennemi, ne doit jamais se négliger sur les attentions à prendre pour la sûreté de ses mouvemens. Il ne s'en doit jamais faire aucun à la guerre que de la même manière et avec les mêmes précautions que s'ils étoient fait en présence de l'ennemi. D'ailleurs par la tolérance pour la négligence dans la service et dans les mouvemens, un général autorise les troupes à s'accoutumer au relâchement et à l'inapplication."²

Excellent advice constantly transgressed. In October the adversaries settled down in winter quarters, the French about Courtray, the British contingent of the allies being billeted at Breda, Bergen op Zoom, and Bois le Duc.

The volunteers of course betook themselves to Paris for diversion, or to their châteaux for sport. Berwick sojourned in

¹ The Chevalier Jean Charles de Folard, born at Avignon in 1669, died there in 1752. A very clever, but very eccentric writer on the art of war, he once exclaimed, "Ah, Moïse était un grand homme, il avait deviné ma colonne." Frederic the Great declared, "il avait enfoui des diamants, au milieu du fumier."

² "*Mémoires de M. de Feuquière.*"

the gloomier atmosphere of Saint-Germain. Now and then attending James in his visits to Louis, he had the pleasure of hunting the wolf with the court at Fontainebleau, or following the stag at Marly. Occasionally, too, the honour was vouchsafed him of contemplating the Grand Monarque *en déshabille* as he planted trees at Versailles: an august spectacle which may have sowed the seeds of that taste for gardening which in after life became the warrior's hobby.





XL.

THE SEA-FIGHT OFF LA HOUGUE.

1692.

SEVERAL thousands of Irish troops having by this time arrived at Brest, James travelled thither in mid December to review them. Berwick was his aide-de-camp. After a fortnight spent in minute inspection, the royal exile was recalled to Saint-Germain by Mary Beatrice, whose confinement approached. If the Queen's English persecutors were capable of shame, they must have blushed now. Soon after his return, James went to Versailles, and was able to report to Louis that, including Mountcashel's brigade, now serving in Catalonia, there would soon be 20,000 Irishmen under the white flag.¹ He suggested that they should be clothed in scarlet.

The re-organization of Pat, Mick, and Rory proceeded rapidly. Officers of the French guards went to Brittany to drill the battalions. Lord Galmoy and Dominic Sheldon were appointed colonels of the two regiments of horse. Two companies of *gardes-du-corps* were recruited from among the young Irish gentlemen; Berwick had the command of the First, the gallant Sarsefield of the Second Company.

¹ Mountcashel's brigade	6,039
Sarsefield's troops	12,326

18,365

O'CALLAGHAN, *History of Irish Brigade.*

And now interviews long and secret took place between Louis and James. Sometimes such men as Tourville, D'Amfreville, Gabaret and Chateau Renaud were present. It does not appear, however, that previous to the middle of April the object of these conferences was surmised. About that time, the gathering of troops in Normandy and activity in the Brest dockyards left little doubt in the public mind that a descent on England impended. Singularly enough, preparations were simultaneously being made in England for a hostile visit to the French coast.

At last the adventure, on which James had been long brooding, seemed opportune. A change in British feeling had certainly cast up. Whig surpassed Tory in reviling the new *régime*. That wonderful mixture of weakness and strength, meanness and grandeur, Lord Marlborough, had written lately to his old benefactor imploring forgiveness. The Princess Anne had sent a penitential letter. Godolphin, Halifax, and Shrewsbury yearned toward Saint-Germain. Distinguished admirals were "unsteady," the seamen sullen, the Lancashire gentlemen raised regiments. Unseemly quarrels raged between the royal sisters. Nay, under the tuition of "Mr. and Mrs. Freeman," the illustrious "Mrs. Morley" had become so estranged from the Court that with the impetuous candour of angry females—princess no less than fish-fag—she bestowed on her brother-in-law such descriptive sobriquets as "Caliban," "Monster," and "Dutch Abortion."¹

James, therefore, succeeded in persuading his host that circumstances were at present favourable to a counter-revolution; in fact, that the army would be managed in his interest by Marlborough, the fleet by Russell, and a powerful party of the Church by the orthodox Anne.²

As a Stuart restoration would deal a heavy blow to the League of Augsburg, policy as well as generous feeling impelled Louis to aid his unhappy cousin. Standing then on the defensive in Germany, Piedmont, and Spain, he resolved to

¹ Coxe, "Life of Marlborough."

² Dalrymple, "Memoirs of Great Britain."

bear heavily on Flanders, and to defy Britain on her peculiar element. In January, 20,000 men, the majority of whom were Irish, began to muster under the Maréchal de Bellefonds in Normandy. One fleet was equipped at Brest, another at Toulon. Three hundred transports were hired. On the 24th of April, James arrived at Caen, where he was speedily joined by the Duke of Berwick, low in health but high in spirit, and other English, Scotch, and Irish officers. They found the Irish corps in fine order, and completely re-shaped in two companies of horse guards, two regiments of horse, two of dismounted dragoons, eight regiments of foot (having two battalions each), and three independent companies. In all, 12,326 fighting men. Lord Lucan and Richard Hamilton (just exchanged for Lord Mountjoy) were the lieutenant-generals, Lord Galmoy, Sheldon, and Wauchope, the *maréchaux-de-camp*, or generals of brigade.

In May the *corps d'armée* was ready for any service. However, contrary winds hindered the coming up of the transports, and withheld the Mediterranean squadron from the rendezvous at Brest. Anticipating a junction of the English and Dutch fleets, Comte de Tourville urged upon Louis the danger of attempting to clear the way for the expedition, before he was reinforced by D'Estrées from Toulon. But, no longer biassed by counsellors like Louvois and Seignelay, understanding from James—whom he knew to be in correspondence with Admirals Russell and Carter—that a large defection of the British fleet might be depended on, the King peremptorily commanded Tourville to seek out the enemy “*fort ou foible, où que ce fut.*” The great seaman, smarting under reflections which had unjustly been cast on his conduct at Beachey Head, at once weighed with forty-four sail of the line. When it was too late, Louis—hearing of the arrest of Marlborough, and other peers—sent corvettes in all directions to stop him.

The winds, adverse to the Stuarts, blew propitiously for Orange. The Dutch and English men-o'-war united. In the absence abroad of her husband, Mary appealed with spirit to the blue-jackets. The intriguers were puzzled. Their hearts inclined to James, still professional pride revolted against

betrayal of trust under fire.¹ And so at least ninety ships of the line stood out for the French coast on the 28th of May. Next morning, the foes met off Cape Barfleur. Tourville, in the "Soleil Royal," of 106 guns, reputed the finest vessel afloat, bore down on Russell's flag-ship, the "Britannia."

"Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire ;
The bloody fight's begun, the sea's itself on fire."

In the roar and agony of fight, politics die. No desertion occurred. The conflict, especially in the centre, was furious where Tourville's and Russell's flags were flying. In the evening, surrounded by preponderating enemies, the Frenchmen seemed lost. But the daring skill of Gabaret and Coëtlogon rescued the admiral, beset by three or four broadsides, and, a thick fog suddenly bechancing, the action was stayed for a time. Tourville took advantage of its cover to work into a safer position. When it dispersed, battle was resumed, and without loss of ships to the French lasted till nightfall.

It being obviously impossible to re-engage next morning, the count and his lieutenants decided to attempt the Raz de Blanchard, and, gaining a tide on the enemy, run for Brest. On the third day, twenty-nine ships clearing that dangerous channel, got safe to Saint Malo. But fifteen line-of-battle ships, too badly damaged to answer the helm with liveliness, missed the tide. Three went ashore at Cherbourg, the rest, doubling the point of Barfleur, anchored off La Hougue. The allied fleet now separated—Ashby's squadron sailed for, but did not essay the Raz de Blanchard, Delaval destroyed the three ships aground, "Le Soleil Royal" being one. Russell, with the crowd of sail, watched La Hougue. Thus, the French had time to disembark guns and munitions to a large extent, and also to drag in shore, so far as the tide permitted, the unlucky men-o'-war. Forts Liffet and La Hougue, it was hoped, might defend them. A strange and awful scene—the noble ships hard and fast, the shore ringing with the voices of

¹ Throughout his correspondence Russell entreated James to prevent the two fleets from meeting.—DALRYMPLE, *Memoirs of Great Britain*.

astonished soldiers : James and Tourville, Berwick and Sarsfield, Bellefonds and D'Amfreville, discussing the emergency with ineffable emotion.

At length, the English fleet having re-assembled, Russell made ready to attack. As regards the defence, no positive decision appears to have been taken. James and Maréchal de Bellefonds, it is said, lost time in talk, and resisted Tourville's workmanlike proposals. Be that as it may, Rooke ran in shore with his squadron to burn. But water being insufficient, the duty fell to the boats, covered by fire from the frigates. In spite of the shore batteries, and the French admiral's endeavours, six ships were in flames that day. On the next the rest shared the same fate. We are told that when James saw the British tars clambering out of their boats up the sides of the devoted vessels, old professional enthusiasm so swelled within him, that, with his crown crackling in the fire, he shouted, "Ah! none but my English sailors could do so brave an action." Dull indeed must be the heart which *esprit de corps* cannot quicken! Nor did Louis XIV. want magnanimity on this occasion. When the brave De Tourville presented himself, the King said, "Je suis très-content de vous, et de toute la marine; nous avons été battus, mais vous avez acquis de la gloire, et pour vous et pour la nation."¹

Such was the sea-fight of La Hougue—a heavy blow to James, and a great disaster to the French, which might have been averted, had Vauban and Colbert been permitted to construct a military port at Cherbourg.

Some writers have considered this battle as the ruin of the French navy. Rather too strong an opinion, for at the commencement of the year France possessed 120 men-o'-war, ranging from the first to the fifth class; 190 fire-ships, &c., besides a large squadron of galleys.² At La Hougue she only lost fifteen ships. From this date, no doubt, a decline in naval efficiency is apparent, the cause of which is not far to seek—the fleet missed Seignelay, as the army lacked Louvois.

¹ "Journal de Dangeau."

² "Revue des deux Mondes," March 1, 1873.

Do the results of those bereavements convey no warning to ourselves? Are we not in some danger of forgetting the *morale* of administration? We copy with servility the works of other peoples. We polish this; we alter that; we innovate more eagerly than intelligently, often without due regard to English bent and custom. Even if we obtain what, in the abstract, is a first-rate machine, will not its efficiency in a crisis depend upon the *mind* which regulates its action? A capital system invariably deteriorates without the superintendence of vigorous intelligence and resolute will. It becomes, so to speak, a brawny idiot, with muscles up to any exertion, but bereft of the brain necessary to turn such power to account.

Soon after the defeat off the Norman coast, James returned to Saint Germain, in time to be present at the birth of a daughter—Louise Mary—"which gave him at least some domestic comfort,"¹ and Berwick hastened to the army in Flanders.

¹ Clarke, "Life of James II."





XLI.

THE WORK OF LOUVOIS.



AS the Duke of Berwick will henceforth wear the uniform of France, it may be well to notice the reforms effected in her military system by the Marquis de Louvois.

In the middle of the seventeenth century the war organization, though highly esteemed by strangers, teemed with abuses. With the exception of the French and Swiss Guards and a few foreign troops, only twelve regiments of foot were permanently embodied,¹ the mass of the infantry being raised in the face of an emergency, and disbanded on the signature of peace.

When circumstances required an augmentation of the army, the Secretary of State issued commissions in the King's name for the recruiting of regiments or of companies, as the case might be. These commissions were deemed private property by the persons possessing them ; hence, the colonels, in their regiments, and the captains, in their companies, used either to sell or to give away—according to the generosity of their tempers or the lightness of their purses—such appointments

¹ These regiments were called *les vieux* and *les petits-vieux*. The former title embraced the regiments : (1) Picardie, (2) Piémont, (3) Champagne, (4) Navarre, (5) Normandie, (6) La Marine. Under the latter name were, (7) Rambure, afterwards Feuquière, (8) Castlenau, (9) Auvergne, (10) Sault, (11) Baudeville, (12) Saint-Vallier, afterwards *la régiment du Roi*.

as might be worth having. All this, however, was "contrary to regulation."

As with ourselves till the other day, there was an active traffic in certain grades: prices rose and fell after the manner of the Stock Exchange. At the commencement of a war, the value of commissions in the newly-raised corps was high; but, on rumours of peace, down went biddings, and peace *pure et simple* extinguished offers altogether, for the regiments being dissolved, the officers went to the right-about. On the other hand, commissions in the *vieux et petits-vieux* were always dear in the market, being taken for permanent investment.

Although the pay drawn directly by the officers was poor enough, the State imposed on them the enlisting and equipping of their men; at the same time, the commissaries appointed by the Government to see that the captains dealt fairly with the soldiers were, like their English brethren, often either officially blind or designedly careless. Consequently, relaxed discipline, officers more eager after pickings than zealous in their duties, and privates ill fed, in rags, ripe for robbery, and prone to desertion.

Besides what they could make out of their men, the captains drew on the taxpayers through a ruse, called *passe-volants*, which worked thus: at the periodical musters, petty tradesmen and private servants, dressed up *à la militaire*, fell into the ranks, and were charged for as effectives in the pay-lists. Constantly did generals complain of the cheat, and the Duc de Luxembourg thus tersely suggests a corrective: "Il me semble qu'il faut se prendre directement aux capitaines de la hardiesse qu'ils ont de montrer leurs compagnies si forte pour le payement, et si foible pour le service."¹

But the end of disorder was nigh. In 1662 François Michel le Tellier, Marquis de Louvois, only twenty-one years of age, assumed the direction of the War Department. A strong will, common sense clear as crystal, and indefatigable energy, marked him out for the place. Rough of manner and of

¹ Rousset, "Histoire de Louvois."

tongue perchance to talkers and visionaries, he was ever ready to listen to men of intelligence and experience—"Je ne m'accommode en façon du monde," says he, "des décisions qui ne sont pas accompagnées de raisonnements qui éclairent mon ignorance." This was the man who raised the military administration of France from the confusion and corruption begotten during the anarchy of the Fronde, to a purity and efficiency previously unknown in Europe.

It was not by sweeping innovation that Louvois effected the change. Public feeling in France forbade revolutionary action. Had he set to work like Carnot, he would have committed political suicide, without ridding the army of a single abuse. What the young minister did was to repair the fabric, in accordance with the original design. He regulated firmly, judiciously, harshly sometimes, in the spirit of ancient custom. He could no more abolish "purchase" in France than William of Orange could abolish it in England. He let it alone, then, as a principle, but he set bounds to it in practice. Seeing him of a temper unlikely to connive at the evasion of the royal ordinances, the officers learnt to respect the rules of the service. Never stooping to a job himself, he smote jobbers with a heavy hand. Without altering the functions of captains and colonels, he compelled them to do their duty faithfully. The company was still filled up by the captain;¹ but Louvois took good care that volunteers really fit for war were enlisted, and that having served his time (five years was the period in 1666), the soldier should be free to claim his discharge, or to contract another engagement. It may be observed that "the authorities" of that day preferred recruits of from twenty to thirty years of age to smock-faced striplings, deeming grown men alone able to sustain the hardships of a campaign.

Having caught Mouldy, Wart, and Bullcalf, it was the

¹ Like the English kites, the "*racoleurs*," employed by the captains "*de faire les hommes*," were masters of the art of inveiglement; drunkenness, debauchery, even violence, being the usual suasions of voluntary enlistment.

captain's business to clothe them. The first French soldiers clad in uniform were, of course, the Guards. The regiments of the line gradually followed in the wake; quickened, indeed, by the smarter air of the Swiss, the colonels anticipated a general order on the subject. As regards tailoring, Louvois appears to have been careless; perhaps he feared uniform might entail too heavy an expense upon the officers, perhaps he was over contemptuous of "pipe-clay." Be that as it may, he wrote, on the 8th of April, 1673, characteristically to the Duc de Luxembourg: "Il ne faut pas songer à faire habiller l'infanterie de neuf pour cette année, ni tout d'une parure, il faut se contenter de faire raccommoder ce qu'il y a des trous, et ne s'appliquer qu'à faire mettre en bon état les armes, les chaussures et les bas." Imagine our Horse Guards having to do with a War Minister so coarsely utilitarian!

By 1685, however, uniform had become a matter of regulation throughout the army; blue being the colour assigned to the French guards and royal regiments, red to the Swiss, and modest grey to the line.

But if lax on the score of dress, the authorities were strict enough concerning armament. Precise rules directed the lengths of pikes and swords, the calibre of muskets, and the pattern of bandoliers.

For twenty-four years a controversy raged about the newly-invented fusil with flint and steel lock *versus* the old match-lock musket. The younger officers maintained the superior efficiency of the former; the King, the Minister of War, and most of the generals declared for the latter, in conjunction with the pike. "One of these days, peradventure," they said, "the fusil may oust the match-lock. Experience shall decide the point. But, as matters stand, the pike is indispensable, inasmuch as it constitutes the actual defence of infantry against cavalry." Thus, discussion went on, until Vauban hit on the present mode of fixing the bayonet, instead of the process of ramming it into the muzzle of the piece. Then, the fusil coming into general use, the pike disappeared.¹

¹ Before the fusil was universally served out, every company of seventy

Some of us may remember a kindred debate about "Brown Bess" (the fusil of 160 years since), and the Minié rifle, which the Russian war speedily decided.

Before the appointment of Louvois, pay was neither fixed in amount nor regularly issued. It even varied in regiments of the same arm; and the arrears were often large. Confusion and complaint then without ceasing. Louvois cut the grievance short. He settled the rates for all ranks, and established punctual payment: the foot soldier received five sous a day, the heavy horseman fifteen sous, and the dragoon eleven sous. In war time, when the Government supplied bread and forage, one sous was deducted from the daily pay of the foot soldier, eight sous from that of the "heavy," and five from that of the dragoon.

Now, for the emoluments of the captain. In ordinary times, the infantry captain drew 75 livres a month (say £9 in our present money). During a campaign he received half as much again. He was also permitted to retain one sous from the daily pay of every soldier, out of which he was supposed to keep in good condition the clothes, shoes, accoutrements, and arms of his men. Moreover, when the company's effective stood at fifty rank and file, he was entitled to the pay of three soldiers, and five soldiers when the strength reached sixty men.

Besides their personal obligations of bed, place by the fire-side, and candle, the inhabitants of places where troops lay during the winter were assessed to contribute five livres a day to each company of foot; of this four livres nine sous went to the captain for the general use of his men; the subalterns pocketed the surplus. But citizens having cavalry quartered on them were burdened with an "*utensile*" (as it was called) at least three times heavier than the above.

Passe-volants, or sham soldiers, were now struck at pitilessly. At first the lash was tried. Then branding upon the forehead or cheek, in addition to the "cat." Afterwards came

rank and file had twenty pikemen—the strongest and best paid privates of the company—and the captain was ordered to arm four intelligent men with the new-fangled fusil for purposes of experiment.

the penalty of death. In 1676, milder ideas prevailing, the offender lost his nose in exchange for his life. Any soldier reporting a *passee-volant* received his immediate discharge, together with a *douceur* of a hundred livres out of the allowances of the fraudulent captain, cashiered into the bargain. More just, perchance, it might have been, if the greedy officer suffered nasal amputation in lieu of his vulgar accomplice. But previous to the Revolution, it was not the fashion to argue thus.

Nor were tricky commissaries long in discovering the weight of the minister's displeasure. Those whom he discovered winking at false musters, trudged to prison. On the other hand, he not only protected good and faithful servants of the public against the rage of captains "with powerful interest," but promoted them.

To purge the army of obsolete routine, stimulate the flagging zeal of officers, and kindle the martial spirit of soldiers, Louvois instituted inspectors of cavalry and infantry. The first appointed was Lieutenant-Colonel Martinet, of the *régiment du Roi*, a corps formed in 1662 as a model for French foot. Neither noble nor courtier, this Martinet; only the promising boy of a respectable bourgeois family, such as Louvois, from a fellow feeling perhaps, delighted to patronize.¹ Intelligent, energetic, and highly educated, Martinet was of immense use in his generation, and yet his name is a by-word among us—the synonym, not of sterling leadership, but of stupid pedantry. The blockhead, whose military ideas are limited to the tailor's shop and "marching past like a wall," is described as a Martinet!

On his appointment in 1668 he received admirable instructions from the Minister of War relative to the course he was to pursue:—First of all, Colonel Martinet must see that the foot was composed of men in point of age and equipment fit

¹ The illustrious Le Tellier did not belong to the ancient nobility. His pedigree could not be traced beyond his great-grandfather, *maître des comptes*, and an ardent and prosperous leaguer.—ROUSSET, *Histoire de Louvois*.

for marching. That the infantry should consist of tall men was not urgent, short men would answer the purpose equally well, but all sickly (*malingres*) soldiers should be discharged forthwith; nor was it imperative that the officers be dressed in rigid uniformity, but that the troops should be decently clad, solidly shod, and efficiently armed was indispensable. Then Louvois goes on to inform his inspector that the King has decided on stationing in every garrison town a capable officer, whose duty it would be to report whether the regimental officers preserved strict discipline in their companies, and whether the troops were drilled frequently and according to the prescribed regulation. It must suffice to mention that the discipline of the cavalry was also closely attended to by the inspector, Colonel Tourilles.

Implicit obedience to superior authority was exacted from every officer, no matter his rank and his riches. On the 22nd of August, 1673, Louvois writes as follows to General La Leuretière:—"Le roi désire que vous fassiez mettre à prison ou au cachot le premier officier qui ne vous obéira pas, ou qui vous fera la moindre difficulté." Sharp and decisive this—somewhat after the manner of Napoleon I.

The French nobles and gentlemen entered the army as cadets. Before they could be gazetted, they were obliged to shoulder the musket like private sentinels. Cadets belonging to the *première noblesse* alone had the privilege of serving their apprenticeship in the *Gardes du corps*, the Mousquetaires, or the Colonel's Company of the *régiment du Roi*; having done duty in this way for at least two years, they were eligible to purchase companies of cavalry or infantry. Cadets of thicker blood were distributed by couples in the companies of line regiments, and had to await their turn for commissions.

The first step varied according to circumstances; for, although during war the King used to issue sub-lieutenancies, cornetcies, and ensigncies, these extra *brevets* lapsed on the return of peace, two ensigns only being allowed to each foot regiment, and two cornets to every squadron of horse.¹ In

¹ When Louvois assumed the control of the War Department, he dis-

ordinary times, then, the first commission was that of lieutenant. And it is worth noticing that, notwithstanding permission to buy and sell companies and regiments, traffic in the subaltern ranks was absolutely forbidden. No cadet could become an officer, and no officer could purchase his company, until he had earned the recommendation of an inspector as well as satisfied his colonel. To keep down the expenses of officers, Louvois—in spite of every obstacle—fixed the price of a cavalry regiment at 22,500 livres (£920), and of a cavalry company at 12,000 livres (£480).

To encourage aspiring rank and file, the sergeant of foot, and quartermaster-sergeant of horse, being accounted "officers," were exempt from the summary punishments to which the privates were subject. When charged with offences, they had the honour of trial by court-martial. Nor were sergeants without hope of promotion, as the following anecdote shows. In 1674, "un fort joli garçon," Sergeant La-Fleur of the regiment Dampierre, was patrolling with twenty-one men near Grave. Creeping unperceived close up to the enemy's outposts, he placed his party in ambush, captured some prisoners, and was returning triumphant to camp, when, on a sudden, he was set upon by two hundred Dutch from Bois-le-duc. But barricading himself and men in a cottage hard by, the sergeant opened a brisk fire of musketry and grenades. After half-an-hour's combat, the Dutchmen fled, leaving thirty-four of their fellows dead or wounded behind. And so La-Fleur marched into Grave, all his captives to the good, and having lost but one private killed, and another wounded. The governor warmly recommended the "joli garçon" to Louvois; "the whole regiment," writes M. de Chamilly, "praises the sergeant, and you cannot do better than promote him." The minister replies, "His Majesty highly appreciates

covered that certain clerks were accustomed to make money by influencing under-hand the granting of commissions. The knaves were immediately discharged, and a woman who had acted as go-between in the transactions was sent to prison, with the view of eliciting from her further information.—The Marquis never hushed up rascality.—*Journal de Dangeau.*

the gallant conduct of the sergeant of Dampierre, and appoints him lieutenant. He shall also receive 500 livres as a reward for his bravery." M. Rousset, from whose excellent work, "L'Histoire de Louvois," I have taken the story, wonders whether this brave soldier ever obtained the means to buy a company. What a satire on the purchase system!

Only by the united dint of Court favour and cash could captains acquire the rank of colonel and command of a regiment. However, there was a chance for poor captains: the more intelligent of them were made majors and lieutenant-colonels—grades excluded from purchase, and, so to speak, outside the regular course of promotion, for the captain, favoured by circumstances, bought his colonelcy irrespectively of those appointments.

Perhaps the most useful officer in the regiment was the lieutenant-colonel. A practised soldier, his duty often consisted in dry-nursing his rich, highborn—and peradventure boy—colonel. In an "instruction" written by the Maréchal de Belle-Isle for the use of his son, the Comte de Gisors, who at the age of seventeen had purchased the regiment of Champagne, the marshal indicates the importance of the regimental Nestor:—"Treat your lieutenant-colonel," he says, "with every respect; never issue an order without consulting him. I have often given this advice, this command, and I shall renew it whenever I see occasion to do so. If, like some young chiefs, you fail in respect or consideration for the lieutenant-colonel, I shall conceive a most unfavourable opinion of you; and, depend on it, you would soon fall a victim to your imprudence; the regiment, divided between you and him, would become the prey of parties, of cabals, and never more need you hope to do any good in it."¹

The lieutenant-colonel retained his company (No. 2) as did the colonel his company (No. 1), but a captain, on becoming major, resigned that charge, and applied himself exclusively to supervising the interior economy of the regiment. The modern rank of *chef de bataillon* or *escadron* did not exist

¹ Rousset, "Le Comte de Gisors."

under the old Bourbons. When the regiment consisted of several battalions or squadrons, the first of them was commanded directly by the colonel, the second by the lieutenant-colonel, and the third by the senior captain, and so on *seriatim*.





XLII.

IN BATTALIA.

HAVING considered their various elements, the troops may now be glanced at as formed corps.

On the right of the army, distinguished by enviable privileges, higher pay, splendid uniform, and a special organization, we find the household troops—*Maison du Roi* and *gendarmerie*. Before 1664 the *gardes du corps* were parade soldiers rather than mighty men of war; but Louis XIV. cleared away all mere ornamental rubbish. By his regulation, the captains were always nobles of the highest rank, or marshals of France. The subalterns had commonly the rank of general officers. Purchase was rigorously excluded. To be a private guardsman it was necessary that the recruit should be a Catholic, be well-proportioned, possess a beard, and be more than twenty-eight years of age. It was desirable that he should be a gentleman, in which case it was indispensable he should have served two years before joining the guards, five years' previous service being required from aspirants of lower social standing.¹ The effective of the *gardes du corps* varied from 100 men a company in 1664 to 400 a company in 1676, each of the four companies forming two squadrons. Next appeared the company of *gendarmes* and the company of light cavalry of the guard. Then came two gallant companies (*rouge et noir*) of the *Mousquetaires du Roi*. Consisting exclusively of noblemen, the *mousquetaires*

¹ Circular of September 1st, 1676.

were at first accounted infantry; but before long they fell in with the *Maison du Roi*, without ceasing, however, to perform the double part of horse and foot. They claimed as a right the post of danger—the head of the column of assault at a siege, the front of the charge in the field—a grand privilege of the guards.

Immediately on the left of the *Maison du Roi* glittered the renowned *gendarmerie*. As admirable for discipline as for valour, this corps was the pride of the people and the model of the French cavalry. The King himself deigned to be captain of the four senior companies, viz., the Scotch, English, Burgundian, Flemish, the other companies being La Reine, Dauphin, Anjou, and Monsieur. The *Maison du Roi* and *gendarmerie* united reached, in 1678, a total of 3,420 effectives. The heavy cavalry of the line consisted of royal regiments having three squadrons at least, and the *régiments de gentils-hommes*, which took the name of their colonels for the time being, and had sometimes two, sometimes three squadrons. In 1690 the French cavalry, including the *gendarmerie* and dragoons, presented a total of 90,000 horses. The cavaliers belonged either to the *noblesse*, or to the *bonne bourgeoisie*. Treated with marked courtesy, they were always addressed as "Messieurs."¹

The dragoons, or *mousquetaires à cheval* (as they were originally called), having been previously described, it is enough to say here that they proved so useful on service that, from two regiments in 1669, they had expanded into fourteen regiments in 1678. "Le dragon," cries Michelet, "c'était le soldat le plus gai, le soldat à la mode, dont on contait les tours comme ceux du Zouave aujourd'hui! Le dragon, c'est le diable à quatre."² In 1692, a number of Hungarian refugees offering their swords to Louis, the light horse called Hussars were introduced into the service.

The French and Swiss guards stood in the same position to the infantry as the *Maison du Roi* did to the cavalry. In

¹ Challamel, "Mémoires du peuple français."

² "Louis XIV. et Revocation de l'Edit de Nantes."

1691 the regiment of French Guards consisted of thirty-two companies (150 rank and file to each company), divided into six battalions. The standard height for privates was about five feet ten inches English measure. In spite of Louvois's efforts in opposition, a company frequently realised 80,000 livres (£3,200). We already know that, yielding to social pressure, Louis conferred the rank of colonel in the army on the captains of the guards, a concession which M. Rousset justly describes as injurious to the healthy organization of the service, and quite contrary to the wishes of Louvois.¹

Ten companies (200 men to each company) composed the regiment of Swiss Guards. The ordinary French foot regiment was divided into three battalions, each battalion containing twelve companies, varying in strength from fifty to sixty rank and file. As an example of the value of the colonelcy of one of the old corps, it may be remarked that M. d'Usson, on being ordered to Ireland, sold the regiment Touraine for 48,000 francs (£1,920).

In 1667, in the midst of the controversy *Musket v. Fusil*, Colonel Martinet obtained the King's permission to select four privates from each company of the *Régiment du Roi*, for the purpose of testing the fusil and of practising with hand-grenades, missiles which the colonel thought might carry confusion into charging horse, and be useful in siege operations. The experiments succeeded so well, that three years afterwards these chosen men, forming a grenadier company, took the right of the model regiment; and presently grenadiers—soldiers conspicuous not necessarily for length of limb, but invariably for bravery, vigour, and intelligence—marched at the head of every infantry regiment. Martinet, then, has the honour of creating the grenadier, so famous in English and French story.

“Vieux grenadiers suivons un vieux soldat,
Suivons un vieux soldat.”

Naturally anxious to fill the ranks with tall, strapping fel-

¹ Rousset, “Histoire de Louvois.”

lows, colonels occasionally discharged privates for no other fault than lack of inches. Such folly kindled the wrath of Louis XIV. In a circular to the inspectors, "the King desires that soldiers should not even be measured, that on no account should an old soldier be dismissed for lowness of stature, and that a recruit, if *bien sur les jambes*, should never be rejected on a similar pretext."

In the middle of the seventeenth century, to serve in the cavalry was the ambition of the young nobles. Deemed beneath the notice of *gentilshommes*, the infantry was officered by *bourgeois*, or by soldiers of fortune. This patrician disdain was not mere insolence. The cavalry was then the more effective arm. The troopers riding well and skilful with the sword, the horses carefully trained, the tactics simple and rapid, conduced to the making of a tremendous engine of battle. On the contrary, infantry was intermittent, at sixes and sevens. Made up of musketeers and pikemen acting independently of one another, the company was as a man unable to use both arms at the same time. In good hands, cavalry charged the foot with the quickness and force of a steam hammer. The foot withstood the shock, first by the slow and laborious fire of matchlocks, that failing, by the rude exertion of the big pikemen in the centre. Who can wonder that the *jeunesse dorée* eschewed such a service? The King and his earnest minister, however, resolved to break down the old prejudice. They compelled the *noblesse* to begin their career in the infantry, and encouraged them to remain in it by favours of various kinds. But do what they would, gentlemen fought shy of "marching regiments" up to 1700, when the fusil à la *Vauban* once for all replaced the musket and pike. A revolution, well nigh, in the art of war. Grown homogeneous, capable of a clear fire from right to left, prompt to protect itself with a line of steel, infantry could not only hold its own against the horse, but claimed the chief rôle on the battle-field. And it came to pass that the proudest noble of France was urgent to buy the colonelcy of Champagne or of Navarre.

The squadrons and battalions were formed into brigades.

By the old custom, brigades were under the command of the senior colonels, but Louis created the rank of brigadier. From brigadier, an officer rose to be *maréchal-de-camp*. Next came the brevet of lieutenant-general. Although it was a *sine quâ non* that brigadiers should lead troops of the arm to which he himself belonged, no such restriction applied to the superior ranks ; hence a *maréchal-de-camp*, or lieutenant-general, though a cavalry officer, might obtain an infantry command, and *vice versâ*. Respecting the wisdom of this arrangement much difference of opinion appears to have prevailed, no less a man than the Duc de Luxembourg objecting to it. But his Majesty decided "*laisser aller les choses à cet égard*," on the ground that, as he always appointed able generals to conduct his armies, he was confident they would recommend suitable persons for subordinate posts. A splendid theory, by which neither king nor generals abided in practice.

No matter the number of brigades, an army in the seventeenth century was usually divided into seven parts ; four divisions of horse, two of foot, and a mixed division. The order of battle comprised two lines and a reserve ; each line being composed of an infantry corps in the centre, bodies of horse forming the wings. The reserve was made up of both arms blended.

The disposition of the different regiments was prescribed by strict etiquette. The *Maison du Roi* and the *gendarmerie* drew up in the right wing. The French and Swiss guards occupied the centre of the first line. Battalions and squadrons were separated from one another by intervals equal to the extent of their front, the second line and the reserve being placed *en échiquier*, so as to screen the blanks of the line in front ; in other words, the gaps ahead were backed by the ranks behind. Of course this regulation of the troops was frequently deranged by the nature of the ground, and by the exigencies of the battle ; for, as the Comte de Clermont told Madame de Pompadour, "*Une armée ne se mène pas, comme on promène son doigt sur une carte*."

Before the advent of Louvois, the artillery was managed much as it was at the same period in England. With us a

Master-General of the Ordnance enjoying fine emoluments, in France a Grand Master of Artillery, exercising entire authority over guns and gunnery. Under this great functionary served, in the first place, lieutenants of artillery, commissaries ordinary and extraordinary, the subordinates being master gunners, captains of transport, drivers, and skilled artizans. No private soldiers belonged specially to the artillery. The guns were worked by contract; in addition to supplying tools and ammunition, the King paid the artillery officers from ten to twenty livres for the service of each gun during twenty-four hours. To help in working the pieces, and other employment in the batteries, the officers were allowed to draw soldiers from the infantry, paying them twenty sous a man per day or per night, as the case might be. The surplus, or "*revenant-bon*" (as it was called), went amongst the artillery officers.¹

But this higgledy-piggledy state of men and things grated on the systematic mind of Le Tellier. In 1671, therefore, a company of cannoneers appeared on parade, and the following year saw the creation of a regiment of fusiliers, for the special purpose of guarding and serving with the artillery. It was after the model of this *corps d'élite*—"le plus beau régiment du monde à compter depuis le dernier soldat jusqu'au premier officier," as Vauban described it—that James II. formed the "Royal Fusiliers." Soon afterwards two companies of bombardiers were raised, and two or three lieutenants of the Grand Master promoted to the rank of generals in the army, on the condition that their time and abilities should continue to be devoted to their old arm. Schools of artillery were opened at Douai, Metz, and Strasbourg. French guns, gunnery, and gunners now rapidly improved.

What has been said of the English engineers pretty nearly applies to their French brethren: the engineers were merely officers taken temporarily from foot regiments to perform the scientific details of attack and defence. The treatment of these educated men appears to have been by no means commensurate with the value of their services. "Martyrs de

¹ Rousset, "Histoire de Louvois."

l'infanterie," as Vauban styled his comrades, they toiled, others reaped. Strange as it sounds to us, Captain de Vauban, of the regiment Picardie was, in 1667, actually obliged to ask "the favour" of being excused ordinary regimental guards, while employed in working out his designs for the fortification of Lille! Seven years later, we find him forty-one years of age and renowned throughout Europe, consulted by Turenne and the great Condé, esteemed by Louvois, and admired by Louis XIV., but a captain of infantry still—it being the rule, forsooth, that an engineer's ambition must not soar beyond the glory of a company!

The King's good sense over-ruled this monstrous routine. In 1674, the great engineer was appointed brigadier of infantry; two years afterwards he became *maréchal de camp*; and, as we know, one April morning in 1691, Lieutenant-General le Prêtre de Vauban positively received from the Grand Monarque an invitation to dinner: "le plus pauvre gentilhomme de la France" had become a prophet in his own country!

The preferment of Vauban was the elevation of the engineers. At his request a company of miners was organized. This laid the foundation of the scientific corps. But, notwithstanding his urgency, the work of superstructure lagged, for it cost money and chafed prejudices.

Outside the regular forces, Louis XIV. called up, in 1688, thirty regiments of militia. The men were drawn by lot, equipped at the cost of their provinces, and drilled at periods which did not interfere with the cultivation of the earth.¹

In the army of the *ancien régime* contracts prevailed. In this way the company's ranks were filled, in this way transport was supplied. Even up to the close of the eighteenth century, contractors continued to provide—at enormous profit to themselves, and proportionate loss to the public—the horses, waggons, and drivers requisite for the artillery and commissariat services. Nor may it be said that the spirit of the old adventurers is quite extinct in this era of commercial

¹ Voltaire, "Siècle de Louis XIV."

activity and virtue. Did not our difficulties before Sebastopol encourage speculators to propose taking the mighty stronghold "by contract?"

Before Louvois laboured, both officers and soldiers frequently suffered grievously through scarcity of food. "I remember," writes Vauban, "that when we occupied the enemy's country during the old war, we were sometimes three weeks without a ration of bread."¹ If officers were so pinched, how fared the privates? They lived, of course, by marauding, a mode of keeping body and soul together inevitably destructive of the discipline of an army: "rien n'est plus propre à désorganiser et à perdre tout-à-fait une armée que le pillage."²

To assure to the troops regular and sufficient rations, Louvois established magazines. The garrison towns were provisioned for six months, and the chief frontier fortresses contained victuals and *matériel* enough for an army in the field. Thus, the French were usually prepared to march a month before their enemies, and winter campaigns became possible, even fashionable.

Though by no means a philanthropist, as the word is interpreted now-a-days, the miserable condition of the sick and wounded excited the Minister's earnest attention. He saw, what contemporary public men could not or would not see, how enormously neglect of these hapless wretches enfeebled the action of the awful machine on which he had set his mind. Not only, then, did he establish a permanent hospital for soldiers in every garrison, but he reformed the field hospitals, and set a-going ambulances for the benefit of troops in conflict.

The institution of the magnificent Hôtel des Invalides was the great man's crowning glory. The noble principle which Philip-Augustus had imagined, which Henri IV. and Cardinal Richelieu had endeavoured to realize, Louis XIV. gave to the world in its present superb shape. The Grand Monarque worked as master-mason, the architect was the Marquis de Louvois.

¹ "Vauban à Louvois, 13 Sep. 1677."

² Napoléon I.

As it is stated in the preamble of the edict regulating the government of the Hôtel, he founded the Invalides because "it is reasonable that those who have freely ventured their lives and shed their blood for the monarchy, who have contributed to the defeat of our enemies, to the capture of their strongholds, and to the defence of ours, who by their valiant resistance and by their fierce attack have so often forced our foes to sue for peace—should enjoy the repose they secured for others, and pass the rest of their lives in tranquillity."

In the words of the Maréchal de Villars—"Not only did Le Tellier know, as no other man knew, how to assemble a powerful army, how to feed it, how to arrange the convoys of ammunition and provisions"—not only had he the firmness to enforce a rigid discipline among the noble officers, as well as the humble rank and file¹—not only had he the sagacity to encourage good officers of bourgeois blood; but, above all, the transcendent merit is his of being the first War Minister of modern times who displayed solicitude for the welfare of the common soldier. An army reformer indeed!

¹ Capefigue, "Louis XIV."





XLIII.

STEINKERQUE.

1692-1693.

THAT the campaign would be signalized by two splendid exploits—the expedition to England, and the capture of Namur—dreamt Louis XIV. He desired to prove to the world how immaterial was the loss of Seignelay, and how well royal genius might compensate the death of Louvois.

So recent was the siege of Mons that little remained to be done respecting the neighbouring city, beyond repeating the admirable arrangements for the previous event. Le Tellier's vigour alone was needed. Mons had been invested on the 14th of March; not before the 24th of May was Namur beset. Rid, too, of the economical scruples of the uncompromising marquis, the King granted Madame de Maintenon's request that "les dames" should accompany the troops. And so, besides the ladies of the blood royal, we find duchesses, marquises, and comtesses, fair of face, keen of wit, and of historic lineage, enlivening camp society, but clogging the march of the army.

Leaving the charming bevy at Dinant, Louis took command of the siege with 50,000 effectives, 23,000 of whom were cavalry. The Duc de Luxembourg covered the operations with 60,000 men, of whom more than 30,000 were mounted. Never in modern times had been seen such prodigious masses of horse.

A week sufficed to overcome the town; not so the two forts

crowning the rocks between the Sambre and Meuse, and separated from the city by the former river. One of them had been built the year before by the Dutch engineer, Coëhorn. He now defended his work against Vauban. Thus were pitted the first masters of the art in Europe.

William of Orange made a hesitating move toward succouring the forts, but Luxembourg forbade the passage of the Méhaigne with a superior force. Nothing serious could be done. Hotly assailed, and Coëhorn wounded, Fort Neuf surrendered on the 21st of June. Nine days afterwards Vieux Château followed suit. Thus France won the important strategic angle formed by the Sambre and Meuse, of which the point is Namur.

The day afterwards, Berwick joined the French camp from Normandy; and amid a violent storm saw the Prince de Barbançon march out of Vieux Château at the head of 2,000 men of its garrison. The Prince de Condé was there to do honour to the vanquished, and him did Barbançon most ceremoniously salute with his sword.

Satisfied with gaining in the very teeth of William an offset against La Hougue, and shrinking more than ever from "un grand évènement," Louis returned ailing to Versailles.

"vous seule, goutte secourable,
Avez osé donner un frein à sa valeur."

The Duc de Luxembourg remained in command of the army, which heavy draughts to Germany and the Breton coast (now threatened by the English) had reduced to 70,000 men.¹

While the French force diminished, the Anglo-Dutch were strengthened by 8,000 Hanoverians; and, chafing under the loss of the frontier fortress, William sought an opportunity to

¹ "Letters from Portsmouth tell us that all the forces designed for the descent are embarked (26th July, 1692), and that an order was brought down to forbid all persons concerned in that expedition to write any letters to their friends, under severe penalties, without leave from the general."—LUTTREL, *Brief Relation of State Affairs*. *Nous avons changé tout cela*. Blatant publicity is now as necessary to the Briton as his beer.

attack the Marshal, who had been directed to confine himself to the preservation of conquests, and to the defence of the country. Hence, clever manœuvring. The enemy feinting against Namur, Luxembourg threw into it 20,000 men under Boufflers. On the 1st of August the French right rested on Steinkerque, their left on Enghien ; the leaguers were encamped at Tubise, near Halle. The ground separating the armies was woody, cut up into little enclosures, and intersected with defiles.

Ascertaining that a secretary of the Elector of Bavaria was in correspondence with the French, William made artful use of the discovery. Arrested at his desk, the man was compelled to write to the Marshal that, on the morrow, the allies would send a foraging party on a grand scale towards the French right, and that, to cover its return, a large body of infantry would occupy the interjacent defiles. About the same time an officer on outpost reported the roads in the front gorged with horse, foot, and guns. But the spy's information being judged surer than the soldier's statement, no special precautions were taken. To interfere seriously with mere foraging was deemed superfluous. The Marshal, suffering slightly from fever, went to bed as composedly as if he sought rest in Parisian down.

The next morning, the 3rd of August, he was roused earlier and more disagreeably than usual. The foe was upon him. Disposed overnight for attack, the allies pressed forward as rapidly as the rugged ground permitted. Suddenly, the vanguard, composed of the choicest troops, British and Danish, burst through tangled enclosures upon the Bourbonnais brigade posted in advance of the French right. Assailed by superior numbers, the Bourbonnais fell back with a loss of seven guns.

In such moments the true general is revealed ; the vigour of De Luxembourg now atoned for the *laissez aller* of the previous evening. Instantly, the army stood to arms. Boufflers was summoned. Attended by the *troupe dorée* of princes and dukes (we see Berwick and Lucan in their midst) the Marshal galloped toward the sound of cannon. His quick eye singled out the point of danger. Hedges and ditches

barring the use of his superb cavalry, he pushed infantry assistance to the right. Three battalions of Champagne were first up. Next, the Italians, the Royal Contois, and Provence. The shaken Bourbonnais steadied themselves, the scattered dragoons rallied. The battle was re-established. From right to left every bush belched fire. At such close quarters the struggle that often the muzzles of opposing muskets clashed. Still, the event remaining doubtful, the brigade of guards were hurried up. The Prince de Conti, the Duc de Chartres, the Duc de Vendôme dismounted and placed themselves at the head of the splendid column, which marched to the charge, writes the Marshal, "*avec une fierté qui n'était interrompue que par la gaieté des officiers et des soldats.*" In support strode the Swiss, sword in hand; not a shot did they fire. Terrible the conflict—horrible the carnage. Bravely stood the English and Danes; but insufficiently reinforced, it is said, by Count Solms, they gave way, sadly cut up in their desperate resistance: William crying aloud—the same authority asserts—"Oh! my poor English, how they are abandoned!"¹

Thus the lost ground was regained; the captured guns returned to their French owners. Warm and desultory fighting went on in the centre and left, but the victory was no more doubtful. The British advance against the French right was to have been the signal for a grand onslaught upon Luxembourg's front. However, natural obstacles hindering regular and combined manœuvring, the troops were disjointed; the surprised Frenchmen profited by the time lost by the incoherent allies. The defeat of their picked soldiers, the obstructions in the way of their centre and right, the approach of Boufflers' dragoons, the setting sun, proved to the confederates the failure of their enterprise. They retired, therefore, in good order for the most part, but with the loss of several guns and 1,300 prisoners all gashed with the sword. Owing to the lateness of the hour, and the impossibility of employing horse with effect, the retreat was little troubled. Many a famous Briton died. Down went gnarled old Mackay, Sir

¹ Harris, "Life of King William III."

John Lanier, Sir Robert Douglas, Lord Mountjoy, and the Earl of Angus. Salamander Cutts hobbled home on crutches to his rich and pining wife.

The French officers suffered as badly. The Marquis de Bellefonds was killed, the Prince de Turenne mortally wounded, the Swiss Colonel Porlier killed, Fimarcon, who commanded the dragoons of Boufflers, died of his hurts. The gallant Duc de Chartres, only eighteen years of age, was hit in the shoulder, but, his wound dressed, returned to combat. There is a fighting ring about that name—Chartres. Remember Robert Le Fort of 1870-71!

This fight—the bloodiest, said Luxembourg, for the short time it lasted, which occurred during the war, cost the antagonists more than 15,000 killed and wounded.

The valour of Berwick and Lucan escaped not the notice of the Marshal. "M. le duc de Berwick," he wrote to his sovereign, "se trouva dès le commencement lorsque nous allions reconnoître les ennemis, et agit durant tout le combat aussy bravement que j'ay rendu conte à vostre majesté qu'il avoit fait la campagne passée." And of Sarsefield—"le comte de Lucan estoit avec luy (Berwick), en qui nous avons bien remarqué de la valeur et de l'intrépidité dont il avoit donné des marques en Irlande. Je puis assurer vostre majesté qu'il est très-bon officier et très-capable."¹

The battle of Steinkerque became extremely popular. On that dire Sunday the young officers having been obliged to accoutre double-quick—Parisian fashion required that every fop should wear his lace cravat negligently *à la Steinkerque*. Ladies dressed *à la Steinkerque*. Jewellery must be modelled *à la Steinkerque*.

Having saved the army, the French infantry obtained higher rank in the esteem of Louis XIV.; and, from this date, the clumsy match-lock, already abandoned by the allies, succumbed to the flint and steel fusil. Before the battle, William is reported to have exclaimed—"Ne pourrai-je donc battre ce petit bossu?" After the battle, on hearing the remark, Lux-

¹ See original despatch in "Journal de Dangeau."

embourg wittily replied : " Qu'en sait-il ? Il ne m'a jamais vu que par devant."

The Marquis de Feuquière makes several weighty observations on the battle, or, as he styles it, combat, inasmuch, as from the cramped and crabbed character of the ground, it was a broken chain of impetuous fights, rather than a compact engagement. He thinks that if the allied right had not wandered in its night march, but had struck Enghien, as was intended, about the same time the French centre and right were assailed, the difficulties of M. de Luxembourg must have been immensely increased. Again, the Prince of Orange, marching in several columns, must debouch by as many defiles. Now, each of these columns might have individually attacked the part of the camp directly in its front. Had such been done, instead of waiting till the whole force had reunited in line, the result would have been great confusion among the French. They might perhaps have failed to form *en bataille*. The surprise of an encamped enemy should be executed by strong columns penetrating into, and therefore breaking up the camp. Such blows ought to suffice to destroy it.

Manifestly, William did not push with adequate vigour the beaten brigade covering the French right ; this slackness enabled Luxembourg to bring up battalions of his second line ; thus compelling the English to relinquish the ground they had gloriously won. The Duke of Berwick concurs. In his opinion, the Prince of Orange committed two capital mistakes : firstly, he ought to have attacked our left simultaneously with our right ; secondly, he did not sustain with fresh troops the corps which commenced the action. Had he been quick with reinforcements—" Je ne sais ce qui la seroit arrivé."

As for the Duc de Luxembourg, he is extolled for the rapidity with which he formed his amazed soldiers, and his skill in repairing the blow on the right. Also, for the sagacity with which he fixed on fighting ground ahead of the camp, and his readiness to profit by the enemy's first step rearward. All this tends to prove " que l'objet principal d'un général dans quelque espèce de guerre qu'il se trouve engagé, doit

toujours être de la faire *offensive*, parce que c'est l'espèce qui se soutient le plus facilement, et avec le plus d'avantage pour son prince."

Still, the Marshal is blamed for the rashness with which he threw aside the report of his officer, in favour of the information of his spy. In like cases men charged with the affairs of peace or war should bear in mind :—"C'est toujours prudent de comparer ensemble tous les avis que l'on reçoit sur un même sujet, et de chercher à s'assurer de la vérité de plusieurs manières."¹

In Flanders nothing more of interest occurred. In Germany, Maréchal de Lorges, a brave gentleman, but sluggish officer, succeeded at Spirebach (where the Irish greatly distinguished themselves) and Fortzheim. On the Italian frontier graver events happened. Hampered with rigorous instructions and dwindled means, Catinat tarried about Pignerol and Susa. Taking advantage of this inaction, Victor Amadeus crossed into Dauphiny, took Embrun, and burned Gap. The league fancied the Protestants would countenance the invasion. But they remembered they were Frenchmen. Mlle. Philis de la Charssé, like a second Joan of Arc, called to arms. A partisan war tormented the foreigner. Catinat assumed a formidable posture on the Durance. Covering Briançon and Grenoble, he threatened the Duke of Savoy's rear. After six weeks of useless havoc that prince returned to Piedmont, sick with small-pox.

During the winter both sides prepared earnestly for the next campaign. Louis set the dockyards to work, raised more regiments, and to stir martial ardour instituted the order of Saint Louis, "*Bellicæ virtutis præmium.*" William persuaded the divided commons to impose a property tax of 4s. in the pound, and an additional excise on beer, that £2,000,000 might be raised for the navy, and £2,090,563 for land forces.

Owing, it was said, to the lateness of the season, the

¹ "Mémoires du M. de Feuquière." "Mémoires du M. de Berwick."
"Mémoires du M. de la Fare." Voltaire, "Siècle de Louis XIV."

English expedition to the French shores did not even attempt a landing. Instead, making for Ostend, Furnes and Dixmuyde were seized on the 1st of September. Lest the allies should turn these places into bases of operations against Dunkirk, Boufflers suddenly invested Furnes on the 28th of December. Next day the Dutch troops surrendered. Dixmuyde was abandoned by its garrison. Such an upshot of costly preparation and excited expectation kindled discontent. William threw the blame on Count Horn, who commanded in chief, and more and more savagely did British soldiers growl at the foreign generals. More and more sceptical did the nation grow of their new king's military capacity.

The winter work seemed to augur activity in the spring. But not so ; Barbezieux, Chamlay, Saint Pouenge, intelligent subordinates, were no master spirits ; preparation lingered in France, while the allies were up and doing in Belgium.

To act on the defensive in Germany and Italy, boldly on the offensive in Flanders, was Louis's intention : with this object a vast force stood under arms. It was divided into two armies ; the first under Maréchal de Boufflers, the second commanded by the Duc de Luxembourg. Among the nine lieutenant-generals of the latter, we find Berwick, promoted for his courage at Steinkerque, one of the eight *maréchaux de camp* being Lord Lucan. The rumour of a marriage between Berwick and Mlle. de Clairambault, daughter of the late marshal of that name, proved to be the empty gossip of old wives.

Quitting Versailles about the middle of May, the King (again *avec les dames*) reached headquarters near Mons on the 2nd of June. Concentrating at Gembloux, the two armies presented a strength of 110,000 men. Louis had proposed to take Liège, Luxembourg shielding the operation. But torpor at the War-Office, and his dawdling at Quesnoy, on account of "a cold," frustrated the design ; William had time to throw 15,000 men into the place, and retiring to an intrenched camp at the Abbaye du Parck near Louvain, covered Brussels.

Luxembourg now desired to march *en masse*—and therefore with superior forces—upon the allies, whose defeat would have

placed not Liège only, but the whole of the Spanish Low Countries at the conqueror's feet. All at once, however—every arrangement having been made for the enterprise—the King announced his intention of returning to Versailles, and sending the Dauphin with a powerful detachment to quicken Maréchal de Logres in Germany. The army was petrified; Luxembourg, it is related, throwing himself on his knees before Louis, implored him not to snatch a fruitful triumph from his grasp. Jupiter was inexorable. As in 1676 and 1692, he flinched from a decisive event. The *timides avis* so officers declared, proceeded from Namur, where the court ladies were sojourning, and Madame de Maintenon had the credit of the misadventure. The confidence of the army was shaken. Both Frenchmen and foreigners joked with witty bitterness about *le grand Roi et sa vieille maîtresse*. William was relieved from jeopardy, and Louis no more appeared in arms.

In this inscrutable state of things the talents of Maréchal de Luxembourg shone out with lustre.¹ He retrieved the error of his prince.

Had William now concentrated the confederate forces distributed between the Meuse and the sea, he would have been much superior in strength to the French, weakened by the departure of the Dauphin's corps. But he dared not enfeeble Liège, or uncover Brussels. The Marshal, on the other hand, declining to attack his stubborn foe, ensconced at Parck, manœuvred so as to lure him from covert. He therefore took post at Mildert, between Tillemont and Louvain. Thus were the enemies at such close quarters, that their pickets might have shaken hands.

The French now interposed between William and the *corps d'armée* holding Liège; so that *it* could not join the commander-in-chief without dangerously exposing itself, and

¹ "Ne pouvant y avoir de bonnes raisons, et même n'en ayant jamais pu apprendre ni des ministres, ni des généraux, il faut conclure que Dieu ne voulait l'exécution de tous ces beaux projets."—*Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick*.

stripping the city, while *he* dared not leave Parck to abet a junction, lest Louvain be imperilled. As long then as the French could subsist at Mildert, they dead-locked the adversary. But provisions were failing, and it was essential that William should be decoyed from Parck. Hence Luxembourg feigned a blow at Liège. Namur resounded with the rumbling of artillery. Vast quantities of bread were baked. Huy, between that place and Liège, was captured by Villeroy. Then Luxembourg, quitting Mildert, marched straight on Liège, reconnoitred the fortifications, and set the soldiers to work on fascines. Enough ; persuaded that a siege impended, the allies broke up from Parck, and throwing 5,000 foot into the threatened city under cover of the Demer, followed the Marshal. Finding another strong position on the Gheete, and desiring to distract Luxembourg, William despatched 10,000 to force the slender lines at Courtray, and to levy contributions in Artois.

Determined to fight the confederates, weakened by these detachments, before they could regain their intrenchments near Louvain, the Frenchman affected anxiety as to the movement towards Courtray ; Maréchal de Joyeuse proceeded ostentatiously in that direction, but with secret orders to countermarch at a given point ; and at 9 A.M. next day the Duke started in person for the Gheete with the rest of the army. The artillery and infantry being retarded by a violent storm, he came within view of the enemy with the cavalry alone on the 28th of July. Battle therefore must be postponed to the morrow ; and William had several hours of light, as well as the whole night, to organize his defence. Some might think, indeed, there was a chance of destroying the French in detail, but the Marshal arriving unexpectedly, the Dutch general was *en déshabille*.





XLIV.

NEERWINDEN.

1693.

THROUGH faulty generalship, inferior in fighting power to the French by one-third, William might yet have declined battle, by placing the Gheete between the two armies; but his position was encouraging, and political exigencies may have jarred with the strategical reasons urged by his best officers. Be that as it may, he resolved to stand. Sending the heavy baggage to the rear, he made pick and shovel drudge without ceasing throughout the night.

Natural circumstances favoured him; jutting from the allied right, which rested on the Gheete, was the village of Neerwinden. The left, snug on the brook of Landen, had the support of the village of Neerlanden. An ugly ridge, linking these places, and intrenched during the night, was armed with 100 pieces of artillery. Both villages bristled with barricades and *abattis*, the stone walls serving thereabout for hedges had been parapetted, ditches made approach very difficult. On the extreme right stood British infantry. Hanoverians, subsequently reinforced by English and Scottish guardsmen, held Neerwinden. Dutch and Brandenburgers lined the trenches along the height. The Royals, Churchill's, Selwin's, and Trelawny's filled Neerlanden. In the rear drew up the horse; but, want of space forbidding the prolongation of the line, several squadrons had to form nearly at the right angle with

it; they thus faced the Landen brook. Virtually *hors de combat* were these men.

As we have seen, Luxembourg and his cavalry reached St. Gertrude in the afternoon. All through the night infantry kept marching up; Berwick's division indeed did not bivouac before 1 A.M. The first brigade that came to hand was employed to drive the enemy out of Landen, a hamlet somewhat in advance of the allied left. Here, says Feuquière, we have the first fault committed by William: he should have sustained this post; by evacuating it, he allowed the Marshal to place, in the course of the night, forty battalions between it and Romsdorf—that is, opposite the Anglo-Dutch left.

On his extreme right, across the brook of Landen, the French general posted sixteen squadrons of dragoons for the purpose of watching the enemy's cavalry *en potence*, or of passing the brook, as occasion might dictate.

In the French centre the cavalry and infantry were throughout the night so closely wedged, that they presented a mass eleven deep. At five A.M., these troops, consisting of the *Maison du Roi* and the foot-guards, advanced, and, finely handled by the Marshal, deployed under a heavy cannonade into two lines. The foot of the left wing would attack Neerwinden; the horse of the same wing, taking ground toward the Gheete, brought up their left shoulders in such fashion that, overlapping the village, they might seize any occasion for charging the enemy's squadrons. Four battalions watched a copse toward the right, which masked the mouth of a deep ravine running down from the Anglo-Dutch centre. Such was the disposition, according to the Marquis de Feuquière, who commanded a division of the army.

The intrenched height being defended by the concentric fire of the two flanking villages, was reasonably secure from direct attack. Out of one or other of the villages must the foe be forced before a fair opening for the *sabreurs* could offer. After carefully considering the situation, Luxembourg decided to carry Neerwinden at any cost, while Villeroy amused the enemy at Neerlanden. Therefore, Lieutenant-Generals De Rubantel, De Montchevreuil, and Berwick marched: the first

with two brigades upon the right of the village, the second with a similar force upon the left, the Englishman with two more brigades against the centre. It follows, then, that Berwick would be the first to engage, the other divisions having to wheel to the right and left, in order to reach the intrenched flanks. Bounding impetuously forward, Berwick's men cleared the trenches, and pushed the Germans from wall to wall, ditch to ditch, even into the plain behind. Completely outstripped by this rush, Rubantel and Montchevreuil were far in Fitzjames's rear when they entered the place. Perceiving this, and finding that Villeroy made no sign toward Neerlanden, William withdrew a large body of English from the trenches in that quarter. These fell vehemently upon the two French divisions, and after a contest cast them forth. Now, Berwick was beset on all sides. Many of his men were down, but hoping for succour he strove to hold his ground. At length, quite isolated—*sauve qui peut!* The young general, tearing off his white cockade, set spurs to his horse. Unfortunately, Brigadier Churchill (Marlborough's brother) caught sight of his galloping nephew, and he was a prisoner. After an affectionate embrace, Churchill conducted his captive to the commander-in-chief. On the Duke being presented, William paid him a compliment, to which he replied with a low bow. Then, after steadfastly regarding him, William put on his hat, Berwick did likewise, and the interview ended.¹ The Duke was sent to the rear at Leewe.

Meanwhile, the eighty guns arming the eminence thundered upon the *Maison du Roi* in the French centre. For four hours did they calmly endure the iron storm. The Dutch general was amazed: French fury in onset he well knew, but such patient intrepidity at a halt was unexpected indeed. "Ah! l'insolente nation!" he exclaimed, when he saw the fire produced no other effect on the *mousquetaires* and *gendarmes* than causing them to close their ranks as files were mown down.

¹ "J'ai raconté toutes ces circonstances à cause que dans le monde on les avoit tournées tout autrement, et qu'on avoit fait sur cela des contes fort éloignés de la vérité."—*Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick*.

The French batteries of seventy pieces had opened too, but the allies being on higher ground, without marked consequences. These guns, however, appear to have been well served, and the Marquis de Quincy relates as an unusual circumstance that the balls, striking the ground, bounded over the intrenchments and startled the occupiers not a little.¹

Another plunge at Neerwinden. Twenty-six battalions led by Louis de Bourbon advanced, gained a footing; but, the defenders being again quickly reinforced from the left, the Frenchmen were repulsed after half-an-hour's hard fighting.

It looked alarming. So strong that vital point that many officers, among them even the impetuous Conti, were for shunning it. But Luxembourg could not be disheartened. He answered his advisers by urging on the French and Swiss guards. Supported by the brigade Vermandois, these burst upon Neerwinden. As soon as they had mastered some houses and orchards in the outskirts, Conti brought up cavalry. Defiling troop by troop, as best they might, through obstacles apparently insurmountable, on came the brilliant cavaliers of the *Maison du Roi*. Here and there the foot-guards threw down walls to clear their way. The while, a bloody grapple in the midst of the village. Two hours passing thus, the ammunition had run out. Then did the French guards screw the bayonets into their musket-muzzles and ply *l'arme blanche*, at which game, we may be sure, the Britons were equally apt.

Presently the leading *cheveu-légers*, having painfully edged themselves within the intrenchments, were caught on a flank. Some English regiments and Ruvigny's Huguenots, led by William in person, rode upon the blown and disordered troopers. They reeled, and the young Duc de Chartres was all but made prisoner by a soldier who had grip of his coat. But comrades coming up, there was a rally. Before long, more and more horse poured in, for the infantry, having seized a considerable line of trench, were clearing away impediments.

¹ "Histoire Militaire de Louis le Grand." "M. de Vauban est l'inventeur des batteries de canon que l'on tire à ricochet."—M. DE FEUQUIÈRE.

And now, perceiving that the works in his front had been thinned of troops (for the purpose of strengthening Neerwinden), Feuquière broke through some barricades upon the allied left. Need more be said?—the battle was over at five P.M.

The retreat was ably conducted, and only partially unsteady. Talmash led off the English foot stern and terrible, but certain regiments of cavalry did not sustain the national glory.¹ Sorely distressed, the right wing reached Tillemont and Louvain, the left under Ginkell retired in better order by Leewe and Diest.

Moderate statements put the Anglo-Dutch loss at from 10,000 to 12,000 men killed and wounded. 2,000 prisoners, 76 cannons, 8 mortars, more than 80 standards rewarded the victors. Count de Solms was hurt to death, the Duke of Ormond wounded and taken prisoner. Well might the Prince de Conti, witty as valiant, entitle the Marshal, "tapissier de Notre Dame." But with equal truth did a cynic exclaim, "Il fallait chanter plus de *De Profundis* que de *Te Deum*."

From the nature of the engagement, it cannot be doubted that the French list of killed and wounded equalled that of their foe. Certainly, they mourned many a noted officer: General de Montchevreuil fell in those blood-stained trenches. The Prince de Condé and the Prince de Conti were both struck, but stoutly kept the field. Every Irishman laments Neerwinden. Mortally wounded at the head of his brigade, Sarsefield died a few days afterwards at Huy.

"For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere."

Braver officer and purer spirit never won a nation's love, and rarely has the memory of the dead been cherished with more lasting affection.

Why the defeated army was not more keenly pressed has never been explained. Twelve hours' conflict under a broiling

¹ See Harris, "Life of William III.," and Ralph's "History of England."

sun, immediately following a long and arduous march, no doubt withheld the French that evening. But days passed without William being disturbed; by calling in detachments, therefore, he was soon as strong in men as he had been before the reverse.

After pointing out mistakes committed by William before and during the engagement, Feuquière is of opinion that, their army not being concentrated, battle should have been avoided by the allies. If, he says, William had retired over the Gheete in the night, Luxembourg's skilful combinations for fighting him would not have availed. Under cover of the river, the Dutchman might have massed his forces, and thus gained a superiority over the Marshal.

The success of the day he attributes chiefly to the vigour and infinite capacity of the French captain: "Car enfin, qu'est-il de plus vrai que si M. de Luxembourg avoit été de ces génies de guerre ordinaires, et qu'il n'eût pas été plus habile que M. le Prince d'Orange, la campagne de Flandres auroit été aussi désagréable pour le Roi, que le fut celle d'Allemagne?"

In the retreat, Berwick marched with Talmash's English as far as Sichen, whence he was sent to Malines, and ultimately to Antwerp.

According to the *cartel*, he should have been released at the end of fifteen days. But on various pretexts he was kept at Antwerp, and it was rumoured that William designed for him a rebel's lodging in the Tower of London. Not easily cajoled, Luxembourg summoned Scravenmore and other captured generals who were away on parole, to report themselves at Namur; and it was notified to the Dutch staff that unless Lieutenant-General the Duke of Berwick were set free, the Duke of Ormond (whom a severe wound prevented from exercising his parole) would be detained. The suggestion sufficed, for if Berwick were "rebel" in Orange estimation, in what character would Ormond stand before James II.? Fitzjames rejoined the French camp at Nivelles.

In September commenced the siege of Charleroi under the direction of Vauban. As soon as ground was broken, the

Marshal detached eighteen battalions and several squadrons of the *Maison du Roi* towards Mons, to cover the French frontier, and to form the advanced guard of the army, in case the allies (then camped between Ninove and Alost) threatened French Flanders. With this corps served Berwick. However, the enemy ventured not, and after being brilliantly defended for a month by the Marquis de Villadarias, Charleroi fell. The possession of this strategically important place was the capital result of Neerwinden.

As for the other armies: in Italy, Catinat being reinforced, finished the campaign by defeating the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene at Marsaglia—an infantry battle, like Neerwinden. Twenty French battalions charged with the bayonet. “Je ne crois pas, Sire,” wrote Catinat to Louis XIV., “qu’il y ait encore eu d’action où l’on ait mieux connu de quoi l’infanterie de Votre Majesté est capable.”¹ In Germany nothing decisive. For want of brains to direct them, the means of offence at Maréchal de Lorge’s disposal remained sterile. South of the Pyrenees, Noailles took Roses in Catalonia, and at sea, De Tourville, issuing from the Bay of Lagos, surprised the Smyrna fleet of about 400 Dutch and English merchantmen. Admiral Rooke, who commanded the convoy of men-o’-war, was obliged to fly, and 100 ships were either destroyed or taken by the French.

Although the operations of ’93 everywhere ended badly for the Leaguers, Louis proposed terms of peace, for sore distress pervaded France, and money lacked: “On périssait de misère au bruit des Te Deum, et parmi les réjouissances.” By William’s influence, the overture was rejected. Persuaded by him that one more mighty effort would achieve the prostration of the enemy, Britain submitted to a fresh load of taxation.

¹ Here the Irish Brigade distinguished itself: “Les^e Irlandais ont parfaitement bien fait à la bataille de Marsaglia, et le roi est fort content de tout ce qu’on lui en a dit et mandé.”—*Journal de Dangeau*.



XLV.

THE DEATH OF LUXEMBOURG.

1694-1695.

IN the spring the Duke of Berwick was re-appointed to the army of Flanders, nominally under the Dauphin, but really conducted by Luxembourg. About 80,000 strong, it occupied the camps of St. Trond, Tongres, and Vignamont; the allies, numbering more than 90,000 good troops (31,000 being cavalry), lay in the neighbourhood of Louvain. Time passed languidly, the armies amusing themselves in eating up the resources of their respective districts. At length, relying on his superiority, William aimed at finishing the campaign by seizing Courtray before Luxembourg could come to its relief. Nor did the idea promise ill, considering that the Dutchman was nearer the city by three or four marches than his enemy. But the prescient Marshal baffled him; a few days before the Anglo-Dutch broke up their camp, he sent forward some brigades of horse, under pretence of clearing the country between the Sambre and the Meuse of hostile foragers. Deluded, the Dutch generalissimo moved leisurely toward the Scheldt on the 20th of August. At the same time the French strode for Tournay with extraordinary diligence. In five days they marched 132 miles and crossed five rivers. So that on reaching Pont Espierre—where he had hoped to pass the Scheldt—William found intrenched on the other side, not simply M. de la Vallette, who commanded in the frontier lines, but the

advanced guard of the Dauphin's army. French Flanders, therefore, being protected, the allies wheeling to the right crossed the river at Oudenarde and quartered quietly around Ghent. In this position their superiority of force enabled them to restrict the French to their lines at Ypres, Menin, Furnes, and Dunkirk. Nor did they forget to make use of the imposing detachment at Liège; it invested Huy, which surrendered after ten days' siege, and the campaign was over.

The brilliant march from the Meuse to the Scheldt is an excellent example of outstripping movements. Feuquière remarks that since 1694 no general at the head of Louis's armies could furnish an illustration of such operations worth quoting.

The failure of an attack on Brest marks this year. William intended it should occur in the spring; but laziness or treachery interposing, Lord Berkeley's fleet, having Talmash and twelve regiments on board, did not sight the port before the 18th of June. The enterprise was no secret to the French; on the 4th of May Lord Marlborough having warned James,¹ Vauban had organized the defence. The tale is short and sad. Shore batteries kept the ships aloof, and on Talmash landing with 900 soldiers, the French marines were upon them before they could recover from the confusion inevitable in such cases. Meanwhile, the tide ebbed, the boats stuck fast. Heroic Talmash was killed, half his men slaughtered, the rest prisoners. Berkeley thought to avenge the disaster by bombarding Dieppe and Havre. He inflicted much personal misery, but obtained no military results.

In the Alps, on the Rhine, as in Flanders, the French position was defensive. In Catalonia somewhat more life, Maréchal de Noailles taking Palamos, Girona, Ostalrich, and Castel Follet. A combined attack by land and sea on Barcelona was prevented by the appearance of the English fleet in the Mediterranean.

During the winter Berwick frequently enjoyed the sports

¹ See Marlborough's letter in Dalrymple's "Memoirs of Great Britain," iii. 63.

and pleasures of Versailles. In the last campaign he had become intimate with the Dauphin, and he was now one of the twenty *grands seigneurs* whom *Monseigneur* invited to Choisy, to help him to plant trees and play at lansquenet.

In December Queen Mary died of small-pox. Cruelly ungrateful to a father who loved her, she clung devotedly to an adust and sometimes unfaithful husband. James felt her death acutely; the more so because in her last moments she declared "her conscience in no ways troubled her, for it was with the advice of the most learned men of her Church she acted, who were to answer for it, not she." Well might the unhappy father cry, "O miserable way of arguing, so fatal both to the deceiver, and those that suffer themselves to be deceived."¹ In the mouth of so staunch a Protestant Mary's argument is strange.

The year closed with evil omen to Louis XIV. The Duc de Luxembourg fell dangerously ill. When the news reached the King he observed significantly to Dangeau: "Si nous sommes assez malheureux pour perdre ce pauvre homme-là, celui qui en porterait la nouvelle au prince d'Orange seroit bien reçu;" and then, turning to Fagon, his chief physician—"Faites, Monsieur, pour M. de Luxembourg tout ce que vous feriez pour moi-même, si j'étais dans l'état qu'il est." Vain this majestic condescension. On the 4th of January the Marshal expired, "universellement regretté (says the Duke of Berwick) des gens de guerre." With him departed the glorious fortune of French arms.

A more brilliant captain on the field of battle than François Henri de Montmorency, it would be difficult to name. His *coup d'œil* was unerring. None surmised more correctly the design of an enemy, or more promptly decided on the tactics required to foil it. Midst the roar of cannon and the charge of horse he was at once audacious and prudent, enterprising and skilful. Coolness in emergency won him the confidence of the soldiers, a gracious familiarity inspired the officers with affection. His fault lay in the inaction which commonly suc-

¹ Clarke, "Life of James II."

ceeded his mightiest efforts. He seldom followed up a blow ; and the envious accused him of not caring to hasten the end of war. A victory gained, he left matters to the chief of his staff, Puysegur, and with the gusto of twenty-five betook himself to pleasure. A countenance at first sight unprepossessing, and a huge hump on the back, might seem detrimental to social success, but delightful manners and pointed conversation redeemed external disadvantages, and his suppers in camp, redolent with the prettiest women available and the smartest musketeers on service, were charming. Renowned soldier, true Montmorency, but rather dissolute old gentleman of sixty-seven, he faced death with so much composure and piety that the celebrated Père Bourdaloue, who attended him in his illness, declared "qu'il n'avoit pas vécu comme M. de Luxembourg, mais qu'il voudroit mourir comme lui."¹

Just before the opening of the campaign of '95, Berwick appeared in a new character. He married Sarsefield's beautiful widow. The match was unacceptable to James, who probably intended for his promising son a richer *parti* than a daughter of Lord Clanricarde. Alas! even royal frowns are jests to Cupid! But if Fitz-James displeased, his sister Henrietta (Lady Waldegrave) sadly grieved the King. By excessive flirtation with Lord Galmoy the susceptible widow had excited such scandal at Saint-Germain that her father imposed the cooling discipline of a convent. However, the amour had gone so far that its sanction by the Church was indispensable. Both marriages took place in March.

Berwick's honeymoon was short, but certainly sweet. In April he joined the army in Flanders, to the chief command of which the King appointed Maréchal de Villeroy (the son of his old governor). He was a courtier of the first water, a fine gentleman exceedingly the fashion among the women, infallible authority, too, on the cut of a waistcoat, and the garniture of a coat ; a brave cavalier withal, but, as a general, quite unfit to supply the place of Luxembourg. The public

¹ Madame de Sévigné. "Mémoires du Maréchal de Villars." "Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick." "Mémoires du Duc de Saint Simon."

instinct suggested Catinat, but *père la Pensée* was plebeian, sententious, and uncouth at Court.

Though Louis had made earnest preparation for the campaign, his power remained very inferior to that which English money enabled William to array. Strictly on the defensive, therefore, would act the French. The frontier to be guarded stretched from Dunkirk to the confluence of the Sambre and Meuse. Tournay on the Scheldt and Ypres near the Lis formed the centre of the line. Charged with the protection of Namur, a *corps d'armée*, under Boufflers, assembled near Mons. A flying column watched Furnes and Dunkirk. The main army at Commines covered Ypres, Lille, and Tournay. From the Furnes downs to Ypres the French frontier was marked out by canals; thence to Espierre intrenchments defied intrusion; onward to Condé, the Scheldt constituted the ditch. The Haine and the Sambre completed the line to Namur.

Outnumbering the French by 20,000 men, William ventured on a hazardous dissemination of force. Detaching 15,000 men against the fort of Knock (key of the canals between Ypres and the sea), he advanced with the grand army to Rousselaer. Having assembled 30,000 men on the Dender, the Elector of Bavaria took post between the Scheldt and the Lis; a third corps at Fleurus menaced Namur.

William's notion was to induce the French to concentrate on their left. When they had done so, he would counter-march and hurry to Namur. Fraught with peril was the plan, for the Elector's movement having sent Boufflers (who had been watching him) within the Courtray lines, the French army was almost massed, and at choice might have struck any one of the enemy's three corps, which were absolutely without intercommunication. So manifest the opportunity that Villeroy is said to have proposed to Louis a scheme for crushing the confederates: he would attack in front; Boufflers, marching in the night from Courtray, would be in their rear by daybreak; at the same time, Comte de la Mothe, from Ypres, might burst upon their right flank. Vigorously conducted, the operation must have at least upset the idea of

besieging Namur, for a serious mishap to any one of the ill-placed allied corps would produce, if not the destruction of the rest, at any rate the loss of the numerical superiority which had driven the French to the defensive.¹ But if Villeroy really reasoned thus, Louis heeded him not. The opportunity passed away. For more than a week William was in jeopardy; then, every preparation made, he suddenly departed for the Meuse, leaving the Prince de Vaudemont with 30,000 men on the Lis to beguile the French. On the 1st of July he joined the troops under Lord Athlone (better known as De Ginkel), which had just invested Namur.

While the dandy marshal was allowing his opponent to transgress the principles of war, his lieutenant, Boufflers, evinced dash and judgment. The confederates' project being now unmistakable, that gallant soldier marched parallel with the Elector towards Namur. All at once, however, sending back to Villeroy the bulk of his following, he pressed onward, attended by M. de Mesgrigny, an eminent engineer, and seven dragoon regiments. The Bavarian was distanced. Not only did the Frenchmen throw themselves into the place before it was completely surrounded, but Boufflers contrived to despatch to Givet the horses and furniture of six out of the seven regiments. The military history of the seventeenth century abounds with instances of the inestimable services performed by the dragoons. It is surprising that the expediency of forming such troops, after the old model, should never have occurred to modern ministers of war or generals-in-chief. How well dragoon officers interpreted their duty is related by Saint Simon. "Urgent private affairs" had detained in Paris Comte d'Albert, half-brother of the Duc de Chevreuse; but, hearing that the Dragon-Dauphin, of which he was colonel, was shut up in Namur, the Count hastened to Dinant, traversed in the disguise of a boatman the allied camp, and swimming the Meuse rejoined his colours—to be desperately wounded anon. What a delightful *esprit de corps* flavours the daring of this splendid fellow!

¹ "Mémoires de Feuquière." "Mémoires de Berwick."

The grand situation of the fortress, its powerful outworks, lately improved by Vauban, plentiful supplies, 13,000 good troops, the capacity of the governor, De Guiscard, and the resolute temper of Maréchal de Boufflers, augured an obstinate defence.





XLVI.

THE LOSS OF NAMUR.

1695.

VILLEROY'S work was now clearly cut out: he should rout Vaudemont; and then, breaking their communication with Liège and Brussels, starve the besiegers.

Such was the Marshal's plan, and judicious at first were his measures to further it. Marching rapidly by night, he was at dawn of the 13th of July within four miles of the unsuspecting foe posted at Deynze on the Lis. Had he struck hard and fast, superiority of force and the secrecy of the movement would have enabled him to destroy Vaudemont; but he preferred to wait till Montal, ordered up from the extreme left, could circle into that officer's rear. Part of the day was spent in repose, part in reducing two insignificant castles. Taking advantage of the respite, the allies fell back on the rising ground of Arselle, the village of Enterghen in their front, their left resting on the Mandel, the right uncovered. As soon as taken up, the position was intrenched. At 6 A.M. next morning the French, whose advance had been impeded by the difficult nature of the ground, came in sight. A point blank attack was now dangerous, but the cavalry of the right and some infantry passing the Mandel might assail the enemy's left, while another corps bore down on their right. And such was the intention. Villeroi's left wing was quickly within two musket-shots of its game. Berwick's division was there. Already were Brigadier de Surville and the grenadiers

ordered to the front, and the Duke was preparing to support them with several battalions; when, lo! a command to "halt!" The occasion vanished.

Masking the withdrawal of men and cannon from the trenches with infinite skill, Vaudemont effected an admirable retreat, which old Montal, with all his energy, was not yet in a posture to interrupt. Instead of the overthrow of an army corps and the raising of a siege, Villeroy's tactics accomplished the sabring of a few dragoons of a rear-guard.

To the pusillanimity of the Duc du Maine, eldest of the royal bastards,¹ was the failure popularly ascribed. He commanded the left wing. Requested by Villeroy to engage, he made, we are told, all manner of excuses; he must reconnoitre; he must confess. In a frenzy the soldiers stamped and cursed. Officers remonstrated. De Montrevil, senior lieutenant-general, with tears in his eyes strove to excite the young man. He could only stammer objections. Time fled, and with it victory.

A consummate courtier, Villeroy took care not to vindicate himself at the expense of a subaltern so augustly befriended. By the mouth of a discreet aide-de-camp he pretended to Louis that extraordinary celerity of march saved Vaudemont from punishment. Details were avoided.

But truth will out. The Dutch gazettes ironically related the exploits of the cautious commander. Quick-witted French soldiers set the camps roaring with their pungent raillery. When he knew the worst the grief of the Grand Monarque was poignant—the darling born to lead armies could not understand a simple order to charge!

So intensely mortified was Louis on this occasion that, for the second and last time during his long reign, he completely forgot himself.² Rising from table at Marly, he perceived a footman slip a biscuit into his pocket as he was removing the

¹ By Madame de Montespan. He was born in 1670, the same year as James Fitzjames—bastards both, but of a mettle how dissimilar!

² His first *accès de colère* was when he threw his cane out of the window lest he should strike Lauzun.—FOURNIER, *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire*.

dessert. To the winds went royal calm. Shocked lords and ladies saw his Majesty fall upon the valet, and, pouring forth a volley of abuse, thrash him till his cane snapped. Then, according to after-dinner custom, he went mightily incensed to Madame de Maintenon's apartment. Returning thence about an hour afterwards, and seeing Père la Chaise among the courtiers, he exclaimed, "Mon père, j'ai bien battu un coquin, et je lui ai cassé ma canne sur le dos, mais je ne crois pas avoir offensé Dieu." Fearing to irritate in presence of company, the judicious priest did not contradict. Every one was set speculating as to the cause of such a passion, for that a serving man's petty larceny kindled it, who could believe? It soon transpired that the King had forced Lavienne, his favourite bathman, to tell what the world was saying about the Duc du Maine.

Gibes teemed even in the gilded saloons of Versailles. The Duc d'Elbœuf, a courtier every inch, could not repress a sarcasm. He asked Du Maine where his highness proposed to serve during the next campaign, for he would like to do duty in the same quarter. "What do you mean?" asked a bystander, dull or ill-natured. "C'est qu'avec lui on était assuré de sa vie," answered D'Elbœuf. Cunctator held his peace.

With so many tongues wagging, Villeroy's reticence was the better appreciated. No matter poor success in the field, the Marshal's favour with the King increased, and Madame de Maintenon's friendship grew fervid.¹

To resume. Detaching troops to Nieuport, Vaudemont retreated rapidly on Ghent. Villeroy advanced with leisure. First, he looked at Nieuport; then, finding it firmly occupied, Montal's corps was directed on Dixmude, garrisoned by nine choice regiments under the Danish general Ellenberg. Though the fortifications were weak, the place might have held out awhile, but Ellenberg, hitherto remarkable for personal courage, unaccountably quailing, surrendered after firing a few shots. He was eventually tried by court-martial, and beheaded. Immediately afterwards, Deynze, a poor place

¹ "Mémoires du Duc de Saint Simon."

which Vaudemont had likewise strengthened, capitulated in similar haste. The commandant, Brigadier O'Farrel, a veteran of high repute, was cashiered with infamy—"ce que tous deux méritaient pour ne s'être pas défendus autant qu'ils se devoient," is Berwick's blunt but proper comment.

After these petty successes the French marched to Brussels, which, in retaliation for the recent shelling of Saint Malo, Granville, and Dunkirk by the English fleet, they had orders to bombard, unless the allied authorities would engage that such acts should cease. The Elector of Bavaria, who chanced to be in the city on a visit to his wife, being unable to give such assurance, the batteries were prepared. Still, Villeroy offered to postpone opening fire for six hours, so as to give the Electress and other ladies an opportunity of quitting the town. Unfortunately she miscarried of a son before she could avail herself of the indulgence; but the French courteously took care that, while the bombardment lasted, none of their dread emissaries scared the palace.

Thus reckless smash on the Norman coast begat wanton ravage in Flanders. Not the slightest effect on the war did the incendiary game produce. Such "military operations" are stupid, as well as cruel.

A passive spectator, Vaudemont watched the flames. Covered by the Senne, his army lay to the east of the city, and communicated with a formidable corps which Athlone had brought up from Namur, and placed between Genappe and Waterloo. It is interesting to see certain strategic points continually turning up in history. They are stereotyped for all time: "*Le choix judicieux des points et des lignes stratégiques est le salut des armées dans les revers, et la cause des plus grands résultats dans le succès.*"¹

The reprisal over, the French, disregarding Vaudemont, started for Namur. On the 26th of August they were at Fleurus, where large reinforcements joined from Germany. To announce their approach to the besieged, a mighty salute

¹ Maréchal Marmont.

of ninety cannon was fired. A bright light on the highest point of the citadel responded.

As they were about to encamp on the Mehaigne, a great body of hostile cavalry appeared. At first, it was supposed to be the allied van-guard eager to dispute progress, but perceiving that it was not followed, Villeroi collected all the horse (two brigades) not out foraging, crossed the river and vehemently assailed those thirty reconnoitring squadrons, which turned, and were pursued to within a short distance of their lines. The young *noblesse* were of course in the thick of the fray. Ever intent on acquiring a practical knowledge of war, the Duke of Berwick was there. A friendly pen declares that the Duc du Maine distinguished himself, his horse being wounded under him. The Duc de Chartres and the Prince de Conti did "à merveille à leur ordinaire." The Comte de Toulouse (Maine's brother), though down with fever, rose from his bed, charged, and returned to camp perfectly free from his distemper; a most soldierly cure! Maréchal de Villeroi got a shot in his hat.¹ However incompetent to conduct a great military operation, he was a bold dragoon, never averse from cut and thrust. When will kings and ministers understand that an officer may be brilliant at the head of a brigade, and contemptible as leader of an army?

Not another sabre did Villeroi draw for Namur. Having examined the position of the covering army, he pronounced it too strongly posted to be attacked with any prospect of success.

"So waves his colours, beats his drums,
And thinks it prudent there to stay."

It was going hard with the fortress. Vauban away, Boufflers directed the defence with more courage than skill. On the 9th of July the trenches had been opened. On the 17th a detachment of 3,000 men left in observation outside the ramparts were overwhelmed and well-nigh cut to pieces. A breach being effected in a half-finished wall, the enemy waded across the Meuse, which happened to be very low, and

¹ "Journal de Dangeau."

penetrated into the streets. They were repulsed ; but no longer tenable, the city surrendered on the 4th of August, Boufflers and the garrison retiring into the chateau and neighbouring works, which were speedily bombarded with 150 heavy guns and fifty-five mortars. When breaches gaped sufficiently the assault was delivered. Both sides losing tremendously, the counterscarp of the chateau and two forts were carried on the 31st of August, and Boufflers capitulated, on condition of evacuating the place on the 6th of September unless he were relieved in the interval. But Villeroy stirred not, and on the day fixed the gallant Marquis surrendered the chateau, his troops being reduced from 13,000 to 5,000 effectives. The allies lost 18,000 men during this terrible siege.¹

Namur has a glorious tale to tell. On her shattered walls Cutts and the British grenadiers won immortal fame. French valour never blazed more fiercely than in her defence. And in "that cursed trench" near St. Nicholas Gate, did not Uncle Toby receive "the monstrous wound" which caused Widow Wadman such lively anxiety?

As soon as De Boufflers and Comte de Guiscard, riding at the head of the brave garrison, had saluted the victorious enemy, the Marshal was arrested by William's order,² because the prisoners taken at Dixmude and Deynze had been retained instead of being exchanged, according to *cartel*. This practical remonstrance had the desired effect. The captives soon rejoined their colours, and Boufflers repaired to Versailles to bask in smiles, and kiss hands for a dukedom. Nor were his lieutenants forgotten : Guiscard obtained the government of

¹ Where there is a will there is a way. Notwithstanding the close investment of the place, Louis was regularly informed as to the state of things inside. The post in operation was after this fashion : "Le roi a eu des lettres de Namur de Fumeron, qui y fait la charge d'intendant ; il y avoit aussi une lettre de M. de Boufflers, mais l'homme qui les avoit avalées dans des petites boîtes d'or, faites comme noyaux d'olives, n'avait rendu encore que celle de Fumeron." (Août 5.) *Journal de Dangeau*.

² By M. de l'Etang, formerly lieutenant of Turenne's body-guard, and now serving William of Orange in a similar capacity. Such the effect of religious persecution.

Dinant, General de Laumont that of Dunkirk. The engineer de Mesgrigny was made lieutenant-general. When William was told of the good things showered on the beaten captains, he observed with a shrug that he must envy a king who could reward the loss of a place more liberally than he was able to recompense the gain of one.

The sieges of Namur in 1692 and 1695 offer splendid and curious tribute to intellectual pre-eminence. In the former year the French took it, in despite of Coëhorn. But Vauban conducted the attack; and with a far inferior force manœuvring on the Mehaigne, Maréchal de Luxembourg baffled William's endeavours to avert the catastrophe. Then, the superiority of talent lay with the French. Three years later, the same tragedy is on the stage, but the actors have changed parts. Glaring faults were done on both sides, but Villeroy being inept, William's very disregard of military science instead of ensuring his defeat actually tended to his advantage. And Coëhorn laid siege to the fortress he had well defended. Its every weak point he knew to a hair. Nor was Vauban by to counteract him. Moreover, neither Boufflers, Guiscard, nor Mesgrigny, it appears, were duly conversant with the capacities and peculiarities of the stronghold in their keeping.¹ Without difficulty William maintained the Mehaigne against a court favourite, as much his inferior in ability as he himself fell short of Luxembourg's genius. No such exploit as this capture had the Dutch prince achieved during the war, and his reputation as a general rose very considerably in consequence.

The campaign was over. Hearing that Boufflers had beaten the *chamard*, Villeroy retired towards the frontier; the allies soon marched for Hal and Brussels. On the 25th of September the armies were taking up winter quarters.

On the Rhine and in Spain no events of mark occurred. Secret negotiations having been opened with the Duke of Savoy, a strange juggle was resorted to. Casale being already blockaded, the Emperor insisted on Victor Amadeus attacking

¹ "Mémoires de Feuquiére."

it seriously. But that crafty politician, as averse to the place being in Imperialist as in French hands, and yet unable to shirk operations, furtively advised Louis to order the governor to capitulate when apparently pressed hard, on condition that the fortifications should be razed, and the town revert to its old master, the Duke of Mantua. The King acquiesced : Catinat grounded arms. Casale was assailed at the end of June. On the 9th of July the commandant, as arranged, offered to surrender. The Austrian officers, however, demurred to the terms. After some ado, Victor Amadeus contrived the acceptance of them, and to lull suspicion, formally renewed his adhesion to the grand alliance. Happily for his highness, everything is deemed fair in love and war.

About the middle of October we find the Duke and Duchess of Berwick in attendance on James and Mary at Fontainebleau. The visit proved a week *en fête*. In the mornings the Court chased the wolf, the stag, or the boar. The evenings passed merrily with lansquenets and music, the dance or the play. James always rode to hounds, but Louis often hunted in a calash, what he lost in headlong excitement gaining in the sweet converse of Mary of Modena, the Duchess of Tyrconnel, and other fair dames. The King's health indeed was no longer robust. Of gouty habit, he ate copiously, and swallowed an excessive quantity of medicine. Fagon had just insisted on his giving up champagne (his sole beverage hitherto) and taking to Burgundy. Forswearing the nectar of his glory, fortune favoured him no more.

"C'est une jolie femme dont tout le monde s'accommode bien, et qui est très à la mode," is the judicious Dangeau's description of the Duchess of Berwick at this period. To please Queen Mary (perhaps the de Burgh *beaux yeux* may have had something to say in the matter) Louis gave the charming Irishwoman an apartment at Marly, and there were the Duke and herself lodged at the close of the year.¹

¹ Marly-le-Roi became celebrated at the end of the eighteenth century for the magnificent château Louis XIV. built there—"l'permitage de Marli." The courtiers, however, pronounced Marly "un favori sans mérite."



XLVII.

THE PLOT.

1696.

WE return for a little while to Old England, not merry just now, but morose, full of hates and wallowing in corruption. In the army, according to poets, scornful of £ s. d., the fashionable iniquity first came to light. Certain officers lying at Royston extorted money from the town-folk on pretence of subsisting their men. An appeal to the House of Commons revealed an elaborate system of fraud : officers cheated the rank and file, army agents, not content with filching from both officers and soldiers, bribed high and low in the Government offices. Colonel Hastings, a brave veteran, was cashiered. Agents and contractors of " eminence " were arrested. But the military was not the only rotten branch of the public service. The commissioners for the licensing of hackney coaches were next arraigned ; even the wives of these worthies had played the game *à la mode*. Among the commissioners dismissed was Colonel Villars, who is famous for having pulled down Lady Cromwell's house in Ireland, to save himself the price of fuel.¹ Filth of this sort is never confined to a narrow compass. Engendered in a vitiated social atmosphere, it spreads far and wide a national distemper : the more the evil thing was stirred, the worse the *haut-gout*. Suddenly it was recollected that a bill for liquidating the claims of orphans, and

¹ Dalrymple, "Memoirs of Great Britain."

other creditors of the city, had passed into law with astonishing rapidity. Setting to work, a committee discovered that Sir John Trevor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, had pocketed £1,000 for expediting the measure. And accordingly, that awful functionary—lately Master of the Rolls, and Commissioner of the Great Seal—was expelled St. Stephen's.

Where would it all end? Whose hands were clean? Presently came the turn of the East India Company. Craving a new charter, it had expended £90,000 in convincing dubious minds. £10,000 went to William himself. The Duke of Leeds, Lord President of the Council, received £5,000. As regarded the King, it was explained that the *douceur* had been described to him as a kind of fee customary in like cases; the Duke was impeached. But one Robert, his Swiss valet, absconding in the nick of time, the affair terminated by the King seasonably proroguing Parliament on the 3rd of May, 1695. Shrewd and unimpulsive, William of Orange was the very man, it might be thought, to escape the errors of lighter-brained and more effusive potentates. He must have been aware of his personal unpopularity, and of the jealous temper of the people he ruled: and yet—so irresistible the fascination of a job—we have him granting to Bentinck Earl of Portland and “his heirs for ever,” five-sixths of the county of Denbigh—the ancient domain of the Prince of Wales. A prodigious ferment arose. The hot-blooded Welsh clamoured. Mr. Price, afterwards a Baron of the Exchequer, inveighed against the transaction with great ability. “Let it be considered,” he asked the Commons; “can it be for his Majesty's honour or interest—when the people hear this and understand it—that he daily gives away the revenues, and, what is more, the perpetuity of the crown revenues to his foreign subjects?” The whole House presented an address to the King against the grant, and he submitted to the humiliation of recalling it.¹ Besides, says Evelyn, “huge confusion and discontent by reason of the clipped money and the greatness of the taxes”—

¹ Harris, “Life of King William III.”

“Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.”

As a matter of course, Jacobite hopes revived. Nay, so sanguine was James now, that he considered the dissensions at Saint Germain the main obstacle in his path. There the “Compounders” and “Non-Compounders” lived like cat and dog: the first, led by Lord Middleton, proposed a general pardon, and a restoration under limitations; the latter, inspired by Lord Melfort, preferred an unconditional resumption of the throne, and the exclusion from amnesty of certain obnoxious persons. The contest ended by Melfort—as distasteful to the French Government as he was to the Jacobite majority—being deprived of his Secretaryship of State. But, still perplexed by jarring counsels, James determined not to issue any declaration until he was face to face with his subjects.

Much preparation for a rising had been going on in England. Persons of rank were deep in the business. Two thousand horse were ready to fall on at short notice; but “the sober men” of the party refused to move without the countenance of disciplined troops. On the other hand, Louis would not allow a soldier of his to embark at Calais, before it was reported to him that some important place was in possession of the malcontents.

And now the Duke of Berwick was required to undertake an uncongenial character. He must quit his pretty wife, the *petits bals de contre danse* (in which she especially shone)¹ and the feminine spites of Marly, to venture his head among party-zealots, boiling over

“With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands.”

Officers of experience and many gentlemen of James’s guards, weary of serving in the ranks, were already *en route* to join the disaffected; and, to give the movement an influential leader of approved courage, Louis and James had decided that General de Berwick should repair to England. Secrecy being essential, it was given out that early in February the

¹ “Journal de Dangeau.”

Duke would start on a tour of inspection of the Irish in the French service. Instead of reviewing his old comrades, Fitzjames disguised himself, went on board an "owler" (as the smuggling luggers of the channel were called), and was soon "at home" again.

On previous occasions, when "landings" were in the wind, plans for seizing and carrying off William III. had been suggested, but James always repelled them. In the beginning of 1695, one Crosbie or Clinch renewed the idea. As before, it was rejected. Nevertheless, on his return to London, Crosbie whispered the matter to Sir William Perkins, Captain Charnock (a fellow of Magdalen, turned soldier), and other Jacobite gentlemen. But on Charnock writing to Saint Germain to inquire whether Crosbie's views were approved, and obtaining no satisfactory reply, the affair dropped, till the arrival of Brigadier Sir George Barclay, a Scotsman of distinction, now lieutenant of Berwick's troop of guards. Though sixty years old, Barclay was audacious as well as crafty, and well cut out for tough work.

In November, 1695, James had informed this gentleman that in and about London existed a strong Jacobite feeling, but the anti-Williamites being mostly without military training, practised officers must be at hand to teach and to lead. Would Barclay go forth as chief of these? He assented, and reached London early in the following January, having in his pocket a commission signed "James R.," which required "our loving subjects to rise in arms and make war upon the Prince of Orange, the usurper of our throne."¹

His headquarters being the Piazza, Covent Garden, Sir George made the acquaintance of Perkins, Charnock, Porter, and the rest. Once more cropped up the kidnapping idea. "Presuming on his warrant to make war on the Prince of Orange and his adherents,"² Barclay conceived he had a right to attack William when surrounded by his guards. Assassination was not proposed, but men so perilously em-

¹ Clarke, "Life of King James."

² See Sir George Barclay's Relation, in Clarke.

ployed cannot afford to be nice. They are at the mercy of circumstances. Pistols are cocked, swords are drawn, and shall desperadoes with a grievance boggle about the blood of a foe? After much coming and going between the "Globe" in Hatton Garden and the "Nag's Head" in St. James's-street, the "Cock" in Bow-street and the "Sun" in the Strand, it was resolved to raise forty well-mounted men, chiefly old soldiers, and to pounce upon William (as he was returning from Richmond to London) in a narrow lane between Brentford and Turnham Green, where his coach-and-six could not turn. Eight horsemen were to "take care of the Prince," the others to deal with the guards; the time fixed was the 15th of February.

Meanwhile, Berwick was striving to convince the lords to whom he had been referred that so fair an opportunity should not be allowed to slip.¹ Let them straightway up; and, he promised, the Marquis d'Harcourt with 10,000 troops would on the instant embark at Calais. However, the Jacobite nobles persisted in their decision not to stir till James was in their midst respectably accompanied. Nor does Berwick blame them: for it is certain, he says, that as soon as the Prince of Orange had intelligence of the conspiracy, or scented the expedition, which owing to the preparation it involved could not remain a secret, he would have blockaded the French ports, and then, woe to the raw insurgents left to their own devices in front of veteran regiments.

The coarser machinations of the military plotters were only partially disclosed to the young diplomatist. Three days after his arrival Barclay informed him "in confidence" of a plan "for beating the guards and seizing the person of William." Sir George, no doubt, tried to persuade his superior officer (having, perhaps, succeeded in persuading himself) that the job could be done without bodily hurt to the sovereign prize. But the Duke disliked the tactics of the plausible brigadier. He deemed not "*la chose aussi sûre qu'ils la faisoient.*" Still

¹ Naturally enough, the Duke does not name these lords. He calls them "*quelques-uns des principaux seigneurs.*"

he did not feel himself bound *en honneur* to prohibit the project. Hence we may fairly conclude that, in his opinion at least, it did not necessarily import the murder of William III. No man living was less likely to sanction a foul blow. Humane without unction, and religious without bigotry, his was a nature to revolt instinctively from butchery.

With forty men of divers sorts implicated, how could such mad work prosper? Likely enough some of the band thought they might hold the Dutchman without cut and thrust; but that most, in their political fury, were willing to go the whole hog is pretty certain. But in such cases, as the time for acting approaches, pricking consciences and subsiding pluck assert themselves. On the day before the date fixed upon, one Captain Fisher, who had been very forward in the affair—declaring “he would kill one of the coach-horses, tho’ he should fall down dead in the doing it”—revealed William’s jeopardy to Lord Portland. A few hours afterwards Major Prendergast, an Irish Catholic of ancient family, also warned Portland. This gentleman had just been summoned to London for the business by Porter, but anticipating a bloody upshot, he resolved to prevent a crime. He acted conscientiously and without concert with Fisher, a vulgar, pot-valiant swash-buckler.

William in consequence remaining at home on the 15th, the conspirators, still unsuspecting, named the 22nd for the attempt. Again the King kept within doors. The chiefs heard this as they were dining at the “Blue Posts.” Evidently the game was up. However, they drank some racy toasts, and a song or two of the following type was sung:—

“God prosper long our noble King,
Our hopes and wishes all;
A fatal landing late there did
In Devonshire befall.

“To drive our Monarch from his throne,
Prince Naso took his way;
The babe may rue that’s newly born
The landing at Torbay,” &c., &c.

Then every man slunk to his garret. Several of them were seized in their beds next night, but Barclay escaped.

As usual, the ruffian of fiercest port proved recreant in danger: Captain George Porter craved to turn King's evidence.

Eight of the ten arrested were executed: Sir William Perkins, Sir John Friend, Brigadier Rookwood, Major Lowick, Captain Charnock, Messrs. Cranborn, King, and Keys. With their dying breath all of them cleared King James of part, parcel, or knowledge of their fatuous design.¹ "Most dismal sight!" Temple Bar displayed the heads and quarters of citizens Perkins and Friend—prosperous merchants, but luckless dabblers in politics.

The most eminent of the sufferers was Major-General Sir John Fenwick, soon afterwards taken in Surrey, while flying for France. To save his life he transmitted to William, through the Duke of Devonshire, an account of the *pour-parlers* of Whig statesmen with King James. The Duke of Shrewsbury, Lords Marlborough, Godolphin, and Admiral Russell were especially accused. This step completed his ruin. Aware of the duplicity of these nobles, William feigned disbelief. He was wise enough to reserve his fury for smaller deer. Thus to the anger of honest Orangemen against Fenwick was joined the rage of patrician intriguers, who, mouthful of loyalty to the sovereign *de facto*, paid secret court to the king *de jure*. But the prisoner's quietus could not be managed off-hand. In a case of high treason the law required two *vivâ voce* witnesses. Here was one only—the reptile Porter. Therefore Fenwick must be convicted by bill of attainder. Chicane and perfidy

¹ "And yet Burnet, a Protestant bishop, endeavoured to fix a crime on James which his more generous rival never imputed to him."—DALRYMPLE.

"Of every vice
He had a spice,
Altho' a reverend prelate,
Yet word and deed,
If not belied,
A true dissenting zealot."

were unblushingly employed. Fresh from swearing away the lives of his familiars, Porter hid scoundrels behind a curtain, that they might hear unhappy Lady Fenwick try to bribe him to retire to the Continent. The disclosure concerning the powerful noblemen (now known to have been in all points true)¹ was charged against the general. In vain his counsel urged "the danger of a precedent which used the whole force of parliament to take away the life of a man whom the laws of his country could not condemn." After hot debating the bill passed both houses, and Sir John Fenwick mounted the scaffold. Luttrell assures us "his head was struck off at one blow," the victim "behaving himself with great sedateness."

The malignity of the Court party against this old soldier, who, if favourable to a rising, was innocent of the Barclay-Porter plot, gave edge to the rumour that he was personally hateful to William, in consequence of some incautious reflections on that prince's conduct in Flanders. The truth or falsehood of this is beyond our ken. Of one thing, however, we may be sure ; if a parliament, inspired by James, had destroyed an obnoxious person as Fenwick was destroyed, the event would be differently recorded in popular history. But to the Duke of Berwick. Before the 15th of February his mind was made up to return to France. He could not persuade the malcontent peers "*à agir contre le bon sens*" (as Montesquieu well expresses it). He would not be mixed up in the ambuscade. His disguise had been penetrated. A certain family likeness, particularly the long Stuart fingers, immortalized by Vandyke, betrayed him to a gentleman who, however, put him at his ease by the significant remark, "God speed you in all your enterprises." Nevertheless, it was plainly time to be off.

¹ "He might have expected mercy from that prince (William), because he was instrumental in saving his life ; for when, about April, 1695, an attempt formed against his person came to his knowledge, he did, partly by dissuasions, partly by delays, prevent that design, which he supposed was the reason that the last villainous project was concealed from him."—*Paper delivered to the Sheriffs at Tower Hill by Sir John Fenwick.*

When and where he embarked we are not told ;¹ but it was from the same place at which he had landed. Having reached, he says, a house by the seaside, handy for news of his owler, he stretched his weary limbs before the fire and slept. About two hours after a violent knocking at the door awoke him. A band of armed men entered. He seemed lost. But in a moment the glimmering lanthorn disclosed the captain of the Jacobite lugger, in quest of his passenger. On board forthwith, in three hours he was at Calais.

He sped for Saint Germain ; but at Clermont his chaise broke down, and while awaiting the necessary repairs, the coach-and-six of his royal father drove up to the inn. Expecting an early rising in England, Louis had advised his cousin to start for the coast ; and although desirous of awaiting his son's return, the exile must take the hint.

After hearing what Berwick had to say, James ordered him to Marly, to enlighten the King, and continued his journey. On the 1st of March the Duke arrived at the palace, and had an interview with Louis in the presence of Madame de Maintenon. Resolved not to advance a man till the English were doing, and they being as determined not to buckle on a sword without trained valour at their back, "*l'Hercule très chrétien*" considered the expedition out of the question ; but, on hearing of the projected ambuscade, he commanded the troops to abide events on the coast.

After the briefest renewal of conjugal blessedness, the Duke joined his father at Calais. He found there an admirable little corps under D'Harcourt, with Richard Hamilton as second in command. In the midst of organizing the soldiers, James heard of the seizure of the conspirators. A Godsend to William was the madness of those men. The conjecture that his murder had been concerted at Versailles begat a strong revulsion in his favour. Parliament became submissive ; and westerly winds having kept the British fleet in the Downs, a squadron was available for immediate service ;

¹ Luttrell says "the 14th of February." — *Brief Relation of State Affairs.*

Cloudesly Shovel, therefore, bombarded Calais, with the usual trivial results.

After six weeks spent in sorrowful journeying between Calais and Boulogne, James returned to Saint Germain. For his disappointments he sought the solace of religion. Every day he used to repeat the following prayer, which, though philosophers may deride, sounds touching to those who can honour faith, even in a Papist: "I give thee, O my God, most humble thanks for taking my three kingdoms from me; then didst thou awake me by that from the lethargy of sin; had not thy goodness drawn me from that wretched state, I had been for ever lost. I return thee also my most humble thanks for that out of thy infinite bounty thou didst banish me into a foreign country, where I learned my duty and how to practise it."¹

On the break-up of the expedition, Lieutenant-general de Berwick served in the army of De Villeroy in Flanders. There four armies frowned harmlessly throughout the summer. On the side of the Sambre and Meuse, Boufflers stood on the defensive against William. On the Scheldt Vaudemont faced Villeroy. Two hundred and fifty thousand men ate up the country. *Voilà tout!* Like the French, English soldiers complained bitterly of want of pay, and marauded proportionately.²

Contemptible in the annals of war, the year is notable on the diplomatic record. After long secret negotiation, Victor Amadeus renounced the grand alliance, and, throwing himself into the arms of France, acquired more solid advantages than brilliant feats in the field might have earned. On condition of its fortifications not being restored, Louis ceded to him Pignèrol dismantled. When the Imperialists quitted Italy, Nice and Savoy would likewise be handed over to him. Lastly, the Princess Marie Adelaide, the Duke's eldest daugh-

¹ Clarke, "Life of James II."

² "26 July. So little money in the nation that Exchequer tallies, of which I had some for £2,000 in the best fund in England, the Post Office, nobody would take at 30 per cent. discount."—*Diary of John Evelyn*.

ter, was betrothed to the Duke of Burgundy, eldest son of the Dauphin. The characteristics of the House of Savoy seem to have been formerly the same as they are to-day : bravery in doing, but in contriving, of a morality peculiarly elastic.

Brightly did the year end for Berwick. On the 21st of October his beautiful wife presented him with a gift delightful to wearers of coronets and large-acred squires : that son was born, to whom, on his marriage in 1716 with Dona Catarina of Portugal, sister and heiress of the Duc de Veraguas, the Duke of Berwick ceded his duchy of Liria in Spain.

Yet a few months, and where would be the happiness of James Fitzjames ?





XLVIII.

"LE BRANLE DE LA PAIX."

1697.

THE defection of Savoy obliged the Leaguers to concede the neutrality of Italy. Elsewhere the war would go on. In Belgium, France put forth a great power; 150,000 men mustered there in April, divided into three armies, under Maréchaux de Villeroy, de Boufflers, and Catinat, whom the truce in Italy had set free. The Duke of Berwick (to whom Louis now granted a pension of 12,000 francs) again fell in under Villeroy, at whose quarters—a mark of special favour—he was lodged. In the middle of May, Catinat, advised by Vauban, laid siege to Ath. The defence was feeble. Having himself fortified the place, the great engineer knew exactly how to attack it. It fell on the 7th of June. Then the French marched toward Ninove; William of Orange, who was inferior in strength, intrenching himself before Brussels. Hostilities now virtually ceasing in Flanders, broke out hotly in Spain. The Duc de Vendôme besieged Barcelona. Toulon sent her fleet and galleys.¹ As usual, the Spaniards defended the town with heroic obstinacy for two months. The heat was intense;

¹ "Les troupes de l'armée navale mirent pied à terre, et servirent au siège, les chefs d'escadre comme maréchaux de camp, et le Bailli de Noailles comme lieutenant-général."—*Mémoires du Duc de Saint Simon*. The English and French seamen and marines have ever been ready for any kind of service ashore. In the Franco-German war, and in Ashantee, they showed their exceeding worth.

disease abounded ; and so, by the 10th of July, when Barcelona threw open her gates, the French had suffered greatly.

Pari passu with military movements, peace negotiations proceeded at Ryswick in Holland. After the surrender of Ath, Boufflers and Bentinck conferred mysteriously. It has been supposed that their conversations related to the evidently impending Spanish question ; but we have the authority of the Marquis de Torcy, French minister for foreign affairs, for believing that the personal concerns of Louis, James, and William constituted their sole purport ; William, it would appear, wished that his uncle should be required to quit Saint Germain, so inconveniently near to England. The Frenchman refused. Louis was anxious that the Jacobite exiles should be re-instated in their estates. The Dutchman shook his head. After some discussion William promised, on recovering his principality of Orange, not to afford French Protestants asylum there. He also engaged to pay the ex-Queen Mary her dower of £50,000 a year. This he afterwards declined to do, pretending that the payment was contingent on James and the Queen retiring to Avignon or Rome. On the other hand, Louis pledged himself neither directly nor indirectly to disturb the *statu quo* existing in England.¹

The military diplomatists parted excellent friends : the

¹ The following extract from a letter of Prior, the poet (then secretary to the Embassy), to Lord Halifax, throws light on a very discreditable transaction :—

“ Paris, the $\frac{3}{20}$ Aug., 1698.

“ I have written to my lord Portland, and Mr. Secretary, the summ of several discourses I have had with M. de Lauzun and others, or rather they with me, about the pension which we were to allow the Queen. Do we intend, my dear Master, to give her the fifty thousand pounds per annum, or no ? If we do not, I (or rather my Lord Jersey now) should be furnished with chicaning answers, when we are prest upon that point, for it was fairly promised ; that is certain : if we do, the giving it openly and generously would establish the King a reputation in the minds of the French, which if we gave twice the money to purchase would not, I think, be bought too dear ; but this is my own sentiment, and to my own Master, for the rest, *quæ supra nos, nihil ad nos.*”

ELLIS, *Letters of Eminent Literary Men* (Camden Society).

polite Hollander presenting Boufflers, the Duc de Guiche, and General Pracomtal with a fine English horse a-piece, the gallant Marshal returning *articles de luxe* of even greater price.

The autumn saw the settlement of the Peace of Ryswick. Amazing was the most Christian King's complaisance. From Dinant, taken in 1680, to Barcelona, just captured, he gave up everything—excepting Strasbourg; nay, so persistently did rumour announce a disposition to yield even it, that Vauban wrote to Racine, "in my opinion they might just as well give up the Faubourg Saint Germain as Strasbourg." Could that great man see his mutilated country now, how would he describe her powers of defence?

Further, ceding to France Marsal, Sarrelouis, and Longwy, according also to French troops a right of march through the duchy—Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, received the heritage of his fathers. Then came the painfullest sacrifice of all: Louis acknowledged his personal enemy to be King of England. But on one point he was inflexible; not a word would he listen to in behalf of the Huguenot emigrants. The grossest error he ever committed was the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, yet he stuck to it, nay, exulted in it, as if its shame were the glory of his reign.

A rare commentary on ambitious wars does this Peace of Ryswick furnish. Of what profit to the Grand Monarque the ten campaigns, their waste and bloodshed? In the letter to Racine, cited above, Vauban thus sums up against his master: "Nous avons gagné un terrain considérable sur l'ennemi, nous lui avons pris de grandes et bonnes places; nous l'avons toujours battu; nous vivons tous les ans à ses dépens; nous sommes en bien meilleur état qu'au commencement de la guerre, et au bout de tout cela, nous faisons une paix qui déshonore le roi, et toute la nation, je n'ai point de termes pour expliquer une si extraordinaire conduite, et quand j'en aurois, je me donneroi bien garde de les exposer à une telle lettre; brûlez-la, s'il vous plaît."¹

¹ This curious letter was first published in 1839 by Colonel Augozat in his "Abrégé des Services du Maréchal de Vauban."

Feuquière and other contemporary writers accuse Madame de Maintenon of tinkering this (in their eyes) dishonourable peace, but the exhaustion and misery of the nation were more probably its *raison d'être*. Calling to mind that in the Dutch war of 1672 France armed 240,000 soldiers, and 50 ships, exclusive of the galleys, but that during the war of the League of Augsbourg, she marshalled nearly 450,000 combatants, together with more than 60 line-of-battle ships and large frigates—we perceive ample room for peacemakers.¹

England and Holland, who found the money on the other side, were equally willing to recruit their crippled resources. Spain and the Emperor, who had simply furnished their quota of man flesh, acknowledged the blessings of good-will with less alacrity.

Nine years' hostility, the slaying or maiming of 800,000 soldiers or sailors, 700 millions spent—"starving nations, empty treasuries, and depopulated countries," taught monarchs a fleeting lesson in Christianity, and impressed statesmen with the political necessity of matrimony. Fecundity was encouraged by prizes; a decree went forth that disbanded soldiers who married on returning to their villages should be excused a certain amount of taxation (*ils ne payeront que pour 5 sols de taille durant 5 ans*). The surest method, thinks Dangeau, to induce such people to increase and multiply in the land.

The Peace dealt King James a heavy stroke. Scarcely daring to hope now, he suffered with dignity. He protested formally against the treaty, and to his dear friend, the Abbé de la Trappe, wrote in this wise: "Tho' his most Christian Majesty had the same affection and consideration for me he ever had, yet he may perhaps think his condition such as to oblige him to take a certain step for the good and peace of his kingdom, which I am confident he will have a great reluctance too (*sic*) upon my account, and I believe it will give him as much or more trouble than it will to me, who have been inured to contradictions all my life."²

¹ Martin, "Histoire de France."

² Clarke, "Life of James II."

To his honour, be it said, Louis evinced the utmost delicacy and thoughtfulness towards his ill-starred cousin. He commanded that no public rejoicings should herald the peace, and at the celebration of the artificial espousals of his grandson with the little Princess of Savoy, James and Mary were invited to perform the most honourable (however curious) parts in the gorgeous fiction,¹ the interesting details of which are narrated in the *Mercure* of the day with a simplicity pleasing enough when contrasted with the "word painting" of the modern Jenkins.

Although bent on peace, Louis lost not sight of his guest's interests. Out of the conversations of Bentinck and Boufflers arose in hazy form a suggestion of this kind: if the Stuart ceased from troubling the Dutchman's tenure of the throne, the latter would endeavour to secure the reversion of it to the Prince of Wales, who, for the purpose, should be educated in England as a Protestant. Soon afterwards Louis broached the matter to the royal exiles. As might be expected, they repudiated any compromise. James declared "he could not support the thought of making his own child a complice of his unjust dethronement," and the proud and sensitive Mary, with flashing eyes, protested she had rather see her son dead than seemingly beholden to an usurper who had pronounced him spurious. The subject dropped for ever. So hastily to repel the advance, the Duke of Berwick considers a grave imprudence. Possibly, but where was the guarantee for the execution of such an arrangement? What reason for expecting the compliance of the British Parliament? William's personal entreaties could not retain in English quarters the Dutch guards and the French Huguenots, and are we to imagine his influence sufficient to procure from the legislature their sanction of a hole-and-corner family bargain?²

¹ See "Journal de Dangeau," vi. 240-41.

² One of the most amiable traits recorded of William III., is his emotion at parting with his Dutch and French regiments. Deep affection blends with the passion of that cry: "If I had a son, by God these guards should not quit me!" And in a letter to Lord Galway (Ruvigny) he said: "A spirit of ignorance and malice prevails here beyond conception. It is not

The inexorable logic of finance extorted a wholesale reduction of troops. In France nearly half of the Swiss returned home. The royal Danes, the regiments of Savoy and Montferrat, shrank to skeletons. Many native battalions were disbanded. Owing to King James's earnest pleading and their own intrinsic value, the Irish suffered to a less extent; they were re-organized in eight regiments of infantry and one of cavalry. The *gardes-du-corps* were broken up, but most of the troopers joined, as cadets at high pay, a regiment of foot which was given to Berwick. This arrangement somewhat mitigated the distress which the *réforme* (as it was called) entailed on gentlemen, whom loyalty to the Stuarts had ruined. Still many an officer remained sadly out at elbows; and what a gloomy picture "that lean worn and riv'led" ex-king receiving at Saint Germain "bashful, indigent persons of all ranks," and sadly handing them "folded up in small pieces of paper 5, 10, 15, or 20 pistoles, according to the merit, the quality, and the exigency of each."¹ But charity failed not. From the Pope who sent 25,000 francs, to the Doctors of the Sorbonne who set on foot a subscription, there was lively sympathy for the poor Irish.

Across the channel a similar cutting down was imperative. For service in England, 7,000 men must suffice. For Ireland, 12,000 was judged an adequate establishment. The reform commenced, as usual, with sending adrift "all Irish and Papists."² Food for powder no longer needful, the foreign prince thus treated his Catholic subjects, and the pens hysterical over King James's discharge of Protestants are mute!

And now for Berwick, the sharpest pangs that ever wrung his heart—consumption seriously threatening the duchess, he was recommended to take her to Pézenas, a pretty town in

possible to be more sensibly touched than I am at not being able to do more for the poor refugee officers who have served me with so much zeal and fidelity. Assuredly on all sides my patience is put to the trial."—DALRYMPLE, *Memoirs*.

¹ Attestation of Sir David Nairne.—MACPHERSON'S *Original Papers*.

² Luttrell, "Brief Relation of State Affairs."

Languedoc, then very famous for the purity and curative qualities of its air. Well might the poor Duke exclaim :

"My eyes and tongue put on dissembling forms,
I show a calmness in the midst of storms ;
I seem to hope, when all my hopes are gone,
And almost dead with grief, discover none."

The fell disease, which seems to select for its victims the fairest, purest, and sweetest gifted, was not to be subdued. In January, 1698, this charming woman bade farewell to her husband and infant son. In telling her death, Saint Simon's few words of regret portray her character : "The Duke," he says, "had married her for love, and she had succeeded to admiration both at Court and at Saint Germain." Then, the master-stroke : "Elle était à la première fleur de son âge, belle, touchante, faite à peindre, une nymphe."

Of Honora de Burgh, Richard Savage might have been dreaming, when he wrote :

"Clos'd are those eyes that beam'd seraphic fire ;
Cold is that breast which gave the world desire ;
Mute is the voice where winning softness warm'd,
Where music melted, and where wisdom charm'd,
And lively wit which, decently confin'd,
No prude e'er thought impure, no friend, unkind."





XLIX.

THE PRINCESS, THE DUKE, AND
THE CARDINAL.

1698-1699.

ALTHOUGH our ordinary air be good by nature or art, yet it is not amiss still to alter it; no better physic for a melancholy man than change of air, and variety of places, to journey abroad and see fashions."¹ Simply in accordance with old Burton's prescription, the Duke of Berwick determined to travel. Bentinck's hint to the French Government that the young general should be invited to study men and manners in far countries, had nothing to do with the matter; indeed William disavowed the innuendo as soon as its inopportuneness was manifest.²

He left home at a moment when Paris was putting on her gayest apparel to welcome the pompous embassy of Portland, when hunts, comedies, and reviews seemed the sole occupation of the Court—the famishing multitude patiently hoping that peace would bring plenty, and Louis le Grand himself marvelling over the ruinous splendours of Boufflers' camp at Compiègne.³

¹ "Anatomy of Melancholy."

² "Mémoires du Marquis de Torcy."

³ "Les merveilles du prodige de sa magnificence," writes Saint Simon. Among the 50,000 picked troops at Compiègne, was Lee's Irish foot, which Dangeau pronounces "*parfaitement beau*."

Still *la haute politique* was busy clandestinely. The death of Charles II. of Spain being reported, an affair of weeks if not days, Bentinck and Torcy, at the instigation of Louis XIV., but with the eager approval of William III., were amiably planning the partition of the once mighty Spanish monarchy.

Impelled by the religious feeling ever strong within him, Berwick went to Italy, "for ever blest"—her glory past, her charms immortal. At Turin his name and services ensured a flattering reception from the crafty Victor Amadeus. Then away through fat Lombardy to Venice, lovely as of old and still wearing a gloss of strength—it was the eve of the Treaty of Carlowitz—but for all that, perishing as a state through political and moral corruption. Thence by sea to Ancona; and after a pilgrimage to the miraculous *Santa Casa* of Loreto, he found himself at Rome, the guest of the French Ambassador, Cardinal de Bouillon, the vainest and shiftiest of ecclesiastics, of whom in truth the best is said, when we write him down nephew of Turenne.

The rendezvous of the best society was the saloon of the Duchesse de Braciano. Having known her in Paris, Berwick visited nearly every day the most fascinating—soon to become the most celebrated—woman of the age. Anne Marie de la Trémouille, the eldest daughter of the Duc de Noirmoutier, was born in 1641. A lovely girl of eighteen, she married Adrien Blaise de Talleyrand, Prince de Chalais. Being as conspicuous for wit as for beauty, she made the acquaintance of Madame Scarron, afterwards Madame de Maintenon, and was on friendly terms with Cardinal de Retz. Having been engaged in a fatal duel, her husband was obliged to fly to Spain. The devotedly attached princess immediately followed him. They afterwards settled in Italy, where De Chalais died suddenly in 1670. Overwhelmed with grief, the childless widow retired to a convent; gradually, however, the love of this world re-assumed sway; and under the auspices of Cardinals d'Estrées and de Bouillon, she again delighted Roman society. For reasons of state, some say, others imputing tenderer motives, these reverend personages made up, in 1675, a match between their *protégée* and Flavio Orsini,

Duca de Bracciano. With Saint-Simon's inimitable portrait of her at this period, we may not wonder if the rougher sex yielded to her spell :

"C'était une femme plutôt grande que petite, brune avec des yeux bleus qui disaient sans cesse tout ce qui lui plaisait, avec une taille parfaite, une belle gorge, et un visage qui sans beauté était charmant ; l'air extrêmement noble, quelque chose de majestueux en tout son maintien, et des grâces si naturelles, et si continuelles en tout, jusque dans les choses les plus petites et les plus indifférentes, que je n'ai jamais vu personne en approcher, soit dans le corps, soit dans l'esprit, dont elle avait infiniment et de toutes sortes ; flatteuse, caressante, insinuante, mesurée, voulant plaire pour plaire, et avec des charmes dont il n'était pas possible de se défendre quand elle voulait gagner et séduire—une conversation délicieuse, in-tarissable, et d'ailleurs fort amusante par tout ce qu'elle avait vu et connu de pays et de personnes, une voix et un parler extrêmement agréables, avec un air de douceur—beaucoup d'ambition, mais de ces ambitions vastes, fort au-dessus de son sexe, et de l'ambition ordinaire des hommes."

The palazzo Orsini now became the head-quarters of French influence, which the Duchess further extended by the marriage of a sister with her brother-in-law the Duca di Lanti. Extravagance, and incompatibility with a dull husband, who supported Innocent XII. in his quarrel with Louis XIV., produced occasional domestic estrangement. Hence, visits to Paris, where her *petits bals*, which always concluded at ten o'clock P.M. (such a sensible Duchess would be a godsend to London society !) were the rage. The last of these visits ended in 1698, when Louis was immersed in the partition intrigues. The old familiarity with Madame de Maintenon renewed, and intimacy with Maréchal de Noailles, and the Minister de Torcy established, she undertook to forward the views of France in the coming struggle for Spanish spoils. Up to this time, it is said, the love of pleasure—even *mœurs à l'escarpolette*—had occupied her more than the game of politics. Be that as it may, at the age of fifty-six she adopted the harder passion.

In April Bracciano died, and soon afterwards Berwick

arrived at Rome. He found those once fast friends the bereaved Duchess and Cardinal de Bouillon at daggers drawn. The cause of quarrel seems to have been petty indeed. The Orsini was no sooner defunct, than the Cardinal hastened to the palace to prevent the creditors placing the official seal on the personal effects of the departed, it being a privilege of the Sacred College that the police should not enter houses in which one of its members happened to be. By acting thus, he exempted from sequestration the furniture, pictures, jewels and plate which the Prince had bequeathed to his wife, the landed estates alone remaining chargeable with the debts. By the way, the Duchess was at once involved in a lawsuit with Don Livio Odelscalchi (nephew of Innocent XI.), who pretended to have been adopted by the deceased. After costly litigation they compromised matters; the lady selling to Odelscalchi the title as well as the domains of Bracciano for a round sum of two millions. Consequently, she assumed the style of *Princesse des Ursins* (*degli Orsini*) by which name she is famous. Her private debts being immense, her fortune dwindled to 17,000 francs rentes, to which the French government added a considerable pension.

To return to the *casus belli*. When the Cardinal arrived so opportunely to the adorable mourner's assistance, she ordered dinner to be served for him in the ante-chamber of her apartment. But haughtily declining such hospitality, his Eminence claimed the honour of dining with her in her bed-room (*au chevet de son lit*). In vain she urged the indecency of that Roman custom—her husband's corpse being still unburied. No excuses availed; De Bouillon left the house in dudgeon, without having broken his fast. A few days afterwards the fair widow ordered her rooms to be hung with violet; the mortuary privilege, she affirmed, of the Orsini. But the nettled Cardinal interposing as sub-dean of the Sacred College, declared that the distinction she sought appertained solely to his brethren; hence, she must put up with black curtains. The lady was his match: she referred the question to the Pope, who pronounced in her favour. Such the quarrel that lasted the lives of both.

As mutual friend, Berwick strove to reconcile the overbearing churchman and the affronted fine lady. After consultations with her brother, the Abbé de la Tremouille, who continued on friendly terms with his Eminence, he actually persuaded the adversaries to make it up, on the understanding that no explanation of any kind should be entered on. The only point remaining to be adjusted was—who should pay the first visit? “Son Altesse éminentissime,” pluming himself even more on his birth than on his red hat, insisted on the Princess making the first advance. Of course, our Duke urged *place aux dames*, setting forth how laudable it was for men to show themselves the humble servants of the fair sex. Deaf to such arguments was foolish De Bouillon; and Berwick ceased to labour in vain.

And so the pair grew more hostile than ever. To her other accomplishments joining the art of clever letter writing, the Princess assailed her old admirer tooth and nail. In one of her letters to Maréchal de Noailles we have piquant illustration of how a woman hates:—

“Le roi sera toujours trompé lorsqu’il confiera quelque à M. le Cardinal de Bouillon, cette homme porte dans son cœur une haine qui ne finira qu’avec sa vie; et quelques bienfaits qu’il puisse recevoir, il les trouvera toujours au-dessous de l’évêché de Liège, qu’il se figure qu’on lui a fait manquer. Rarement est-il venu chez-moi qu’il n’y ait trouvé quelque cardinal ou quelque prélat considérable, je prenois toujours plaisir à faire tomber la conversation sur les merveilles qui composent la vie du roi; mais il la détournait avec soin, et jamais je ne l’ai entendu louer sa majesté qu’une seule fois, pour dire qu’elle jouoit bien de la guitare!”

Certainly this Prince of the Church laid himself peculiarly open to attack. His underhand proceedings on sundry occasions were displeasing to his imperious master; but on the subject of Quietism he had greatly irritated him and Madame de Maintenon. Instructed by Louis to obtain from the Pope a condemnation of Fénelon’s book—“Explications des Maximes des Saints sur la vie intérieure,” he audaciously sided with the Archbishop of Cambray, and, not satisfied with arguing

against the censure, he endeavoured to intimidate his brethren ; he shouted, raved, reviled to such a pitch, that Innocent exclaimed—" E un porco ferito !" (he is a wounded hog). What a contrast to the violence of this ill-conditioned priest is the pious resignation of Fénelon ! He wrote to Madame de Noailles as follows :—

" Je n'ai qu'à me taire et à souffrir, en attendant que le Pape justifie ma doctrine ou me corrige. Je suis, Dieu merci, soumis comme un enfant à mon supérieur. J'avais besoin d'humiliation ; Dieu m'en a envoyé, et je l'en remercie. Je songe au bien qu'ils me font, et non au mal qu'ils me veulent faire." More than this, when the blow was struck, mounting the pulpit of his cathedral, he took for a text the submission due to the Church, announced the condemnation of his book, and concluded a noble sermon by not merely submitting to but humbly acquiescing in the judgment just delivered in all tenderness, it must be confessed, by the Pope.

We may easily conceive how exasperating to a potentate of Louis's temper must have been the counterblasts of his own ambassador. Mesdames de Maintenon and des Ursins fanning the royal wrath, the Cardinal's disgrace was decided on. The Prince of Monaco should supply his place at the Holy See. But His Eminence resisted the letter of recall, on the ground that by leaving Rome he would lose the deanery of the Sacred College, which had just become vacant. Positively furious, Louis seized his property, stripped him of the office of Grand Aumônier, and commanded him to resign the *cordons bleu*. This brought Emmanuel Theodore de la Tour d'Auvergne to his knees. Before long, however, restless vanity again overpowered his prudence. During the war of the Spanish succession, he entered into a criminal correspondence with the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Galway. His arrest being ordered, he fled from France in 1710. Ultimately family influence obtained the restitution of his estates, and he ended his days obscurely at Rome.

The friend of both sides, Berwick must have had no enviable time of it. His arrogant host was little likely to appreciate the neutrality of the honest soldier ; and certainly the

princess mistrusted it, for, on the 6th of June, just before his departure from Rome, she wrote to De Noailles as follows :—

“ La seule ressource de M. le Cardinal de Bouillon est dans les bons offices qu’il attend de M. le Duc de Berwick : outre la bonté naturelle de ce seigneur, il l’a mis dans ses intérêts, en lui rendant ici, comme il dîroit, tous les services qu’il a pu, et en lui donnant des gardes que ne lui ont pas permis d’écouter ceux qui pouvoient lui faire remarquer sa mauvaise conduite. Il l’a fait partir exprès depuis quelques jours : ainsi il arrivera avant que vous receviez cette lettre.”

There is no evidence to show that the Duke went to France on any errand of the kind. He tells us that, his curiosity not taking him to Naples, he journeyed homeward by way of Florence, Genoa, and Turin.





L.

THE SPANISH SUCCESSION.

1700.

NOW well Burton's advice succeeded, is shown by the Duke of Berwick's marriage in April with Anne, daughter of Mr. Henry Bulkeley, master of the household to James II.¹ The Marquis Dangeau informs us that it was a union of affection, and rather surprised society, for the Duke, always reserved, had not imparted the secret of his passion to his nearest friends.

The young general naïvely observes : " Je restai tranquille cette année." A very proper compliment to the bride ; still, amorous pre-occupations did not prevent him watching, with intense interest, the signs and wonders gathering in the political firmament.

Without plunging into the complicated intrigues which preceded the war of the Spanish succession, a brief explanation of them may not be out of place.

To the vast dominions of the childless Charles II. of Spain, whose end evidently approached, the following princes might aspire—first, the Dauphin, nearest in blood, being the son of Maria Theresa, the eldest daughter of Philip IV. Secondly, the Electoral Prince of Bavaria, grandson of Margaret Theresa, his younger daughter. Thirdly, the Emperor Leopold, son of Maria Anna, younger sister of Philip IV. (her eldest

¹ Henry Bulkeley was second son of Viscount Bulkeley, of Cashel. From this second marriage is descended the present Duc de Fitzjames.

sister, Anne of Austria, being mother of Louis XIV.) The pretension, therefore, of the Dauphin was *primâ facie* the best founded, that of the Emperor the worst; but in consequence of the renunciation of her rights by the mother of the Dauphin (with the consent of Louis XIV.), the Electoral Prince's claim might be held to be the most valid.

Peculiar and perplexing was the position of the French King. He had agreed in the withdrawal of his wife's title. He had nothing to expect from the affection of Charles II. Nay, even supposing his brother-in-law so inclined, could he hope that the great powers would permit him to absorb Spain? In these circumstances arose the idea of a partition, which likewise fell in with the views of William III. Such a secret of course could not be kept, and the wretched Charles had spirit enough left to resent the offensive meddling of the two kings. He immediately made a will, bequeathing his vast possessions to his grand-nephew, Leopold of Bavaria, a child just five years old. England, Holland, and France concurred in the elevation of the house of Bavaria. The little prince might rule Spain and the Indies; but the Elector, in the name of his son, privily consented to the distribution of the rest of the monarchy, as proposed in the Treaty of the Hague. In vain, however, says the Marquis de Torcy, does human wisdom hatch projects, if they harmonize not with the designs of God, Master of peace and war, Disposer of all events. Six months pass away, and Leopold is dead! The Austrian court, already accused of poisoning Charles the Second's first wife,¹ was strongly suspected of foul play. Indeed, in the first agony of his grief, the Elector published his misgivings.²

The boy's death no sooner known than England and France set to work on another allotment scheme. Every exertion was made to induce the Emperor to accede to it; but, coveting the whole, he refused a share. After much delay, a new compact

¹ Marie Louise d'Orléans, daughter of the Duc d'Orleans and of Henriette of England. She was disposed of, it is said, for having revealed to Louis XIV. the impotency of her husband.

² "Mémoires du Marquis de Torcy."

was signed at London and the Hague in May, Leopold still holding sullenly aloof. It provided that Spain, the Indies, and the Netherlands should be the portion of the Arch-Duke Charles (the Emperor's second son), the Milanese to go to the Duke of Lorraine, who would in exchange cede his duchy to France; Naples, Sicily, and the province of Guipuscoa were assigned to the Dauphin.

Madrid flared up at the news of the second partition. Grief nearly finished off the moribund monarch. His German wife grew so violent that she smashed all the French *vertù* of her apartment; "tant les passions sont les mêmes dans tous les rangs!" says Voltaire.¹ The Spanish nobles, detesting the Germans, were deeply agitated. The Queen unceasingly prompted the King to appoint the Archduke his sole heir. Cardinal Porto Carrero and the majority of the *grandees* were active in behalf of a Bourbon.

At first Marie Anne's arts prevailed. Charles made a will favourable to her nephew. But he continued ill at ease. By the advice of the clergy surrounding the sick bed, he applied to the Pope for guidance. Innocent (likewise dying) recommended him to select for his heir a prince of the family nearest of kin. On the 2nd of October, therefore, the unhappy man secretly executed a third will, in which he acknowledged the Dauphin's right to the Spanish crown; but to avoid the alarm which such an augmentation of French power would occasion, he named the Duc d'Anjou, second son of the Dauphin, inheritor of all his kingdoms and lordships, without exception and without dismemberment.

On the 1st of November Charles expired, and immediately the Junta ordered the Spanish ambassador at Paris to lay before Louis the last will and testament.

The King was then at Fontainebleau. Before granting the ambassador a private interview he pondered seriously, and then sought the opinion of his Council on an event so unex-

¹ Marie Anne, Princess of Bavaria-Neubourg, sister-in-law of the Emperor Leopold, and second wife of Charles II. of Spain.

pected and so momentous to the interest of the royal family, to the public good, and to the repose of Europe.¹

Louis was embarrassed. In concluding the peace of Ryswick his main object had been to give the nation time to recover from its exhaustion ; but if he accepted this magnificent legacy, the unfortunate people must sustain another tremendous conflict : for surely the States bordering on France, and already so jealous of her power, would not quietly permit her sway to extend over the old and new world domains of Spain. On the other hand, should he refuse the settlement set out in this will, the total succession would fall to the archduke, and to avert dismemberment the Spanish nobility, albeit hating the Teuton, would doubtless acquiesce in the rule of Leopold's second son, thus re-uniting, in the house of Austria, the might of Charles V. The Emperor had obstinately refused to listen to seductions when the English and French flirtation was at its height ; now, when well aware he had nothing to fear from William III., was it likely he would be more tractable ? Whichever way Louis looked—war. War to secure the bequest of Charles ! war to glean the benefits of partition !

Should he accept for his grandson of Anjou, or should he throw a superb advantage into the lap of the Austrian ? After careful debate in the council of state, he determined to stand by the will.

According to the fashion of his country, the Spanish ambassador on his knees saluted the Duc d'Anjou.² Then, the folding doors of the *salon* thrown open, the most Christian King cried aloud to the thronging courtiers, "Voilà le roi d'Espagne !" and, turning to his grandson, he said, "Soyez bon Espagnol ; c'est présentement votre premier devoir ; mais

¹ "Mémoires du Marquis de Torcy."

² The *Mercur*e reports as follows : "The Spanish ambassador threw himself at the Duke's feet and kissed his hand, his eyes full of tears. And then rising up, he introduced his son, and other Spaniards of his suite, with this exclamation : 'Quelle joie ! il n'y a plus de Pyrénées, elles sont abîmées, et nous ne sommes plus qu'un.' Subsequently the *mot*, 'il n'y a plus de Pyrénées' was attributed to Louis XIV."—*Journal de Dangeau*.

souvenez-vous que vous êtes né français pour entretenir l'union entre les deux nations ; c'est le moyen de les rendre heureuses, et de conserver la paix de l'Europe."

On the 4th of December Philip quitted Versailles, affectionately consigned to God by his grandfather, who at the last moment tendered excellent advice respecting "le métier de roi." Among other precepts: cherish your wife, avoid flatterers, study your finances, keep clear of war if possible, employ Spaniards exclusively in the administration, keep the French about you in order, &c.

At first everything looked promising. The surrounding nations accepted the new state of things with a tolerable grace. Indeed, nobody being ready to wage it, war for the moment was out of the question. Against the grain of William, England and Holland acknowledged Philip. The Emperor alone openly protested, and commenced military preparations. As Saint-Simon remarks, the eighteenth century opened for the Bourbons "par un comble de gloire et de prospérité."

The family of Fitzjames celebrated another marriage in July. The Duchesse du Maine, having great affection for a Mademoiselle de Lussan, made up a match between her and that scapegrace commodore, Henry Fitzjames, Duke of Albemarle. In consequence, probably, of the character *rien vaillant* of the Grand Prior, the young lady's fortune of 300,000 francs rentes was strictly settled on herself; but she consented to make her husband an allowance, for his sole means of support consisted in a pension of 9,000 francs from Louis, and a like sum from his royal father, in addition to sea pay, as *chef d'escadre*, of 6,000 francs, which he drew as though he were constantly afloat.

The bride was not slow in asserting the privileges of the position she had dearly purchased. Six weeks after the marriage, having seated herself upon a stool (*pris le tabouret*) in the *salon* of the Duchess of Burgundy, the *valets de chambre* demanded their usual fee of 100 pistoles. Madame tossed her head, haughtily observing, that if duchesses were liable to be so mulcted, the daughter-in-law of a king was certainly exempt.

The courtiers declared the refusal niggard, but out of consideration for James, Louis directed the Duchesse de Lude to order the footmen not to press for their *pour-boire*. After explaining that Madame d'Albemarle had taken a seat as an English duchess, and not as a king's daughter-in-law, Saint-Simon concludes with a sneer, "la gueuserie est orgueilleuse, et cent louis sont bons à gagner."





LI.

THE DUKE OF BERWICK AND CLEMENT XI.

1701.

NEXT to the Emperor Leopold, William of Orange most bitterly resented the choice of Charles II. When the ambassador, Tallard, strove to convince him that the arrangement offered the only solution capable of preserving the European equilibrium, the angry King replied, "Monsieur, je vous prie de ne vous fatiguer pas tant pour justifier la conduite de votre maître, le roi très chrétien ne pouvait pas se démentir, il a agi à son ordinaire."¹

But for the moment he was powerless: the army unready, and the new Tory parliament as disinclined to hostilities as the lately dismissed Whigs. He must temporize and dissemble.

In dread for their frontier and commercial interests, the Dutch had hesitated to recognize Philip V. But an ominous hint quickened their assent to existing facts, while it aggravated their fears for the future. By an old treaty with Spain, the Dutch garrisoned the frontier towns of Belgium. Thus, they were now occupying strong places belonging to a potentate whose title they ignored. Such incongruity could not last. To cut it short, the Maréchal de Boufflers, concerted measures with the Elector of Bavaria, Governor of the Spanish

¹ H. Martin, "Histoire de France."

Netherlands, who had warmly welcomed the accession of the Bourbon. The result was that on the night of the 6th of February, French troops entered Namur, Charleroi, Ath, Mons, Oudenarde, and Nieuport. No blood flowed. *Fort doucement* were the amazed Hollanders confined to their quarters, Louis engaging to set them free as soon as their government recognized his grandson. Puységur's battalions admitting of no further palter, their High Mightinesses complied, and the Dutchmen marched homeward,—much against the will of the French military party; indeed Berwick pronounces their release a very grave mistake. But then military opinion is apt to be arbitrary; with an eye solely to professional objects, it often forgets what is due to political decencies. Two sufficient motives actuated Louis: war not having been declared, he had no right to the persons of these garrisons, and the Elector, whose friendliness was of paramount importance, naturally considered his honour bound up with the liberation of his old comrades.

His army not having been materially reduced since peace with the Turks, the Kaiser was not quite unprepared to fight. Besides, he had unbounded confidence in the luck of the house of Austria, and set great store by a brilliant young officer, Prince Eugene of Savoy, who had done famously during the recent Ottoman campaigns. He cast about for alliances. To obtain, free of cost, a contingent of 10,000 men, he permitted ducal Prussia to blossom into a kingdom—when, with a curl of the lip, he thus flattered the parvenu's pride, little did he dream of the ruthless enemy he was fostering. He gained over Hanover by dubbing its duke Elector. He carried on secret negotiations with William III., which, he felt sure, would mature to his advantage. Nor was Louis supine. He treated with the King of Portugal, and the Dukes of Savoy and Mantua. The lesser duke allowed the French to occupy his capital; the greater, after long reflection, joined the Franco-Spanish alliance, on being named generalissimo in Italy, and marrying his second daughter, Marie Louise, to King Philip. Still, he was half-hearted. A grant of the Milanese alone might fix his affections. The Prince de Vau-

demont, Governor of Lombardy, and lately William's most cherished lieutenant, embraced the Bourbon cause, and requesting French reinforcements, forty battalions and as many squadrons were placed at his disposal.¹

In the heat and bustle of clearing for action, died very suddenly the Secretary of State for War, Louis François Marie Le Tellier, Marquis de Barbézieux. Clever, but debauched, all the women mourned him. Enamoured of pleasure and yet indefatigable in business, he burned the candle at both ends, and finished at thirty-three. So strong his talents that, with a little more steadiness, he bade fair to rival in renown his father, the great Louvois. Chamillart, Minister of Finance, was preferred to the vacant post. An excellent billiard player, but a shallow official, he was expected to organize victory as well as to manage the exchequer, a burden under which Colbert or Louvois might have staggered, perhaps sunk. Taken from the desk, without a particle of military knowledge, this pleasant parasite was to aid Louis in drawing up plans of campaign. He would dictate orders to Catinat and Vendôme, discuss sieges with Vauban, and tactics with Montal :

“Blood, he speaks terribly, but for all that
I do not greatly believe him ; he looks as like
A conjurer as the Pope to a coster-monger.”

In the conjuncture, James II. resolved to send the Duke of Berwick to Rome, to congratulate Pope Clement XI., who had just succeeded Innocent XII., and to watch over the Stuart interests in the turn of events. The young general was particularly instructed to offer his services in connection with the army which France was urging His Holiness to raise, and Cardinal Janson, ambassador to the Papal Court, had orders to support the Englishman's proposals.

Accordingly, Berwick bade farewell to his young wife in January. Halting at Turin, he had several conversations on English affairs with the Duke of Savoy. The recent death of

¹ This Prince de Vaudemont was the illegitimate son of Charles IV. of Lorraine. *Vide* Saint-Simon for a very curious account of him.

the little Duke of Gloucester making a gap in the Protestant succession, William had caused a bill to be introduced into Parliament, appointing the Duchess Sophia of Hanover (grand-daughter of James I.) and her issue heirs of the British crown, in the event of the Princess Anne and himself dying childless. Thus were excluded fifty-seven Catholic princes and princesses having stronger hereditary claims.¹ The Duchess of Savoy (daughter of Henriette, Duchesse d'Orleans) being the nearest in blood, after the children of James II., Berwick represented to Victor Amadeus that his silence on so important a question would probably be imputed to acquiescence; and that it suited neither his honour nor his interest to blink a transaction which deliberately effaced his family rights. At first the wily prince made difficulties, hinting that his remonstrances would not only be futile but might bring upon him a host of powerful enemies. On hearing, however, that Louis expected him to take steps in the matter, he instructed his minister at St. James's to protest publicly against the Act of Exclusion; and so, attended by a notary, the ambassador appeared before Parliament, and delivered a pompous, hollow expostulation.

From Turin, Berwick proceeded to Modena, where he conferred seriously with its duke, impressing upon him how great would be Italy's danger if hostilities broke out; for, apart from the damage and disorder always following in the track of foreign troops, the petty sovereigns would be at the mercy of the conqueror whoever he turned out to be; with the view, then, of preventing war, or at least of making themselves respected, it was their duty to unite in arms. Our hero succeeded in putting his highness into a precious fright. He declared himself ready to do whatever the Pope desired—and incontinently with Italian cunning began philandering with Austria.

And Berwick went to Rome. On arrival he had to discuss a prickly point of etiquette, a subject which the courts of that time considered of profoundest gravity. The Duke insisted that during audience with His Holiness he should be

¹ Macpherson, "Original Papers."

supplied with a *tabouret*, a favour which had been extended to Turenne, and to which Spanish grandees, whose rank was not superior to his own, aspired. Not without fifteen days' controversy did the doctors in punctilio contrive a compromise to this effect—having made the regulated genuflexions, and kissed the pontifical slipper, the Duke of Berwick would be embraced by the Vicar of Christ, who might then deign to walk with His Grace through the suit of rooms.

At his first reception, Berwick informed Clement that affection for his person and zeal for Holy Church, induced James II. to place at his disposal the military services of his son, and to proffer the aid of a choice brigade of Irish soldiers. With many delicate compliments the Pontiff declined to bind himself to any particular course. Not that he disapproved the Bourbon claim; as Cardinal Albani he had joined in the advice given by the Papal Court to Charles II. in favour of the Duc d'Anjou, and he was actually contemplating the neutrality of Italy through a confederation of Italian states. But, listless and timid, he always faltered when it came to the push. He acknowledged the expediency of possessing troops worth their salt; but he dreaded the displeasure of the Emperor, of whom the Italians stood mightily in awe. In fact, the Holy Father would do nothing beyond raising a few bad regiments, which were worse than useless. As usual, the shilly-shally ended in offending both sides.

Jocosely propounding in the course of conversation that priests were sorry judges of military matters, Clement requested Berwick to ascertain if the two gentlemen he wished to appoint generals were men of professional merit. These officers, consequently, waited on the Duke, and reported their services. One, Conte Massimo, governor of Saint Angelo, had been formerly a subaltern in Flanders, but had dwelt at home at ease for forty years. The other, Conte Paulucci, brother of the Cardinal of the same name, could only boast of having been a captain of horse in peace time. Promising material out of which to manufacture generals on the verge of hostilities!

Notwithstanding Cardinal Janson heartily endorsed Ber-

wick's political and military admonitions, nothing essential could be effected with the good-tempered, well-meaning Pope, who had sense enough to perceive what he ought to do, but lacked nerve to adopt a resolute course in, it must be confessed, very difficult circumstances.

After six weeks of sterile diplomacy, tidings reached Berwick which caused him to take hasty leave of the Pontiff, and with a heavy heart to travel night and day to France.






LII.

"LE PETIT ABBE" AND "PÈRE LA PENSÉE."

1701.

F late years James II. had been failing in health and increasing in devoutness. Penance and contemplation were the business of his days—"the horror he had of his past disorders made him think he could never do enough to make reparation for them."¹

An old soldier, once zealous in military administration, we may imagine him interested in the camp of Compiègne. He thus describes it : "Never was anything of that kind better worth seeing, never was an army of about 50,000 or 60,000 men so well chosen, so well clad, and so well mounted ; what care and pains have not the officers taken, and moneys have they not spent to distinguish themselves, their regiments, or even each private troop or company to gain the favour of their prince ; it is commendable in them, and no more than their duty ; but at the same time, I cannot hinder myself from making this melancholy reflection. How very few of that formidable army think of their duty to the King of Kings, that does so much honour to their profession as to call himself the Lord of Hosts." There is nothing uncommon in all this : many a veteran, graceless in lusty manhood, grows rigidly catholic or noisily evangelical as grey hairs and infirmities multiply ; but what may really surprise us is that the

¹ Clarke, "Life of James II."

injured Stuart now began to pray for his enemies, and, to the terror of the Queen, to desire death. A warning sign.

On Good Friday, the 4th of March, he fainted away in chapel. To all appearance, however, he was as well as usual in the course of a few hours. But a week afterwards paralysis seized him while he was dressing. Speedily rallying, Dr. Fagon recommended him to try the waters of Bourbon l'Archambault; and thither the Duke of Berwick, who had reached Saint Germain early in April, accompanied his father and Mary of Modena.

Louis provided handsomely for the poor exiles in their trouble. Horses in troops were placed at their disposal; 100,000 francs a month were furnished for expenses; and a favourite lord-in-waiting, D'Urfé, had orders to see that James and Mary received the same honours that would greet the most Christian King.

While the Bourbon waters were effecting a partial restoration, the European ground-swell expanded. Austria and France armed apace. Peace was pronounced certain with official effrontery, while every energy was furbishing up for war. To the infinite disgust of the insinuating Tessé, Catinat received command of the army which would oppose Prince Eugene in Lombardy. Boufflers would lead in Flanders; the irrepressible Villeroy air his martial graces in Germany. The King named the Duke of Berwick as one of the lieutenant-generals of *Maréchal de Boufflers*; a mark of favour, certainly, for the beloved *Duc du Maine* and the *Comte de Toulouse* were also to gallop under that boldest of dragoons.

On the other side, how irksome to a man of his temper the situation of William of Orange! Like his uncle, his health was ruined; but, unlike James, religion acquired no soothing influence. Politics and war continued the head and front of all things: he had saluted his "*très cher frère le Roi d'Espagne*," and yet his relations with the recalcitrant Kaiser grew daily closer. Weak as he was, he would out with the sword at once, were it not for adverse "*parliament-men*," who had coarsely forced Lady Orkney to disgorge Irish acres, and who now presumed to impeach Bentinck—foreigner-abhorring

churls, whom not even an intercepted letter, in which Melfort discussed Scottish Jacobitism with his brother of Perth, could inflame to the requisite wrath.

Early in June, James returned to Saint Germain, as far as gout was concerned, the better for the *cure*. He could ride; and leaning on the arm of the devoted Mary, saunter along the palace terrace; but he occasionally spat blood, and evidently his condition was precarious. No immediate danger being apprehended, Berwick joined his division in Flanders, where drilling, accoutring, moving about cannon, organizing the commissariat, cramming the fortresses with munitions, argued poorly for concord. The Duke tells us, that the officers on both sides used to meet frequently, not merely on courteous terms, but lavishing mutually the nicest compliments. It was not the cue of either party to bite the thumb. In those days, indeed, uncouth manners seldom disfigured gentlemen. Culture might be less widely extended than at present, but habitual politeness was, perhaps, more characteristic of the military calling than in this "advanced" age, when speculation lures all ranks of society—when the man of peace expounds tactics, and the "Special Correspondent" questions the strategy of approved soldiers.

In Italy, however, was rough play. Ordered to conciliate the neutral Venetians, and to be nowhere aggressive, Catinat stood at ease, while Prince Eugene, marching through the valley of Trent, debouched with 30,000 men on the plains of Verona, and detached a large body of cavalry to the lower Adige. Urged by the Governor of the Milanese to watch the upper part of that river and the Tyrolese gorges, the French marshal held Rivoli, and massed a large force in front of Verona, hoping thereby to frustrate the Imperialists should they offer to pass the river near that city, or to make an attack on Peschiera.

But Eugene stretching along the lower Adige as far as Badia, Catinat fixed his right at Legnano and Carpi, without weakening the infantry corps at Rivoli, for an Austrian detachment still facing that point, he suspected an intention of crossing the river thereabout. Previously flowing south-

ward, the Adige turns sharply to the east at Verona; hence, although somewhat stronger than his opponents, the Frenchman was yet not strong enough to defend the immense arc, the cord of which Eugene held. The Imperialists being manifestly able to concentrate far quicker than the Franco-Spaniards could draw together, the Prince expected to beat his enemy in detail. Amusing him, therefore, with demonstrations at Rivoli and Verona, he despatched a column to Ferrara, as if intending to enter the Modenese, whose duke's Austrian proclivities were ill concealed. Again Catinat lengthened his line, by occupying Stellata, opposite the new Imperialist post. The French being now broken up into seven or eight corps, Eugene thought the time come for executing his project.

With 15,000 men, horse, foot, and guns, he would proceed secretly to Carpi, and overwhelm Saint Frémont, who lay there with only five regiments of dragoons. Subsequently joined by the Prince de Commerci at the head of a great force of cavalry, he would rout Tessé at Legnano. In this way cut in twain, the French army might easily be disposed of *seriatim*, and Italy be lost to the Bourbons.

Excellently planned, the expedition did not entirely answer its purpose. Beaten certainly was Saint Frémont. After a fierce *mêlée* of cavalry, the Austrian foot and guns appearing on his flank compelled a retreat which was effected in fair order, chiefly because Commerci, impeded by excessive rain, could not effect a junction in time. Ruinous disaster was thus averted; but the loss of Carpi and shortness of ammunition obliged Catinat to retire behind the Oglio, and Eugene became master of the whole country between the Adige and the Adda, with the single exception of well-manned Mantua.¹

Le petit Abbé had manœuvred adroitly. Scarce an advantage pertaining to his shorter line of operations had been missed. Père la Pensée, on the defence, did not reach the mark of his great reputation. Still, allowance should be made for the peculiar difficulties of his position. He was

¹ "Mémoires de Fouquière."

encumbered with precise orders from presumptuous Versailles : "rarement réussit-on, quand on suit un plan qui n'est pas le sien." He complained that, although he could obtain no trustworthy intelligence respecting the adversary, every design of his was known at the Austrian headquarters. Could he pin his faith on Victor Amadeus, whom no friend ever satisfied, no foe conciliated? and how inspiring the thought that the Prince de Vaudemont, Philip the Fifth's governor of Milan, had a son and a nephew (Commerci) lieutenant-generals under Eugene.

Great was the discontent at Versailles. How were French fortunes to be retrieved in Lombardy? Nothing better could "le Grand Monarque, la vieille Sultane, et l'héros au billard," conceive than the despatch of Villeroy. Inveighed against in society, the selection evoked a chorus of lord-in-waiting approbation. Catinat received the mortifying news *en philosophe*, and the army extolled his moderation and virtue.

But the plausible officer was not to go forth without a taste of the public sentiment. One evening, just before his departure, he lounged with a self-complacent air into the royal *salle-à-manger*, as the King was about to leave the supper-table. An admiring hum ran through the household ranks. But the Duc de Duras, who neither liked nor respected the favourite, went up to him, and taking him cordially by the hand, exclaimed : "Monsieur le maréchal, tout le monde vous fait des compliments d'aller en Italie; moi, j'attends à votre retour à faire les miens." Completely confounded Villeroy answered not. Lords and ladies smiled with cast-down eyes. Apparently the King took no notice of the prophetic sarcasm.

On the 22nd of August, the "héros de cour" joined the army, boasting how he would eject the Imperialists from Italy faster than they had entered it. With a modesty equal to his merit Catinat quitted not the service, and without a murmur fell in as second in command.¹ No sooner in the saddle than

¹ We are reminded that in the Crimea Sir Colin Campbell patriotically consented to serve under a junior and less experienced officer.

De Villeroiy essayed to justify his patron's sagacity, and to revive the out-manceuvred troops by a *coup de théâtre*.

In spite of the reasons, adduced by Catinat, for suspecting the Duke of Savoy, the new general blindly arranged with that double-dealing prince an attack upon the Imperialist camp, firmly established between canals, and masked by the walled town of Chiari.

As usual, Eugene was informed of the French plan, and of its proposed mode of execution. Catinat demonstrated the uselessness of the operation even if it proved successful. Nay, so clearly did the veteran presage misfortune, that he insisted on the order for onset being read over to him three times. Then, turning to his staff, he said calmly, "Allons, messieurs, il faut obéir!"

So sanguine was Villeroiy, that he omitted to make a reconnaissance. He looked for a smart affair with the Austrian rear-guard—*voilà tout!* On the contrary, he found the entire force of the enemy ranged behind intrenchments. Catinat fought like a private grenadier to crown with success a venture he had condemned; Victor Amadeus strove to lull suspicion by freely exposing his life at the head of the assaulting columns. The French dashed furiously at the intrenchments, but were bloodily repulsed, with a loss of 300 officers and 4,000 men.

No more fighting for two months. Then Villeroiy cantoned at Cremona, with the view of ensuring communication with Mantua, which Eugene prevented by occupying Borgoforte. The Prince also obtained a strong place south of the Po by wheedling the Princesse de la Mirandola, who good-naturedly handed over to him a Franco-Spanish garrison she had lately welcomed within her gates.

The campaign over, Maréchal Catinat repaired to Paris. Louis received him civilly, but merely conversed with him about his journey and the state of the roads! He did not see him in private, neither did the illustrious old soldier take any pains to procure such an audience. Without family influence, and used to speak—

"Avec la liberté
D'un soldat qui sait mal farder la vérité,"

Catinat's ill success could not be pardoned, while Villeroy's incompetency was continually rewarded.

Nicholas Catinat belonged to a very respectable *famille-de-robe*. For a time he pleaded at the bar, but having lost a cause which he believed to be just, he renounced law, and, entering the army, allowed no chance of distinction to escape him. Struck with his conduct at the siege of Lille, Louis gave him a lieutenancy in the guards. By dint of merit slowly rising to the highest rank, he obtained a marshal's *bâton* in 1693, and died in 1712, at the age of seventy-four. One day, looking over the list of marshals, the King stopped at his name with the remark: "C'est bien, la vertu recompensée." In 1701 Prince Eugene, hearing that there was discussion at Versailles whether Villeroy, Vendôme, or Catinat should command the French in Italy, exclaimed: "Si c'est Villeroy qui commande je le battrai, si c'est Vendôme nous nous battons, si c'est Catinat je serai battu." So long as fortune smiles, a man wants neither friends nor compliments.

General Trochu describes the marshal amongst the troops. He used to walk about the camp with hands folded behind the back, a cane under the left arm, and the head bent down in a position of reflection. Hence the soldiers, to whom he was dear, although a strict disciplinarian, were wont to say: "Voilà le père la Pensée," a *sobriquet* which never left him. Such the officer whom a Versailles fop superseded in front of Eugene.

On this campaign Fouquière makes some pertinent observations. As regards Carpi, he says, the Austrian general was really great. In the case of Chiari, sheer littleness distinguished Maréchal de Villeroy. By forcing the apparently insignificant post of Carpi, Eugene did the wisest thing possible to compass the destruction of the allied army—"c'est ce qui s'appelle penser avec profondeur d'esprit." But from the rush on Chiari, M. de Villeroy could expect no positive advantage; neither the repulsion of Eugene from the Milanese frontier, nor the acquisition of freer elbow-room, which would have improved the tactical position of the French forces.

Though the Duke of Berwick was not concerned in these

affairs, they have been noticed as illustrations of the danger attending the dispersion of force, and the grand results which may accrue from a slight combat on an important strategic point; *per contra*, the bootless bloodshed consequent on the "dash" of a commander incapable of serious reflection: "Chez un grand général," said Napoleon I., "il n'est pas de grandes actions suivies qui soient l'œuvre du hasard et de la fortune; elles dérivent toujours de la combinaison et du génie."





LIII.

“NUNC DIMITTIS.”

1701.

THE intoxication produced by Charles's will soon gave way to gloomy foreboding. How ill the opening flourish of rapiers augured for France, we have seen. And death was busy. After a sharp altercation with his most Christian brother, fat and worse than luxurious Philip of Orleans, gorging a prodigious supper, was struck down with apoplexy. “Eh bien, Monsieur Fagon, mon frère est mort.” “Oui, Sire, nul remède n'a pu agir.” The great King wept sore. Nigh too was the end of a poor relation most generously cared for.

Again the Duke of Berwick was summoned from camp to attend his ailing father. On the 2nd of September, by a curious coincidence, under precisely the same circumstances as before, James fainted away, while the pathetic anthem from Jeremiah rang through the chapel. The weary would soon be at rest. Sometimes in a lethargy, sometimes speaking with unusual clearness, he lingered for several days, nursed unceasingly by the Queen, whose love and tender solicitude touched every heart. He took affectionate leave of the Prince of Wales, and his especial darling little Louise Marie. The former he admonished respecting his duties of prince, son, and brother, but on “la consolatrice” (as he had called the beautiful child when he first beheld her in the *bonne's* arms) approaching the bed, he blessed her with overpowering emotion. “My daughter,” said James, “serve your Creator in the days of your

youth. Consider virtue as the greatest ornament of your sex. Follow close the steps of that great pattern of it, your mother, who has been no less than myself overclouded with calumnies, but time, the mother of truth, will, I hope, at last make her virtues shine as bright as the sun."¹

Prayer and meditation absorbed the dying Stuart. So resigned was he that, observing Mary's anguish, he murmured, "*Songez, madame, que je vais être heureux à jamais.*" From Louis XIV. downwards, writes Berwick, the French court came frequently to Saint Germain, to witness the piety of the Christian warrior. So strangely did the scene affect the Prince de Conti that he declared he had a mind to remain at the chateau, in order to profit by what he saw, and to comfort his cousin Mary. Odd as it seems to us, the door of the chamber of death was left unguarded, the bed curtains undrawn, so that people entering as they listed gazed on the last agonies of the unfortunate King; his eyes closed, the better to abstract his attention from the things of this world, his lips muttering supplication.

Having received extreme unction, he forgave his enemies, emphatically naming William of Orange, the Princess Anne of Denmark, and the Emperor.

While this poor life was ebbing fast, a grave question agitated the Council of State: should the son of James II. be permitted to assume the title of King of England which the father had borne without protest since the recognition of William III.? True to the dynastic principle, the Dauphin and the Duke of Burgundy urged "Yea"; the ministers argued "Nay." At first Louis appeared to lean towards the negative, but scarcely was he clear of the debaters when Mary of Modena confronted him in the apartment of Madame de Maintenon, and passionately conjured him not to be less generous to her son than to her husband, not to refuse the boy "*un simple titre seul reste de tant de grandeur.*" The Sultana added her potent entreaties. The King yielded, as men generally do in such circumstances, (our strong-minded

¹ *Somes' "Tracts."*

mistresses brand us as tyrants!) and at his next visit to Saint Germain assured his expiring cousin that he would acknowledge James III. Behold! all the British present threw themselves on their knees with the cry: "Vive le Roi!" Was this benignity, sentiment, or a counterblast to William's Austrian intrigues? None can tell; but all may understand how fatal was the decision for France.

Three days afterwards, on the 16th of September—a Friday, as he had prayed—James II. died, bearing himself to the last with a noble fortitude. Then the English, Scotch, and Irish officers, led by the Duke of Berwick, saluted the Prince of Wales their King. With bray of trumpet, an Irish herald proclaimed the monarchy *en l'air* at the castle-gate. "Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!"

Crushed with grief, Mary of Modena immediately retired to the convent of Chaillot, where on many sad occasions she had sought the consolations of religion; and in the dead of night, twenty-four hours afterwards, Berwick, Middleton, and other nobles deposited the royal corpse in the church of the English Dominicans at Paris, leaving the heart, as they passed by, to the care of the Chaillot nuns.

The misdeeds and the well-doing of James II. have not been concealed in these pages. We know him to have been a blind and presumptuous ruler, but we cannot deny that he was a firm friend, a considerate master, a sincerely religious man. If his temper was naturally harsh, no Massacre of Glencoe can be laid to his charge. While his political infatuation and his private frailties are freely censured, let not the lying, the ingratitude, the unnatural treachery which overthrew him be slurred over, if not absolutely justified.

The French salutation of James III. dovetailed exactly with Dutch projects. Hitherto William had failed to rouse his heavily-taxed subjects to warlike enthusiasm, and yet with habitual tenacity of purpose he was determined to fight in the Imperialist ranks. On the 7th of September, prior to Louis's act of affectionate folly, a secret treaty was signed at the Hague between the plenipotentiaries of Austria, Holland, and England, to "procure for his Imperial Majesty a satisfaction

just and reasonable, and for the King of Great Britain, and the lords of the States General sufficient security for their lands, navigation, and commerce."

The Grand Alliance really signified "a new partition." "When the terms of it," says Sir John Dalrymple, "were examined by the public, it was found that the Italian dominions of Spain were destined for the Emperor, who had the worst right to them; the Spanish Netherlands to the Dutch, who had no right at all; and the Spanish Indies as a prey to Holland and England, who had as little."¹

But it was intolerable that France should dictate a king to Englishmen. The lately torpid nation took fire. A new parliament was called. Being Whig, and staunch to the Grand Alliance, supply was forthcoming without stint. Forty thousand soldiers, as many seamen and marines, were voted. The Prince of Wales, just twelve years old, was attainted; and, but for the opposition of certain peers, the ex-Queen would have been similarly maltreated.

But the vigorous mind which had so artfully fostered the coming turmoil was not to inspire the coalition forces. For long past William's health had been bad, and a fall from his horse sufficed to bring his various distempers to a head. He indulged in no delusion. "*Je tire vers ma fin*," he said, with serene courage; and, when the agony began, being unable to speak to Portland, the great Nassau placed that faithful servant's hand upon his heart, and, pressing it there, passed quietly away on the 8th of March, 1702, in his fifty-second year.

Pen and ink, so merciless to James Stuart, have portrayed William of Orange as an angel of light. Nothing succeeds like success. Crimes which gain their ends are so begilt and burnished now-a-days as to stand for virtues in the public eye. Berwick's remarks about his father's arch-enemy are apposite: "Although," he writes, "I have no cause to bless the memory of this Prince, I cannot deny him the faculties of a great man, and, if he had not been a usurper, of a great king. He had

¹ "Memoirs of Great Britain."

extraordinary intelligence, was an astute politician, and, no matter the obstacles in the way, never turned aside from his object. The determination to dethrone a Prince, at once his uncle and father-in-law, attests his ambition, to gratify which he stooped to means revolting to the conscience of an honest man and contrary to the dictates of Christianity."

"A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd ;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up."

With all his ability, he never acquired popularity. Even death, at whose awful coming personal and political dislikes usually vanish, wrought no ré-action in his favour. Public honours were withheld ; his supporters showed little or no emotion. Gossips maliciously pointed out that the horse which threw him had formerly belonged to Sir John Fenwick, for whose execution he was popularly held responsible.

However disinclined to worship "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory," we may acknowledge that, compared with many of his party, William's mien is noble. Foul truly was the breath of the herd surrounding him. The conspirators who had cast down James intrigued without ceasing against the foreign idol of their choice. The liberty they sought was licence for their own transgressions. They preached religious liberty, and persecuted all who disputed their version of theology.

From the death-bed of King James dates the illustrious service of the Duke of Berwick as a general-in-chief. We have traced his education in arms through fifteen eventful years. The time has come when France would bear substantial witness to the professional deserts of James Fitzjames.

By the accident of his birth he acquired an elevated military rank. Like his "sailor" brother Henry, he might have enjoyed sinecure pay and pension. But of another stamp—grave, thoughtful, assiduous—he revolved the art of war, and in divers workshops served rough apprenticeship. A boy, he rode against the Turkish cavalry by the side of Charles of

Lorraine. In Ireland he faced Schomberg's veteran battalions. Under the eye of Luxembourg he led French divisions to the charge. By nature apt for the field—was he not a nephew of John Churchill?—study and practice shaped and matured his military talents.

No mere royal bastard in a general's uniform was Berwick, but an active officer, brave yet prudent, just and temperate in dealing with all men, earnestly religious, but never a bigot ; a firm friend, dutiful son, faithful husband, affectionate father.

No sycophant like Villeroy, no passed master in small talk like Lauzun—"les grands hommes sont mauvais courtisans"—he owed independent command neither to court favour nor to feminine influence :

" La vaillance
Qui vous va de simple Brochet
Etablir maréchal de France."¹

Our task is over. How a young English gentleman fitted himself for a great office has been told.

The Duke of Berwick was an English soldier no more. A naturalized Frenchman, he was about to fight and conquer at the head of French and Spanish armies. Henceforth his place in history was beside Vendôme and Villars.

¹ Antoine Hamilton to the Duke of Berwick. *Brochet* (pike) was a *nom de société* of the Marshal.





INDEX.



ALBEMARLE, Duke
of (Fitz-James), 2, 15;
anecdote of, 216; his
marriage, 426.

Anjou, Philip of, 425.

Anne, Princess of Denmark, her
letter to Queen Mary, 95; her
abuse of William III., 341.

Antrim, Earl of, his regiment, 153.

Argyll, Earl of, his rebellion and
death, 3, 4.

Arms, 52, 349.

Artillery, 54, 361.

Athlone, 261, 291.

Aughrim, 304.

Baden, Prince Louis of, 31.

Balcarres, Earl of, 103.

Bantry Bay, battle of, 177.

Barclay, Sir George, 400, 403.

Barlow, Lucy, 11.

Battalion, 57.

Beachy Head, battle of, 259.

Beaumont, Col., Court-martial on, 78.

Berwick, James Fitz-James, Duke
of, his birth and education, 1,
2; proceeds to Hungary, 14-31;
created duke, 24; at Mohacz,
31; his opinion of Charles of
Lorraine, 36; Governor of Ports-
mouth, 37; at Beaminster, 86;
surrenders Portsmouth, 108; in-
terview with Louis XIV., 109;

joins Hamilton, 158; at Done-
gal, 174; routs Inniskilleners,
175; perplexes Schomberg, 205;
combat at Cavan, 215; at the
Boyne, 245; in Clare, 268-275;
his plan, 277; at Birr, 280; made
captain-general, 280; at St. Ger-
main, 290; before Mons, 333; at
Leuze, 337; taken prisoner, 377;
friendly with the Dauphin, 384;
his marriage, 385; under Villeroy,
390; at Marly, 396; on secret
service, 399; returns to France,
405; serves in Flanders, 406;
his son born, 407; his wife dies,
414; goes to Rome, 416; his
trouble with a princess, 419; his
second marriage, 422; repairs to
Italy, 431; advises the Pope, 432.

Boisseleau, General de, at Lime-
rick, 268; commended by Louis
XIV. 277.

Boufflers, Maréchal de, 387; sur-
renders Namur, 394; as a diplo-
matist, 409; his camp, 415.

Bouillon, Cardinal de, 416; his
strange quarrel, 418-420.

Boyne water, 242.

Buda-Pesth, 17-23.

Burnet, Bishop, 25, 403.

Caillemotte, Colonel de la, 227;
his heroic end, 247.

- Cambray, Fénelon, Archbishop of, 420.
 Catinat, Maréchal, 408, 437; his patriotic obedience, 438, 440.
 Cavalry, 52, 56.
 Chamillart, M. de, 430.
 Chamlay, Marquis de, 126.
 Charles I., 139.
 Charles II., 146.
 Churchill, Arabella, 1, 2, 68.
 Churchill, John, *see* Marlborough.
 Clancarty, Lord, 179, 282.
 Clarendon, Earl of, 87, 95.
 Clement XI., 430, 432.
 Confederates, disunited, 138.
 Contractors and their patrons, 59, 362.
 Cornbury, Lord, 86.
 Courts-Martial, 62.
 Cromwell, Oliver, 143.
 Cutts, Jack (the Salamander), 369, 394.
 Dartmouth, Earl of, 84.
 D'Avaux, Comte, his notion of James II., 156; his view of affairs, 167; tells how the Irish were armed, 171; his military advice, 196.
 Derry, 153.
 Desmond, Earl of, 133.
 Douglas, General, 244; at Athlone, 261; plunders, 262.
 Dragoon, the, 53, 357, 387.
 Dundee, Viscount, 103; his death, 191.
 D'Usson, General, 314, 317.
 Elizabeth, Queen, 134.
 Engineering, military, 56, 361.
 Eugene, Prince of Savoy, 22, 26, 31, 437.
 Fenwick, Sir John, 403.
 Ferguson (Preacher), 4, 85.
 Feuquière, Marquis de, 370, 380, 411.
 Feversham, Earl of, 7, 9, 89.
 Fletcher of Saltoun, 4.
 Forbes, Lord, 91.
 Froude, Mr. 329.
 Fusiliers, 85.
 Geraldines, 128.
 Ginkell, General de, 250; takes command, 284; before Athlone, 294; at Galway, 313; gains Limerick, 324; in Flanders, 379, 387.
 Glamorgan, Earl of, 140.
 Grace, Colonel Richard, 261, 298.
 Graces, charter of, 136.
 Grafton, Duke of, 6, 282.
 Grenadiers, 53, 358.
 Grey, Lord of Wark, 4, 8, 10.
 Guards, Royal, 40.
 Halifax, Earl of, 105.
 Hamilton, Anthony, 1, 122, 166; wounded, 187.
 Hamilton, General Richard, 154, 160, 168; at the Boyne, 245; taken prisoner, 250; at Calais, 405.
 Henry VIII. smites and soothes, 130.
 Hougue, La, 343.
 Infantry, 57; excellence of British, 62.
 Inniskilleners, 173, 205.
 Innocent XI., 74.
 James I., 135.
 James II., interview with Monmouth, 11; duped by Sunderland, 65; meddles with Test Act, 67; his amour with Lady Dorchester, 68; imprisons the bishops, 69; at Salisbury, 89;

- abandoned, 94 ; escapes to France, 109 ; lands at Kinsale, 155 ; at Dublin, 157 ; proceeds to the north, 162 ; before Derry, 163 ; anecdote of, 178 ; disavows Rosen, 181 ; his coinage, 197 ; at Drogheda, 204 ; on the Boyne, 234 ; his indecision, 239 ; retires to Dublin, 252 ; lands in France, 257 ; at La Hougue, 344 ; protests against the Peace of Ryswick, 411 ; refuses a compromise, 412 ; on camps, 434 ; his illness, 435 ; his death, 443.
- Jeffreys, Lord Chancellor, 12, 100.
- Killiecrankie, battle of, 190.
- Kirke, Major-General, 171, 176, 280.
- Lauzun, Duc de, 98 ; at the Boyne, 251 ; his portrait, 266.
- Levies, Irish, their excellent physique, 158.
- Limerick, Treaty of, 328.
- London, Compton, Bishop of, 93.
- Lorraine, Charles, Duke of, 16, 27, 31 ; his death and character, 384.
- Louis XIV., his quarrel with the Pope, 73 ; declares war, 77 ; welcomes James II., 110 ; his military notions, 338 ; in his gardens, 339 ; his gout, 366 ; in a passion, 391 ; gives up *vin de champagne*, 396 ; his Spanish intrigues, 423-425.
- Louvois, Marquis de, anecdote of, 77 ; his death, 335 ; his administration, 347 ; his glory, 363.
- Lucan, Countess of, 385 ; married to the Duke of Berwick, 396 ; her death, 414.
- Lundy, Colonel, 154.
- Luttrel, Colonel Henry, 289, 292.
- Luxembourg, Maréchal de, at Leuze, 337 ; his determined character, 367 ; his wise conduct, 376, 378 ; his death and character, 384.
- Mackay, General, 190, 294, 305, 368.
- Maintenon, Madame de, 365, 373, 443.
- Martinet, Colonel, 351.
- Mary of Modena, her flight, 98 ; Louis admires her, 111 ; her dutiful love, 124 ; at St. Germain, 345 ; disdains a compromise, 412 ; overcomes Louis XIV., 443.
- Marlborough, Earl of, at Sedgemoor, 9 ; deserts to the Dutch, 89 ; his expedition to Ireland, 279 ; warns James II., 383 ; accused by Fenwick, 403.
- Maumont, General de, 122, 167.
- Melfort, Earl of, 161, 168, 198.
- Melonière, Brigadier de la, 258.
- Militia (train-bands), 41.
- Mohacz, 30-32.
- Monmouth, Duke of, 3-12.
- Mons, Siege of, 331-334.
- Mount-cashel, Viscount, 188.
- Mousquetaires du Roi, 356.
- Musters, false, 48, 347, 351.
- Neerlanden, 374.
- Neerwinden, 374.
- O'Donnel of Tyrconnel, 135.
- O'Donnel Balderick, 313, 316.
- O'Neil, Hugh, 135.
- O'Neil, Owen Roe, 140, 144.
- O'Regan, Teague, 227, 323.
- Ormond, Duke of, 142.
- Parsons, Lord Justice, 137.
- Pay, military, 44-47, 348.
- Penal laws, 145.
- Perrot, Sir John, 134.

- Petre, Father, 65.
 Petty, Sir William, 143.
 Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, 148.
 Portland, Bentinck, Earl of, 409, 416, 445.
 Prendergast, John P., 136, 137.
 Prendergast, Major, 402.
 Prior, Matthew, 409.
 Purchase and sale of commissions, 43, 347, 353.

 Recruiting, 42, 348.
 Recruits, their unsteadiness, 159.
 Rice, Chief Baron, 152, 257.
 Rinuccini, Cardinal, 140.
 Rising of 1641, 137.
 Rosen, General de, description of, 171 ; his brutality, 180 ; his differences with the King, 207.
 Russell, Admiral, 344, 403.
 Ruvigny, Marquis de, 292 ; his stroke at Aughrim, 309.
 Ryswick, Peace of, 409.

 Saint-Ruth, General, 290 ; his orders disobeyed, 299 ; his death, 308 ; Irish opinion of him, 312.
 Sarsefield, Patrick, 9 ; in Donegal, 186 ; seizes Sligo, 214 ; captures guns, 269 ; his birth and character, 270 ; repulses enemy, 275 ; created Earl of Lucan, 290 ; his plan, 300 ; meets Ginkell, 324 ; at Steinkerque, 369 ; his death, 379.
 Savoy, Duke of, 395, 406, 429.
 Schomberg, Duke of, 82, 201 ; describes his men, 203 ; at Dundalk, 206 ; his opinion of the officers, 210 ; he refuses to advance, 211 ; his efforts at reform, 223 ; his courtesy, 230 ; affronted by William III., 237 ; his death, 248.
 Scots, Royal, 8 ; mutiny of, 62.

 Sedgemoor, battle of, 8-10.
 Settlement, act of, 152.
 Sévigné, Madame de, 112.
 Solms, Count, 105, 245, 368 ; killed, 379.
 Sunderland, Earl of, 65.

 Taaffe, Count (Earl of Carlingford), 16, 22.
 Talmash, General Thomas, 292 ; rallies fugitives, 307 ; before Limerick, 321 ; retreating, 379 ; his death, 383.
 Torcy, Marquis de, 409, 416, 423.
 Tory, origin of, 147, 285.
 Tourville, Admiral de, 343, 381.
 Tyrconnel, Duke of, remodels army, 150 ; made viceroy, 152 ; commands the troops, 258 ; goes to France, 280 ; at Limerick, 291 ; his death and character, 317.
 Tyrone, Con, Earl of, 130.

 Uniform, military, 51, 349.
 Ursins, Princesse des, 416, 417, 419, 421.

 Vauban, Maréchal de, 125, 334, 362 ; demurs to the Peace of Ryswick, 410.
 Vaudemont, Prince de, 390.
 Villars, Maréchal de, 30 ; his industry and talent, 34, 337.
 Villeroy, Maréchal de, 385, 392 ; his folly, 409.

 Waldegrave, Lady, 15, 385.
 Wales, Prince of, 70, 112.
 Walker, Rev. George, 163, 183, 233 ; his death, 253.
 Wentworth, Lady, 3, 7.
 William of Orange, his foreign policy, 72 ; deceives James II.,

- 75 ; alliance with Catholic powers, 81 ; lands at Torbay, 84 ; in Ulster, 232 ; is hit, 237 ; leads the horse, 249 ; in Dublin, 258 ; before Limerick, 268 ; raises the siege, 276 ; at Neerwinden, 376 ; his partition intrigues, 423 ; his death, 445.
- Wilson, Colonel, his Ulster regiment, 327.
- Winchester, Dr. Mew, Bishop of, acts as a gunner at Sedgemoor, 9.
- Wolseley, Colonel William, 187, 215.
- Zulestein, Count, 71.

ERRATA.

Page 18, line 21, *for* "Bishop Mee" *read* "Bishop Mew."
 „ 28, note, *for* "swzer feathers" *read* "swine feathers."

THE END.



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